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august

1981

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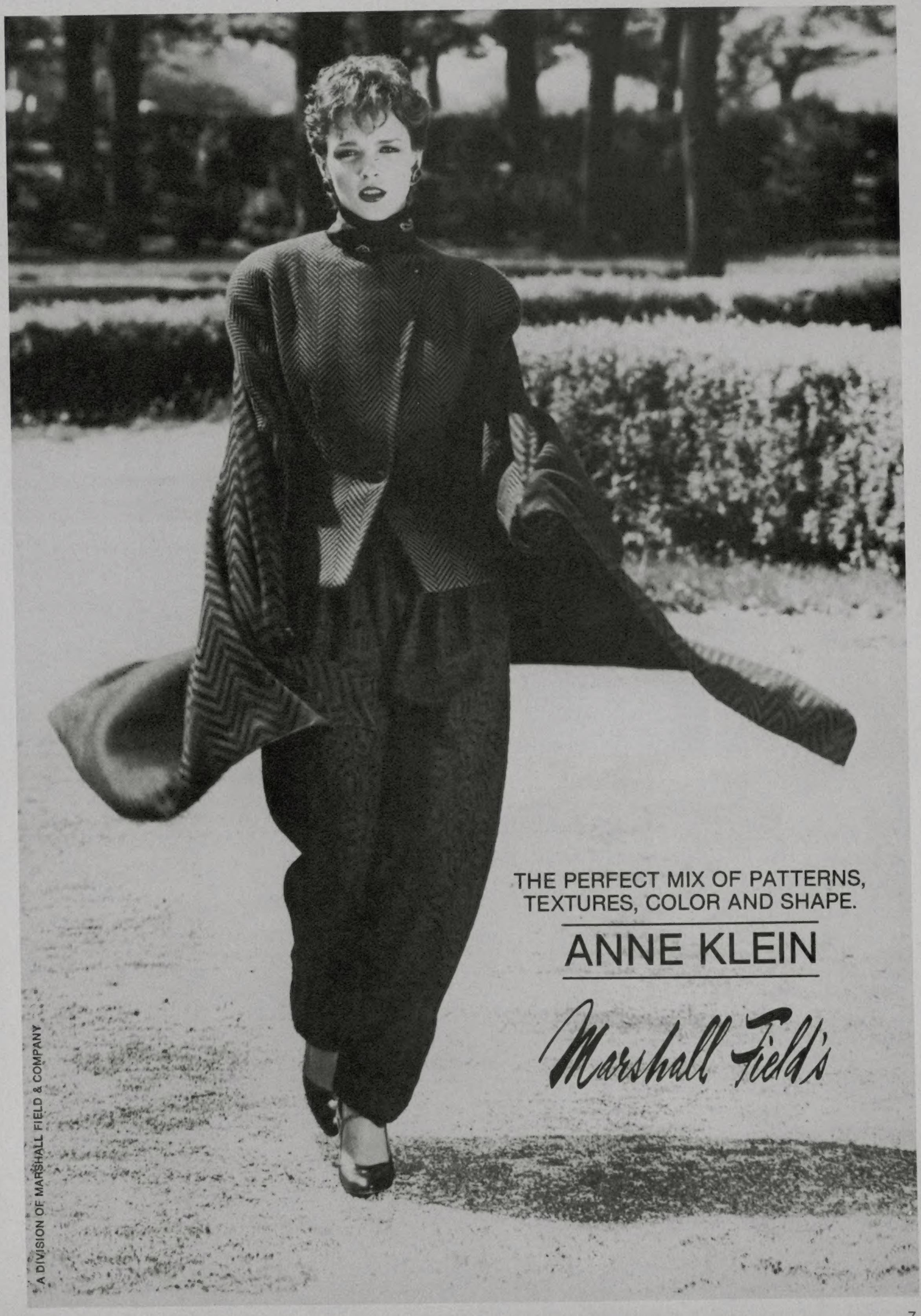
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	Product Name		Composition Highlights	Function
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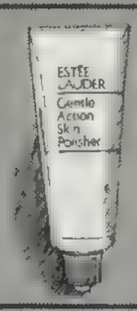
		Almond Clay Pack	almond meal—*natural sluffing ingredient* attapulgite—*absorbs skin debris*	This highly absorbent compound gives the benefits of mild scrubbing plus deep cleansing.
		Gentle Action Skin Polisher	encapsulated oils—*protective lubricant* vitamin E—*antioxidant* allantoin—*softener* coconut oil—*protective emollient*	The extremely delicate emulsion that simply eases away dulling surface flakes so it is ideal for dry and sensitive skins.
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The Protectors		**New** Full Strength Protection Tonic	ammonium glycerrhizinate—*anti-irritant* horse chestnut extract—*anti-irritant* glutathione—*neutralizes harmful forms of oxygen* sunscreen SPF 4	An alcohol-based skin protector for normal to oily skin that helps protect against the harmful effects of pollution irritants and the sun; also gets skin ready to accept the nourishers to come.
		New Gentle Protection Tonic	non-alcoholic ammonium glycerrhizinate—*anti-irritant* horse chestnut extract—*anti-irritant* glutathione—*neutralizes harmful forms of oxygen* sunscreen SPF 4	A non-alcoholic skin protector for normal to dry and sensitive skin that helps protect against the harmful effects of pollution irritants and the sun; also gets skin ready to accept the nourishers to come.

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Your Letters

August: women's independence month

Since Ronald Reagan's election last November, I have had to rethink the rationalization that allowed me to remain passive in the face of the sexism and unfair treatment our society deems a woman's "lot" in life . . .

I was encouraged by the extension of the deadline for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment and believed that extension would give us the time we needed to convince enough "hold-outs" to reevaluate their position. I was lulled into complacency by the (temporary?!?) legalization of abortion as a viable alternative in our search for reproductive freedom. I was a damn fool.

The past six months have made it piercingly clear to me that our complacency may well be the defeat of us all. Reagan's 1982 budget, just approved by Congress, will certainly have more impact on women and children than any other segment of society, and for years to come. Revision of the social-security system, massive "welfare" cuts, and Reagan's support of the "Right to Lifers" (among many other just as pertinent environmental issues), all make it obvious that our complacency, if it continues, will set the quality of life back in this country (indeed, in the world) for all but the very "well-to-do" to a new, appalling low.

. . . August 1981 is the 61st anniversary of American suffrage—a fitting time for women to reevaluate priorities, multiply our efforts in fighting to truly achieve and maintain our civil and human rights. Ratification of the ERA *must* be our first priority. We have only until June of next year to make equal treatment under the law a reality . . .

Liz Crawford
Los Angeles CA

This car salesman's a woman

I would like to compliment you on your excellent series of articles *(Continued on page 86)*

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Ralph Lauren

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Prince of a police movie . . . master storyteller's own tale . . . India's lord of disguises

movies

BY REX REED

Prince of the City
Starring Treat Williams;
directed by Sidney Lumet

The title conceals a cruel irony. In big metropolitan police departments, the undercover cops who work the narcotics beat are often called "princes of the city" because they have elevated positions within the force; although their jobs are dangerous and punishing, they are admired and envied by other cops because they work without supervision. But Danny Ciello forces reexamination of the label. He's an informer who starts out with the hottest of motives and ends up with catastrophic results. From a body of seventy men he considered to be his friends and compatriots, fifty-two end up being indicted, two commit suicide, and one goes mad. It's a matter of semantics. Some people call him a hero. Others call him a rat. You'll be looking for words of your own after you see the facts compiled in Sidney Lumet's brilliant, laceratingly cynical film (based on a true story), but I doubt if anyone will go away from *Prince of the City* speechless.

Here is a grim, tough dossier on a government-financed commission to investigate police corruption and the ambitious young cop who turns his life inside out to become the chief informer. After wrestling with his conscience, Danny agrees to help, with the understanding that he will not be forced to betray his partners. It's a game, an adventure wearing wires and hidden microphones to trap crooks in candid conversations, and Danny has so much fun meeting Mafia goons in Italian restaurants that he even ends up bragging that he's the "mystery cop" in the commission's subterfuge strategy. But before the game ends, he discovers that he's been a pawn in an elaborate chess game with no winners.

As the indictments pile up, Danny's life is in serious danger, even his wife and kids have to move to a secret hiding place surrounded by eighteen bodyguards while Danny himself is locked up for his own protection in military barracks. The federal agents and lawyers who got him into the mess in the first place get promoted to cushier jobs and Danny is abandoned. Eventually, he inadvertently ruins the lives of everyone around him and almost ends up going to jail himself.

Based on a book by former New York Deputy Police Commissioner Robert Daley, the film's story is so complex, the logistics of shooting it so vast, and the issues so diffused, it is no wonder *Prince of the City* runs two hours and forty-seven minutes. Sidney Lumet has created a terrifying film about the men who deal in crime the way other people deal in stocks and bonds. It goes farther than any other film in history to perform an autopsy on the psychology of cops, yet its real power lies in its refusal to take sides about the issues it raises. There are problems: the film contains so much rough and inside lingo and slang jargon in the script Lumet has coauthored with Jay Presson Allen that it often seems to be written in a foreign language. Also, by giving us all the facts, Lumet clogs the film with legal details and irritating tanglings of departmental red tape that sometimes leave the viewer bewildered.

Still, *Prince of the City* is exploding with ideas, talent, energy. Among the 126 speaking parts, some sensational actors emerge; but it is Treat Williams, in the central role, who charges the film with emotional vitality and physical brute force. He's the all-American football quarterback going bananas on zinc pills—beefy, ravaged, brittle, with a nervous, violent edginess even in his quiet moments. Buying dope for his junkie stoolies, erupting with Vesuvian rage at the cool government intellectuals who are trapping him in a classic deception, observing the decadence all around him as if it were a hockey game on Saturday afternoon TV, Williams lights up every shadow in a demanding, multifaceted role, dominating the screen for almost three hours and emerging from the battle a major star.

Prince of the City doesn't let you off the hook, and even when you think you know exactly how Lumet wants you to feel about cops, he shifts horses in midstream. The result is unsettling, because examining our feelings about the men we've traditionally trusted to protect us leads into unsafe areas. Here is a wrenching film that provides further evidence that society's sense of morality is an abstract reality to most cops and the fusion of both worlds within a workable set of ethics called the law is a problem nobody has yet been able to solve. It is a great film indeed that sends you out of the cinema wasted, charged, and demanding answers. *Prince of the City* is that kind of film. I've thought of little else since seeing it, and I have every intention of seeing it again—and often.

Treat Williams—as "Prince of the City's" cynical, conscience-ravaged New York City detective—"emerges from the battle a major star"

art

BY DAVID BOURDON

Manifestations of Shiva
Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, Texas;
August 1-September 27

Of all the Hindu gods, Shiva is probably the one who most fascinates Westerners. He plays the most dramatic roles in Hinduism's endless cycles of creation and destruction. He has an amazingly complex character, distinguished by seemingly inexplicable contradictions. He reveals himself in myriad guises, an often baffling repertoire of characters, costumes, and names.

Shiva is obviously the multifaceted star of this scholarly exhibition, a connoisseur's delight. He is also the pretext for surveying nearly two thousand years of Indian art, from a first-century A.D. stone carving to nineteenth-century watercolors. With 131 sculptures, including twenty-two on loan from Indian collections, and sixty paintings, the show was organized with impressive expertise by Stella Kramrisch, curator emeritus of Indian art at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where it originated in March.

The sculptures reveal Shiva in many manifestations. There is, for instance, Yoga Dakṣināmūrti, the seated, cross-legged guru and yoga teacher who is all serenity. Then there is the horrific snaggle-toothed Bhairava, god of dread and terror, the destitute parricide who roams the earth, using his father's skull as a begging bowl. There is Ardhanārīśvara, the androgynous Shiva who provokes sculptors' imaginations. And there is Naṭarāja, king of dancers, waving all four arms through the air and smiling with majestic disdain. Shiva's latter self is exquisitely captured in a tenth-century bronze that presents him as a slim,

("What's News" continued on page 42)

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

youthful, immaculately controlled figure, gracefully lifting one leg in midair as he dances beneath a flaming arch.

Not surprisingly, the show is studded with pillar-like objects, known as lingams—the stylized erect phalluses that symbolize Shiva. In any temple devoted to Shiva, the lingam occupies the center of the innermost sanctuary. Usually made of stone, wood, or metal and sometimes embellished with sculptured reliefs of Shiva's face, the lingam also symbolizes the masculine cosmic principle. But, far from signifying rampant sexuality, the lingam represents discipline, control, and the transformation of sexual passions into mental concentration.

The show will travel to Seattle and to Los Angeles.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Hindu god Shiva reveals himself as king of dancers in this balletic tenth-century bronze

George Catlin:
The Artist and the American Indian
National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC; through September 13

As a youth, George Catlin (1796-1872) was understandably intimidated by red men because, many years earlier, his mother had narrowly escaped death in an Indian massacre. But his childhood apprehensions were replaced eventually by respect and admiration. In the 1820s, while making his living as a painter of miniature portraits in Philadelphia, Catlin witnessed a group of Plains Indians, passing through town on their way to meet with the Great White Father in Washington. Unlike the degraded, cowering survivors of Eastern tribes, the Plains Indians were strikingly handsome, colorfully attired, and carried themselves with noble dignity. Catlin was seized by a Great Idea. Why not paint pictures of the tribesmen of the Great Plains and assemble an Indian Gallery of portraits and artifacts to which white people would pay admission?

Catlin, the artist-naturalist, was a counterpart to artist-ornithologist John James Audubon, who, a few years earlier, embarked on his ambitious mission to picture "the birds of America." Both men were artist-adventurers who set out to document native American "specimens" for potential profit and succeeded in producing great art as well as historically important records.

In 1830, Catlin went to Saint Louis, that increasingly busy gateway to the West, and spent the next several years venturing into Indian territories, visiting forty-eight tribes and bringing back almost five hundred pictures, including portraits of Comanche chiefs, a Blackfeet medicine man, Chippewa squaws, Choctaw ballplayers, and buffalo-hunting Sioux. He even witnessed and recorded the gruesome self-torture rituals of Mandan youths who demonstrated their bravery by allowing their bodies to be suspended by cords attached to their skewered flesh.

Catlin did not portray Indians as romanticized or idealized Noble Savages, as an earlier generation of Europeans had. Instead, he portrayed Indians as individual human beings with distinguishable faces. He did so in a notably succinct style, paying close attention to the accurate depiction of faces and costumes but usually rendering backgrounds in an abbreviated, almost naïvely simplified manner.

Catlin was aware that he was recording for posterity the looks and modes of vanishing tribes and life styles, noting the red men were "melting away at the approach of civilization"—their "rights invaded, their morals corrupted, their lands wrested from them. . . ." He hoped to make them "live again upon canvas and stand forth for centuries yet to come, the living monuments of a noble race."

This exhibition of over one hundred paintings (representing about one-quarter of the 445 Catlin paintings owned, since 1878, by the Smithsonian) is a vivid reminder of an audacious painter and his unique contribution to American history.

books
BY ALLENE TALMEY

Lost in America
By Isaac Bashevis Singer; with paintings and drawings by Raphael Soyer (Doubleday)

Isaac Bashevis Singer's autobiographical memoir, *Lost in America,* is both pleasantly erotic and morally fervent. As a young man living in Warsaw, Poland, in the early 'thirties, Singer raggedly subsisted by writing stories for newspapers and literary journals that were agonizingly slow in paying, if they paid at all. He had many literary friends—and just as many lovers. "My number-one passion was the adventures of love," says Singer, "the endless variations and tensions peculiar to the relations between the sexes." Because he often carried on concurrent love affairs, he was forced to have several different places to live.

Despite this frantic but pleasurable existence, Singer realized he had to leave Poland and get to the United States where his older brother lived. After many frustrating delays, he was finally granted a six-month visitor's visa to give lectures in this country. The only way for him to reach the ship in Cherbourg, France, was to take a train through Nazi Germany, a terrible prospect for Singer, a Jew. "I fully grasped the danger," said Singer, "but somehow fear within me had gone into a kind of hibernation, to be replaced by a sense of fa-

("What's News" continued on page 46)

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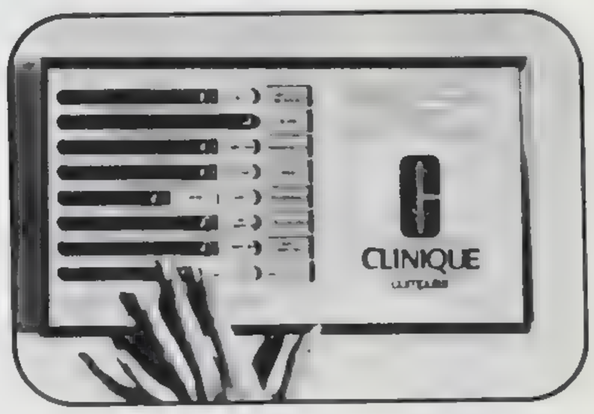

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

ALEX GOTFRYD

Isaac Singer's third memoir, "Lost in America," is "pleasantly erotic, morally fervent"

talism." Once aboard the ship, he became entangled in a series of tragi-comic situations—such as being condemned to sit alone at the only single table in the ship's dining room.

An intense sense of isolation and alienation dogged Singer through his early years in America. His relationships with women all seemed to turn sour; he lived in fear of being forced to return to Poland; and finally, after struggling to complete an unsatisfactory novel, he decided to give up writing fiction. Although this memoir, his third, ends on a melancholy, ironic note, it is powerful and sharp—consummate, consistent Singer.

Three Honest Men: Edmund Wilson, F.R. Leavis, Lionel Trilling—A Critical Mosaic
Edited by Philip French (Carcanet New Press)
The framework for this provocative book was a series of three BBC radio programs devoted, in turn, to discussions of master critics Edmund Wilson, F.R. Leavis, and Lionel Trilling. Colleagues, students, and critics of each man gathered with the goal of assembling a "critical mosaic" of each man. Stephen Spender, V.S. Pritchett, and Lionel Trilling lead the lively discussion on Wilson; English professors Denys W. Harding, William Walsh and others compassionately dissect Leavis; Jacques Barzun, Alfred Kazin, and Norman Podhoretz speak their minds on Trilling.

From these absorbing discussions emerge three very different men—and literary critics. Wilson worked almost in isolation and relished the most difficult of tasks. He is credited with bringing knowledge of the Dead Sea Scrolls to public attention. To do so, he had to teach himself Hebrew. F.R. Leavis passionately maintained that there was no distinction between literary, moral, and spiritual values and feared not only a loss of continuity with the past but a decline of civilization. Trilling, in contrast, worked in the freewheeling public world of Columbia University in New York City and took a very broad view of criticism which Jacques Barzun describes as ". . . a philosophy, social, political and metaphysical."

This book is a penetrating history of modern criticism—tight, articulate, and to the point.

What We Talk About
When We Talk About Love
By Raymond Carver (Alfred A. Knopf)
Powerful, searing, and evocative, these stories by Raymond Carver startle with their portrayals of people whose lives and emotions are not unique, but achingly familiar. People in a shade of grey; there are no stars here. Their conflicts, indiscretions, and confessions seem to numb them into a state of helplessness in which what is unsaid is often more telling than what is said. Words are dangerous.

Except in their recollections, these charac-

("What's News" continued on page 48)

where to eat now

Le Petit Robert

JADE ALBERT

There is more talk today of the *cuisine bourgeoise,* provincial cuisine, and the *cuisine classique* than of the *nouvelle.* Our concern here is with the *bourgeoise,* and a remarkable Manhattan practitioner of this sturdy, savory delight: Robert Viret (right) is our masterhand who, with his partner-chefs, Jim Peterson and Michael Schaeffer, makes Le Petit Robert a smallish, cozy place in Manhattan's West Village, a mecca for the cognoscenti. Le Petit is the kind of treasure you hate to talk about, let alone write about—its patrons feel that possessive. But . . . Robert does have a companion Petit bistro in Paris. Here, then, is a sampling of simple pleasures of the Manhattan table: a galaxy of predecessory salads . . . crisp, summer-green string beans or pale, virginally green endives, or tenderly sliced cucumbers, each in a light vinegar or oil or dressing (Xérès, walnut, Champagne, mustard cream) that alchemizes them into the perfect appetite intensifier. Then there's mousse of chicken livers—no better in town. But *the* masterpiece is a goat cheese tartelette soufflé that looks like a superb meringue dessert and tastes like a dish for powers on Olympus. Entrees: any chicken dish—the one with leeks and cider or the Petit masterpiece in crayfish sauce. What I love almost best at Petit's are the family servings of veggies: glorious soufléed potatoes in a big, flat, brown casserole, that sort of thing. Desserts? Custard spiky and hotly spicy with crunchy ginger; an apple tart thin as an apple leaf gone already breathlessly autumnal. That's very Petit. —L.L.
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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

ters have no past; they barely have a present. Raymond Carver creates that instant in time when the relationships are focused but not resolved; open, nagging, unfathomed questions remain. There is the husband returning to his wife after a destructive holiday for a "serious talk"—only to leave again later, even more upset, and thinking that they must have a "serious talk." One son has a father who is confessing to an indiscretion after many years of marriage; another's father is crippled with guilt over the death of one he may have pushed beyond his limitations.

While without specific compass points of beginning and end, there is no loss of place in these stories. Cogent, contemporary, they are remarkable in their sensitivity and impact.

music

BY DAVID SARGENT

The future of sound: the question of quality in the land of New Tech

More and more classical recordings, and even pop recordings, are labeled "digital" these days—digital meaning the use of computer technology to record information about sound, rather than the old-fashioned "analog" method in which an actual equivalent of the original sound waves is imprinted on a tape or disk. But with the digital recordings available in stores today, all that has happened is that the performance was digitally *recorded.* The actual disk used in the home is still an analog pressing, designed for use on the same sort of record player that has been around since the advent of stereo in the mid-1950s.

We won't have true digital recordings until genuine digital playback equipment is installed in the majority of American homes. And that won't happen until the various recording corporations agree upon a universal technological method. Different companies have different ideas about what kind of digital playback equipment should be manufactured and marketed. And until they thrash it out among themselves, the digital recordings in the record stores will actually be digital-analog compromises.

How good is the sound of such a recording? The answer varies from label to label and disk to disk. But it has become increasingly clear that not all such "digital" recordings actually offer sound superior to the best analog records. Indeed, some of them sound distinctly tinny and lacking in warm lower resonance. There are technical reasons for this; and, increasingly, engineers with solid credentials are emerging to question the superlative claims of digital proponents. It still seems to this listener that the digital method—especially when heard on true digital playback equipment—offers superior potential for more lifelike recorded sound. After all, some engineers were denouncing the long-playing record and even the original electrical recording method, which was introduced in 1925, as inferior to previous recording methods long after they

("What's News" continued on page 50)

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had been accepted as the standard.

All of this was brought to mind the other day when a record arrived in the mail from the Telarc label of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto with Rudolf Serkin accompanied by Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Telarc Records has specialized in digital recordings from the start, and what was striking about this new "Emperor" was the wonderful naturalness of the sound. This is as "hi-fi" a record as can be, yet not in a flashy "let me play you my latest record of a jet engine warming up" way. Even without digital playback equipment, you can really close your eyes and imagine you're *there,* in Boston's Symphony Hall. This is a magnificent performance of the concerto, the equal of any ever put on disk.

The lesson in these tales is as follows: Do not assume that any recording that says "digital" on the front is automatically going to sound better than anything you've ever heard before. You still have to check record magazines and newspaper reviews and the opinions of friends before buying any disk. What "digital" on these recordings really means is that all the record companies are stockpiling digitally recorded performances that they can issue—or reissue, if they've already been released in analog form—when the era of true digital arrives. In the meantime, *caveat emptor.*

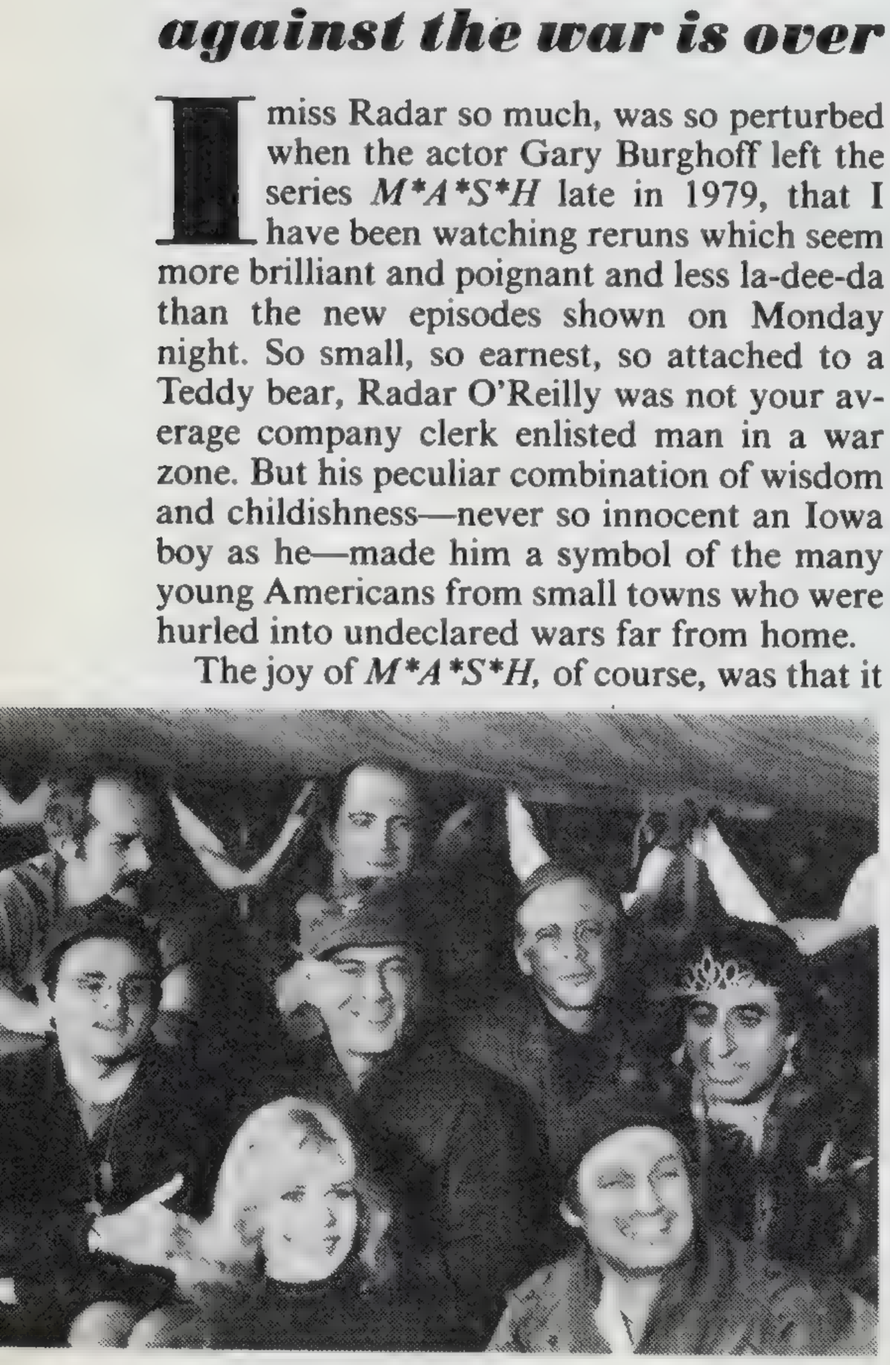
tv

BY GLORIA EMERSON

Good-bye to a comedy classic: the war against the war is over

I miss Radar so much, was so perturbed when the actor Gary Burghoff left the series *M*A*S*H* late in 1979, that I have been watching reruns which seem more brilliant and poignant and less la-dee-da than the new episodes shown on Monday night. So small, so earnest, so attached to a Teddy bear, Radar O'Reilly was not your average company clerk enlisted man in a war zone. But his peculiar combination of wisdom and childishness—never so innocent an Iowa boy as he—made him a symbol of the many young Americans from small towns who were hurled into undeclared wars far from home.

The joy of *M*A*S*H,* of course, was that it showed the many special qualities of Americans, good or bad. Watching a recent Monday-night episode based on a letter from Radar pretending all was going well on his farm—when indeed it was not—made me wonder why the series didn't work as well anymore. The plot seemed thin: a Korean refugee farmer was sent to Iowa to help out Radar. Alan Alda, as Hawkeye, suddenly seemed too old to be rambunctious Benjamin Pierce, the surgeon who, in order not to be crushed or ruined by the war, uses humor, insubordination, and womanizing as his defenses. "Hot Lips" Houlihan, the Army nurse, needs silly Major Frank Burns, but he is gone too. Klinger, in his dresses and hats, seemed grotesque, not insanely amusing, and the Colonel too forced.



*M*A*S*H cast: quitting while they're ahead*

And then, as certain punishment for such heresy, came the blow: *M*A*S*H,* the CBS television classic, may not really go on forever—although it had occurred to me that someday these endearing people would reach July, 1953, when the hostilities really did end. An article in *TV Guide* by Steve Gelman quoted the executive producer, Burt Metcalfe, as saying that, after nine years, he would like—and expect—next season to be the last. "You want to go while you still have a little punch left," Mr. Metcalfe said in the interview. In New York, a CBS spokesman had no comment.

Say goodbye to Hawkeye and B.J. and the 4077 forever? In penance, I turned on *M*A*S*H* on a Monday night and was reminded again why so many of us have loved and needed it for so long. Captured by an armed North Korean soldier, Hawkeye must treat a dying Korean soldier lying on the ground and fails, in the end, to save him. The American expects to be shot but the "enemy" lets him go. Instead, Hawkeye turns, sees the other man trying to dig a grave and goes to help him. The two of them, in opposing armies at war, push up the earth together, linked by all they both know about sorrow and waste.

It was an unusually haunting and brave scene. For all its fine nonsense, *M*A*S*H* illustrates what a French Marshal said over two centuries ago: "The human heart is the starting-point in all matters pertaining to war."

collecting

BY JUDITH GOLDMAN

Vicarious pleasures of a daring painter-turned-collector

From Medici to Mellon to contemporary acquisitors, private collectors have helped to build the great museums. This summer, New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibits its most recent curatorial coup: the collection of Chicagoan Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman—masterworks of New York School paintings, modern European paintings, primitive art, and 1960s clothes. It is a collection other museums long had in sharp focus, and one expected to call it its own.

Ebullient, still girlish, in her mid-sixties, Muriel Newman began collecting pictures in 1947. She started with modern European masters—a 1939 Picasso portrait of Dora Maar, paintings by Léger, Kurt Schwitters, and a great Miró; by 1954, she had accumulated a key Abstract Expressionist collection including Willem de Kooning's "Attic," 1949; Jackson Pollock's "Number 28, 1950"; works by Hans Hofmann and Robert Motherwell. She paid $3000 for the Pollock at about the time *Life* magazine denounced Pollock as "Jack the Dripper." That Pollock is now priceless, but money is not the point. In the early 1950s, $3000 wasn't hay; to acquire that painting

ALEXIS URBA

Chicago's Muriel Newman: a passionate collector with courage—and an eye for the risky

then took courage and an eye for the risky.

Muriel Newman ever since has had an eye for the risky—and not just paintings—a vast accumulation of objects crowds her Chicago apartment: a stone collection; African art; primitive jewelry (which she wears); furniture made of antelope antlers, hooves, and horns (which she sits in). What motivates her collecting—happenstance; what she looks for—form. "I'm nonacademic," she says. "I'm always seeing objects. When I was in Egypt, I spent all my time looking down, discovering shards and stones."

But Muriel Newman does not think of herself as a collector. "The idea makes me uncomfortable. I was supposed to be a painter." Painting led to collecting. Through her design teacher, she visited Manhattan's "Club" for artists on Eighth Street and the Cedar Tavern, where she met De Kooning and Pollock. Soon after, she stopped painting: "My work seemed invalid; when I saw the esthetic innovation in the '50s, I had to surround myself with it."

But Muriel Newman has a way of staying in touch with her times. In the 1950s, she bought clothes by Fath and Balenciaga, which she's given to the Chicago Historical Society; the Met will receive her 1960s wardrobe—feathered and leathered constructions, the kind of clothes Louise Nevelson wears so well. Newman also bought modernist jewelry designed by Arp and Calder. Her taste still runs to adventurous art—Brice Marden, Robert Irwin. She would buy them if she had room. But her apartment is overflowing, and the one thing she has never done is to keep art in storage.

MORE COLLECTING:

It's not the real McCoy; but it's large, colorful, and dazzingly decorative: David Hockney's "Parade" poster for the Metropolitan Opera Season 1980-81 at Petersburg Press, New York City ($250) . . . Smaller and more expensive, but worth it to every serious train buff: A reproduction of Isambard Kingdom Brunel's design for one of England's first railway tunnels—a delicately colored print showing the English countryside above and geometric mechanics below. $450 from Garrick C. Stephenson, New York City.

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WOMEN AND CARS

At-home comforts on the road

How to choose in-car cooling, stereo

BY LILLIAN BORGESON

Cars can be purchased with a wide variety of optional equipment, but there are two items that usually add most dollars to basic price: hi-fi sound systems and air conditioning. Here's help in deciding when they're worth the extra cost.

TESTING THE SOUND

Hi-fi jargon is part of auto-sound shopping. Talk about subwoofers and signal processors is inherently intimidating, and sometimes it's intended to be. But when you're evaluating an auto-sound system—typically a compact AM/FM stereo/tape-player unit mounted near or under the instrument panel, plus two or more speakers—it's definitely your ears that count. For help, here are some shopping suggestions from Paul Stary, president of AudioMobile Corporation of Costa Mesa, California.

- **Testing FM stereo.** Turn the radio on to a strong FM station, preferably one that's playing small-band jazz, which lets you hear the sound of the human voice plus separate instrument sounds in a wide range of tones. The sounds that come through the speakers should be smooth, clear, undistorted.

Now turn the knob to a point *between* FM stations. If the rushing "background" noise is relatively loud, you'll probably hear the same noise when you're driving in hilly areas and urban centers with tall buildings. In a moving car, FM stereo signals tend to be erratic. That's why auto-sound units usually come with a built-in device that switches the radio from stereo to mono when the signal fades. In some units, this automatic switch is smooth and practically unnoticeable; in others, it's abrupt and annoying, and you'll get better results when there's also a manual stereo-to-mono switch. An on-the-road check is the only way to listen for this.

- **Checking the cassette player.** You'll probably want your car-cassette player to have the conveniences standard on home equipment: fast forward and rewind, automatic tape reverse and cassette ejection, and easy-to-see controls. When you plan to compare car-cassette players, bring along a first-rate high-fidelity cassette with a wide range of vocal and instrumental sounds—a tape you've listened to many times at home. With this familiar music as a reference point, you'll know how auto speakers *ought* to sound.
- **Tuning in on the speakers.** An auto sound system may have two, four, or more speakers, mounted (in pairs) on the rear deck, on top of the dashboard, or in the doors. The most common set-up has two speakers in the rear deck, properly separated for the stereo effect.

To test speaker balance, first move the balance control on the set all the way from left to right. Does the sound move smoothly from one speaker to the other? Fine. Does it stay in the nearer speaker until the very last instant, just before the balance control routes all the sound to the farther speaker? Not so fine. Keep in mind that stereo sound "images" are supposed to *merge*. Less-than-perfect merging of left-to-right sound means second-rate stereo and long-term listening fatigue.

Systems with four speakers should also have a "fader control" for front-to-rear balance, so test this next. In the system that sounds best to most ears, the bigger speakers at the rear produce a bigger sound, with heavier bass; the smaller speakers up front "fill in" with the higher sounds. However, the very best systems achieve similar sound front and rear.

To test both the speaker system and the amplifier, turn the volume up high and fiddle with the tone controls until you get the sound you like best. Are the high notes too strident or the low notes garbled? Are the mid-range sounds—the most important for good listening—uneven, distorted, untrue? Do the speakers rattle or vibrate? If so, move on.

TESTING THE AIR

Like a sound system, air conditioning can be comforting or annoying. These points make the difference:

- Is the air conditioner integrated with the heater and the fresh-air circulating system? Can you run the conditioner in its "defrost" mode? In both cases, the answer should be yes.
- Is the system versatile? The best equipment gives you a choice of recirculated interior air, outside fresh air, or a mixture of the two.
- Are the controls easy to see and operate? Is there a "bi-level" setting that lets you get cooler air at face level, warmer air around the legs? Does the airflow come in drafty-feeling jets, or is it comfortably diffused?
- Is the temperature control automatic rather than manual? This luxury sounds good (and costs extra), but many users find such systems irritating and unreliable.

ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT OR ADD-ON?

Sound systems and air conditioners can be bought either as original equipment on a car, or from "after market" specialists, who bolt the hardware on later. With sound systems, there are two persuasive reasons for taking the after-market route: the selection is much broader, and very substantial discounts are often available. With air conditioning (unless the car manufacturer's system is totally unsatisfactory), go the original equipment way. Since air conditioning puts an extra load on other parts of the car, when it's installed by the manufacturer, those parts (front springs, the fresh-air cooling system, tires) will be beefed up as required. ▽

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Entertaining:

Tips and Treats

By Sandi Cushman

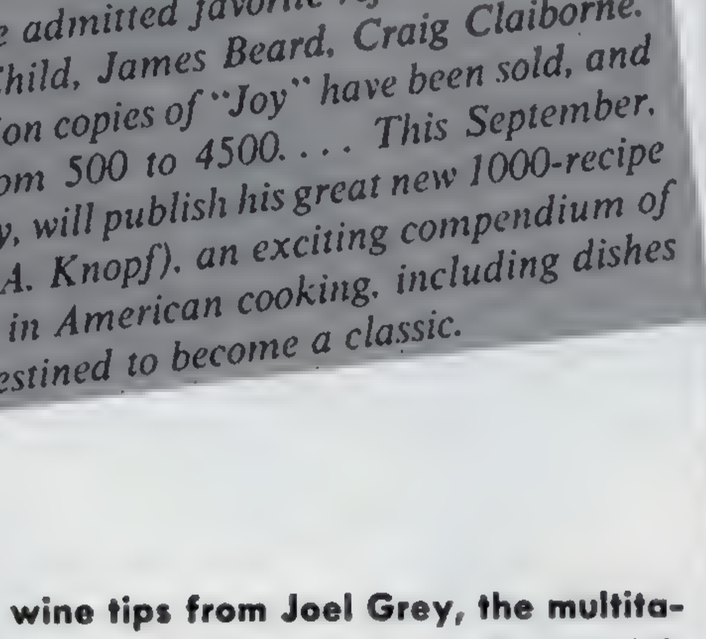
Birthday brie...James Beard's new classic... Joel Grey's wine tips

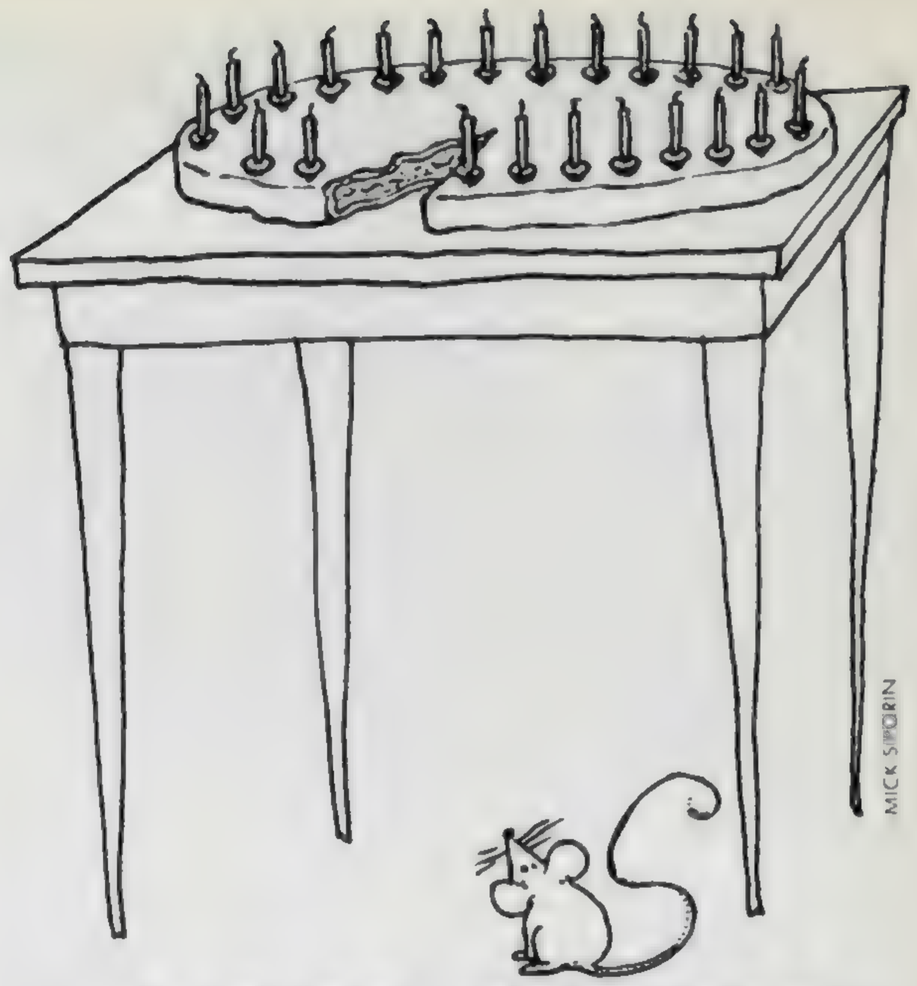
Perhaps one of the most delicious ways to cook a summer catch of fresh trout or bass is one devised by Anne-Laure Lyon (a teacher at the New School's New York Cooking Center) with an artist friend, Bill Copley. On top of a grill three or four inches above glowing coals, make a good thick bed of long, tough river grasses. The grass, damp to start with, is kept moist with a dash of white wine from time to time. The fish, stuffed with butter, sprigs of fresh lemon thyme, tarragon, lies atop the grass, steaming slowly for about half an hour. Result: delicate, exquisite flavor; flaky, tender texture. Anne's special summer sauce for fish salads or cold poached fish—orange mayonnaise. To your recipe for food-processor mayonnaise, add one extra egg yolk to make mixture thicker. After mayonnaise has formed, add half cup of fresh orange juice. Beat with French whisk till smooth.

OLD CLASSIC, NEW CLASSIC

This is the fiftieth anniversary year of Irma Rombauer and Marion Rombauer Becker's "The Joy of Cooking" (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)—every new bride's mainstay, and the admitted favorite reference book of such contemporary culinary greats as Julia Child, James Beard, Craig Claiborne. Since 1931, more than eight and one half million copies of "Joy" have been sold, and the number of failsafe recipes has grown from 500 to 4500. . . . This September, James Beard, the "dean" of American cookery, will publish his great new 1000-recipe cookbook, "The New James Beard" (Alfred A. Knopf), an exciting compendium of this master's latest thinking on what's great in American cooking, including dishes that are old favorites, plus new creations. Destined to become a classic.

CALIFORNIA wine tips from Joel Grey, the multitalented theater, movie, and nightclub performer: "Robert Mondavi's Chardonnay and Cabernet Sauvignon are excellent: Mayacamas Chardonnay is a big wonderful wine—hard to find—but worth the effort. I'm fond of the recently released Jordan Vineyards' Cabernet Sauvignon; Heitz Martha's Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon is very eccentric but extraordinary. Gallo has some fresh, straightforward wines. Kistler Chardonnay is also excellent. My two favorite Champagnes: Schramsberg's Blanc de Noir and Chandon's Blanc de Noir. . . . Robert Finnegan's monthly wine newsletter, from San Francisco, provides inside information on regional wines. Good reading."





NEW PLOYS

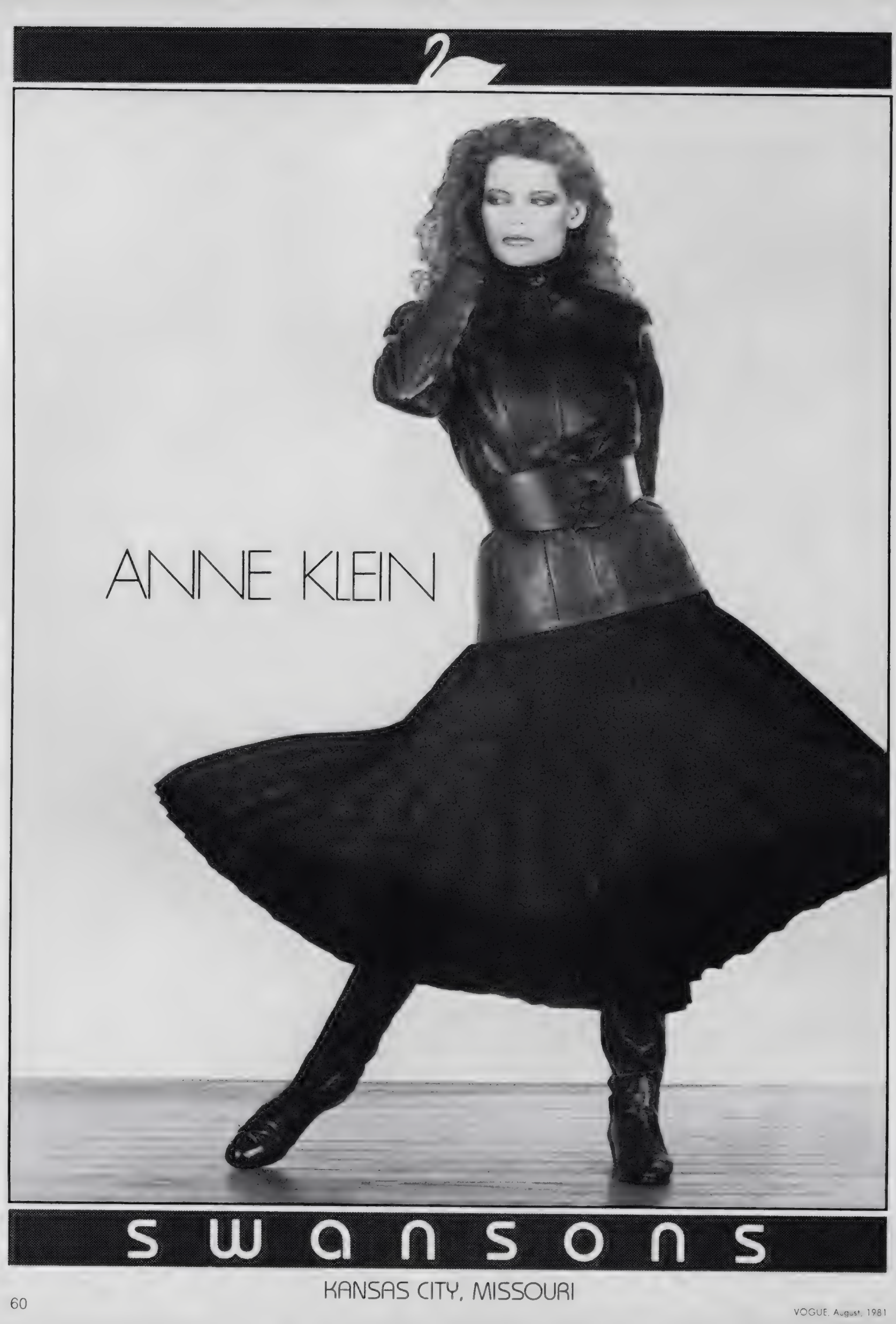
● **Arianna Stassinopoulos,** author of best selling biography *Maria Callas* (Simon & Schuster), at a recent dinner party provided an all-female string trio to serenade her guests. She found them by putting a notice on the bulletin board of The Juilliard School in New York. If you have a music school in your town, you could do the same thing. . . . In the drawing room of Arianna's town house, there was a "Japanese garden" on each table, with fresh flowers, fresh peaches standing in for rocks, fresh cherries in place of pebbles as the base. Lighting them: masses of plump candles.

● **At a birthday party** where the guests were all calorie conscious: instead of a birthday cake, a large wheel of brie cheese stuck with small lighted candles. Each guest had a *small* sliver.

● **Those Mac II ladies, Chessy Rayner and Mica Ertegün,** layer a crystal Victorian compote with fresh fruit: stemmed strawberries, cherries, grapes, peaches, use it for a centerpiece that later turns into dessert. Their trick to make everything moist and glistening: keep a dampened linen towel over fruit till the last minute, whisk off just before bringing compote to the table.

● **Barbara Kafka,** head of her own food and restaurant consulting firm in New York, always uses, at even the most informal dinner party, pieces from her fabulous collection of knife rests. "I've got them in silver, crystal, china, wood," she says, "and although I mix patterns, each place setting gets the same type. Some are old, others new—I buy them wherever I find them."

● **Mme Denyse Harari**'s trademark at her summer dinner parties in Paris: a deep, clear-glass bowl centerpiece brimming with cherries (or whatever berry is available). The fruit is so dense that it takes a while to identify this beautiful still life.



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Between Us

Back to school—everyone! ..."bachelor" partying... mountaintop chic

By Lorraine Davis

EDUCATION: NO BORING KID STUFF

No matter when you last sat in a classroom, like autumn leaves, shop windows with the first back-to-school plaids turn the mind toward the possibilities of learning more.

American women have been flocking into some formerly male educational preserves: in 1963, women were only 3.6 percent of law-school students; now, 33.5 percent are women. The same trend in medical schools, including veterinary training; and stories of female M.B.A.s and their triumphs are pandemic. But you need not be ready for graduate study to go back to classes; women of all ages are on college campuses, outnumbering men for the first time since WW II, with the number of female undergraduates over thirty-five years old doubled in nine years. Schools are revising their teaching and services to fit this new student body; for instance, at New York University's Gallatin Division, students combine job experience with academics and get credits for things learned through "life experience." In many cities, "alternate" schools give people who are not professional educators a chance to teach their skills to others who need them.

Liberal-arts schools, especially women's colleges, are adding job-related training. Examples: NYC's Marymount Manhattan College has its Women in Management Honors Program; Mills College, in Oakland, California, an Administration and Legal Processes Program; Wells College, in Aurora NY, stresses "real world" professionalism in its interdisciplinary minors. Sarah Lawrence College's Center for Continuing Education offers post-B.A. study for women preparing for career changes; Columbia U. has its Womanspace Career Options Program for Women; and the Radcliffe Seminars, one of the most distinguished of these programs, is celebrating a thirtieth birthday.

Enrollment in women's colleges is up, reflecting their fostering of female leadership; and, as women's career goals become more like men's, the number of women majoring in business has quadrupled since 1966. This fall, Stanford University will offer a Program in Feminist Studies. N.Y. Feminist Art Institute has begun a full-time program using a Ford Foundation grant. . . .Sources of women's scholarship funds are multiplying, too. An early corporate supporter, Clairol, which awards funds to women over thirty for full and part-time study at vocational schools and colleges, has published a concise booklet describing seven other sources of educational awards and loans for women, with names of books and pamphlets listing more. Write: Ellen Anderson, Clairol Loving Care Scholarship Program, 345 Park Avenue, NYC 10154 (212) 546-3511.

"MAID" OF HONOR?

With today's shifting sex roles, even marriage traditions can undergo a gender change. When Ellen Seeherman, a Manhattan trademark lawyer, planned her wedding to another lawyer, Stuart Sloame, six unmarried men friends gave her a "bachelor party"; one of them, NY State assistant attorney general Paul Glickman, was her "maid of honor" for the ceremony. Ellen said she "had a good time," at the wedding, refused to walk down the aisle or to be "given away." "We're both adults," she explained, "why should I be given away?"

IT'S BETTER ON TOP

Two determined women plan an ascent next year of Cho Oyu, a 26,750-foot Himalayan peak closed to expeditions since 1964. Vera Komarkova, a plant ecologist from Boulder, Colorado, scaled Annapurna I with the 1978 American Women's Himalayan Expedition; Dina Sterbova, a university mathematician from Czechoslovakia, led the 1980 Czech Women's Expedition to Manaslu I. To raise money, the pair are selling T-shirts labeled "A woman's place is on the face . . . International Women's Expedition to Cho Oyu." Information: IWEC/Everest Treks, 3325 Garland, Wheatridge CO 80033.

WORDS OF OUR OWN

A slender, starchy woman who could be a Gilbert and Sullivan heroine, Joyce M. Hawkins is an Englishwoman who has affected American language as one of four editors of *Oxford American Dictionary* (Oxford University Press). An archaeologist-lexicographer who's incisive about correct English usage, she admits that modes of speech are like kinds of dress, "Some are more formal," and expects our language to become more, not less, diversified as local patterns develop in America, Australia, West Indies: "In two hundred years, we'll barely understand each other."

AUGUST APPOINTMENTS

August 6
Peace marchers in Paris: Women who began walking from Scandinavia, England, Germany, Italy, et al., will meet in Paris to mark the anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and demand disarmament and peace. Sponsor: Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (215) 563-7110.

August 7–9
Homemakers for themselves: Working for legal and social reforms, Homemakers Equal Rights Association will convene at Clarke College in Dubuque, Iowa, for speeches, films, workshops. Registration: HERA Convention, Office of Continuing Education, Clarke College, Dubuque IA 52001 (319) 588-6354.

August 17–September 4
Owner-housebuilders: Last of this summer's three-week sessions at Heartwood, a live-in Massachusetts school that teaches you how to design and build your own house. Info: Heartwood, Johnson Road, Washington MA 01235 (413) 623-6677.

August 23
Long-running females: Olympic aspirants from more than thirty countries will compete in the fourth annual Avon Women's Marathon. Details: Valerie Andrews (212) 546-6218.

August 22
Everybody out, Women's Equality Day: Twenty-four hour ERA vigil by NY-NOW at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue in the Big Apple; walkathons called "Last Walk for ERA" in Los Angeles, Denver, Chicago, Philadelphia, other cities. Talk to your National Organization for Women chapter about plans.

August–October 15
High-country holidayers: Tennis, golf, fly fishing, go along with trail riding and hiking in the mountains on eight-day ventures designed especially for women at Big Sky, Montana, resort. Facts: Dianne Ellis, Box 61, Big Sky MO 59716 (406) 995-4192.

August and after
Parent/child adventures: Exotic treks for the "active" single parent holidaying with equally active offspring in Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Europe, Africa, South Pacific, Central and South America, Asia, even Antarctica. Specifics: Janice Junger, Offshore Travel, Inc., 820 Second Ave., NYC 10017 (800) 221-4327.

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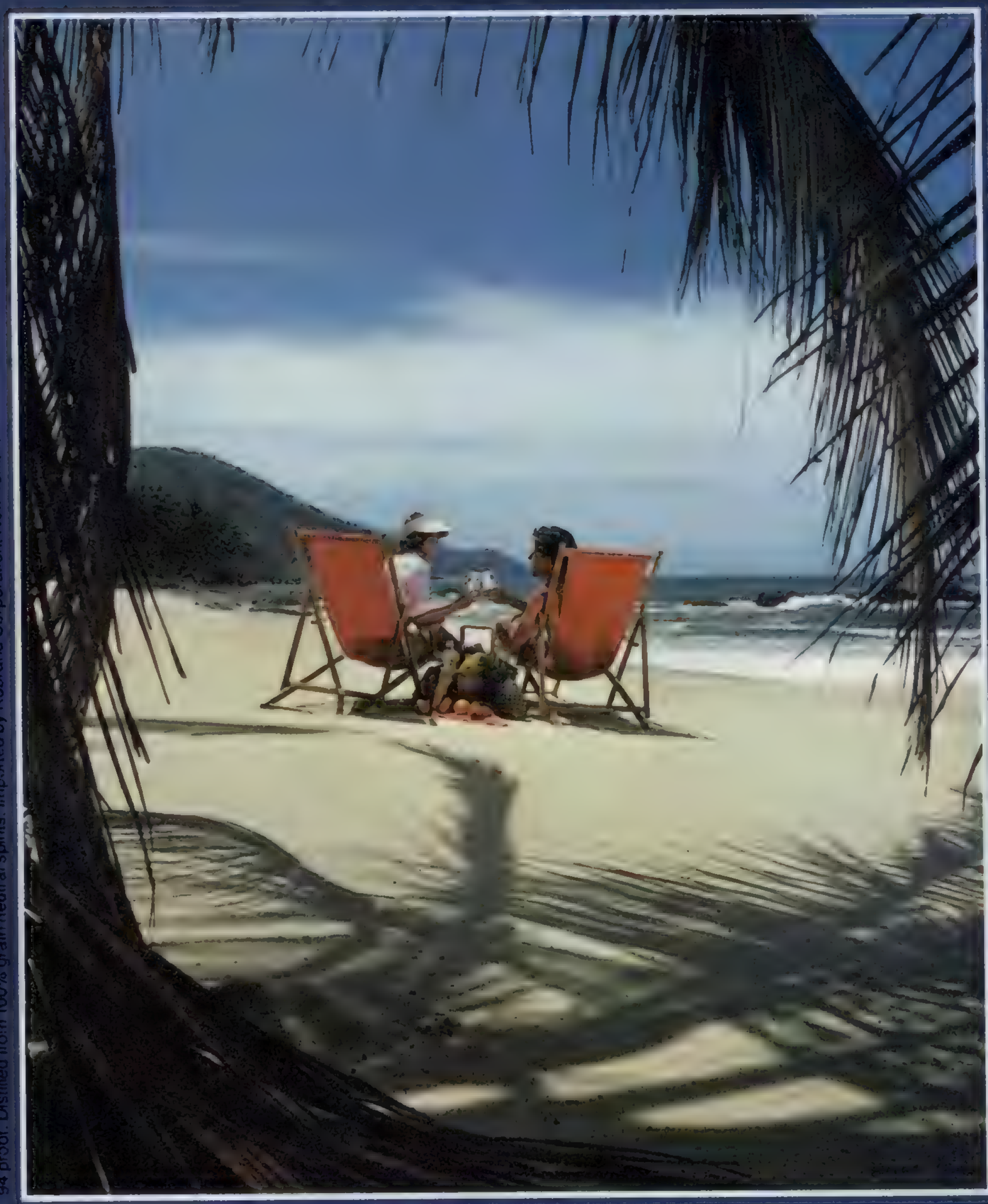

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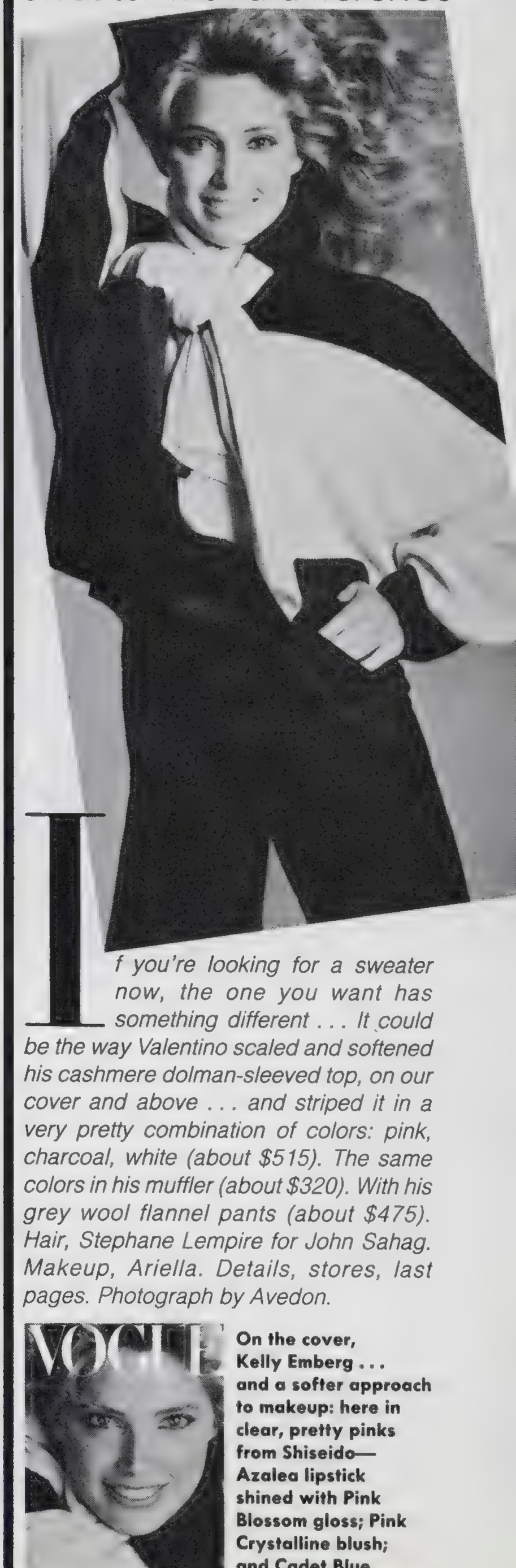
Cover Look

To watch for now: a sweater with a difference



If you're looking for a sweater now, the one you want has something different . . . It could be the way Valentino scaled and softened his cashmere dolman-sleeved top, on our cover and above . . . and striped it in a very pretty combination of colors: pink, charcoal, white (about $515). The same colors in his muffler (about $320). With his grey wool flannel pants (about $475). Hair, Stephane Lempire for John Sahag. Makeup, Ariella. Details, stores, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

On the cover, Kelly Emberg . . . and a softer approach to makeup: here in clear, pretty pinks from Shiseido—Azalea lipstick shined with Pink Blossom gloss; Pink Crystalline blush; and Cadet Blue shadow for the eyes.

VOGUE, August, 1981

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Characteristic of all Baker Collector's Edition designs, this Chinese cabinet is a reproduction of a documented original. From the Ming Dynasty of the early 17th Century, the lovely hand decoration on the front panels and both sides give the cabinet a dimensional look. The lighted interior is fitted for entertaining with a mirrored back, glass shelves and pull-out mixing surface.

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Beauty Q & A

Experts answer: How useful is hair analysis... avoiding/correcting haircolor mistakes

Q **Recently, I've seen a number of advertisements for something called a "hair analysis." These ads claim that by analyzing a few strands of hair, trained technicians can tell you not only what condition your hair is in, but whether or not you've been eating properly, and what kind of health you're in. How accurate are these analyses? What exactly can they tell you about your health and your hair?**

A We took your question to Victor Herbert, M.D., J.D., chief of hematology and nutrition laboratory, Bronx V.A. Medical Center and professor of medicine, SUNY Downstate Medical Center. His answer: "When doing large-scale population surveys, hair analyses can help determine whether certain minerals are present in one group and not in another. But hair analysis can not determine vitamin status, as there are no vitamins in hair. Nor can it help to detect an *individual's* mineral deficiencies, although hair analyses are used in helping to determine if a person is suffering from metal or mineral toxicity. One problem, however, is that many hair-color dyes contain lead, many dandruff shampoos are made with selenium; an analysis of a woman's hair treated with either product could easily lead to a misdiagnosis of lead or selenium poisoning." As with any medical procedure, hair analyses should be done *only* by a doctor.

"To determine the condition of the hair itself, hair analysis can be helpful," claims David Cannell, vice president, research and development, Redken Laboratories. "Certain cosmetic conditions—air spaces in the cuticle or damage caused by crimping, for example—can only be seen under polarized light. A woman considering perm, color, or bleach should have her hair *cosmetically* analyzed to help her stylist determine how much color and curl her hair can withstand, what kinds of treatments she needs to bring hair back to a 'normal' condition.

"A cosmetic hair analysis measures the diameter, strength, and elasticity of eight different strands of hair. Based on these measurements, hair is 'typed' and appropriate shampoos, conditioners are prescribed. I think it's important to note that there are two types of hair analyses being advertised today. One purports to diagnose your physical health, the other simply offers an in-depth analysis of your hair's 'cosmetic condition.' This second variety is the only kind of hair analysis I recommend."

Q **I'm interested in coloring my hair for the first time. Can you tell me what the most common hair-color mistakes are and how they can be corrected?**

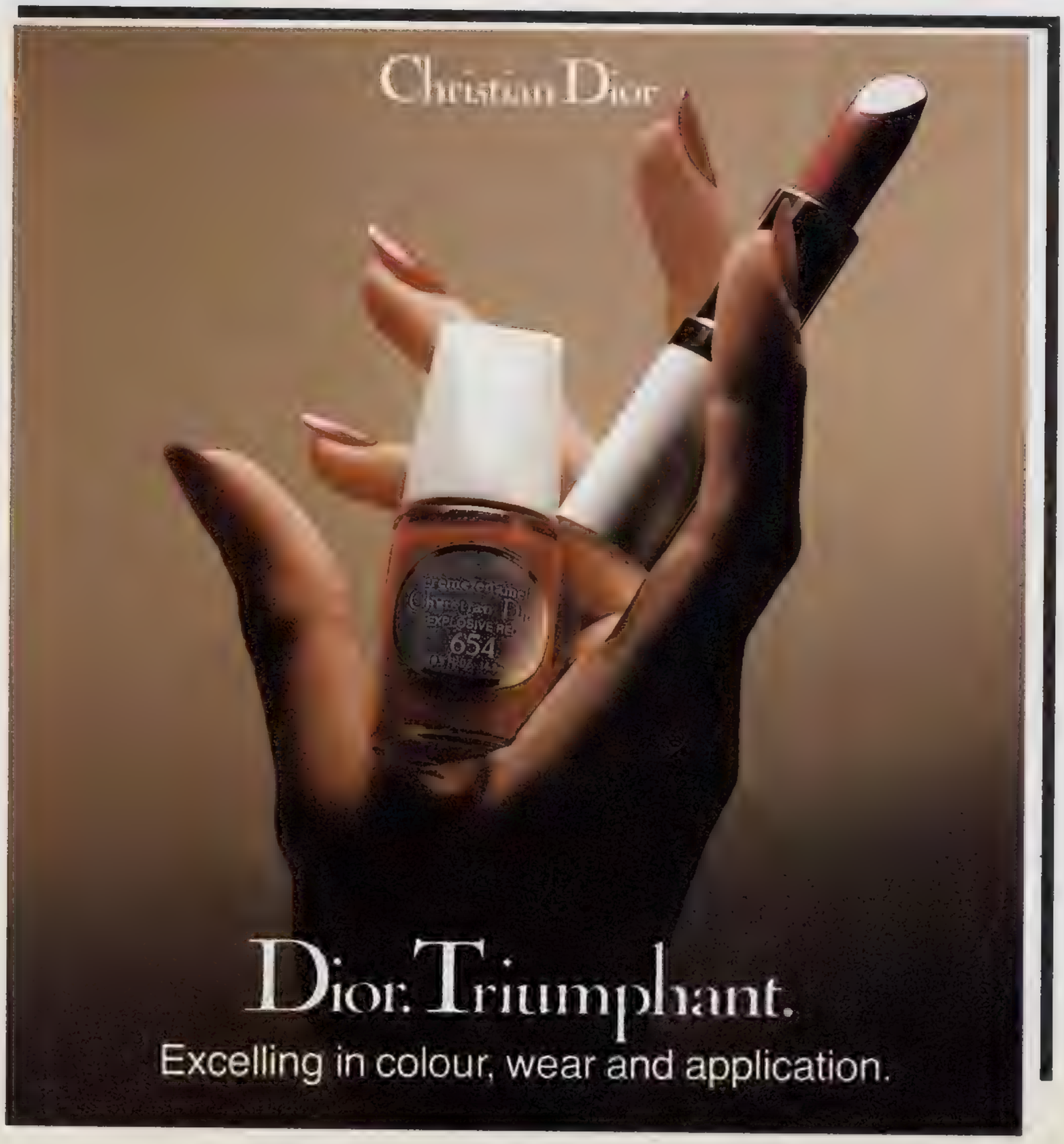
A "There are three mistakes made with color that I see all the time," says Leland Hirsch, director of hair color, Nubest & Co. Salon, Manhasset NY, and research and development consultant for Clairol.

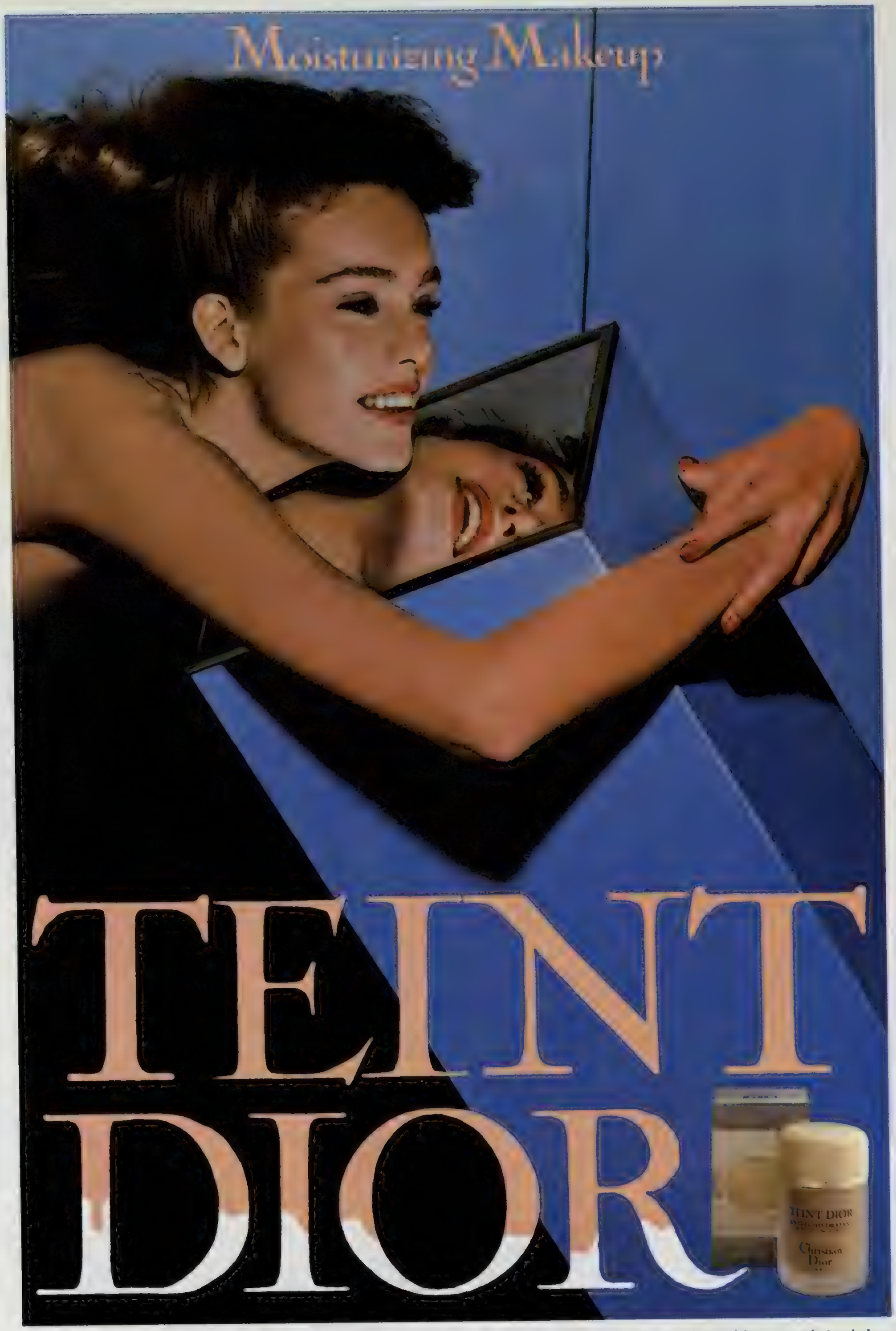
1. "Many women who color their hair at home, instead of simply touching-up regrowth, insist on covering their whole head with dye each time they color. As a result, the part of the hair shaft that has been 'overlapped' with color will not look the same as the new hair near the scalp; it will be darker if you're tinting, lighter if you're using bleach. Touching up regrowth so that it blends in with the rest of your hair is tricky, and it takes practice to get it right, but the effort is worthwhile. Your hair will look better and be less damaged if you put on color sparingly.

2. "Professional colorists most commonly make mistakes when trying to cover up grey hair. Many professionals cover the hair with one uniform layer of color; their clients end up with drab-looking hair and definite lines of demarcation. The correct way to cover grey is to aim for a salt-and-pepper effect—color dark hair lighter, light hair darker. The result will be 'blended' color with a few highlights—the kind of 'color' that doesn't require much touching up, isn't susceptible to lines of demarcation.

3. "Overbleaching, one of the most damaging color mistakes, is also, unfortunately, one of the most common. Hair that has been overbleached is dry, drab looking, and breaks easily. To correct this problem, the next time you have your hair colored, ask to have a good conditioning treatment—one containing protein—applied between the bleach and toner. Also helpful: a golden 'filler' applied after the conditioner—to give overbleached hair a 'blond' not white tint."

"If your hair has been overbleached to the platinum stage, and you want to go back to your natural color, the best solution is reverse streaking," claims Louis Licari of La Coupe Salon, NYC. "Reverse streaking must be done in a salon. It is a very complicated—but effective—process whereby streaks of 'natural' color are gradually put back into overbleached or grey hair. It could take almost a year before you get back to your normal color, but in the meantime, the results are natural looking. Your hair will look as though it's been sun lightened; roots will become less obvious each month." ▽





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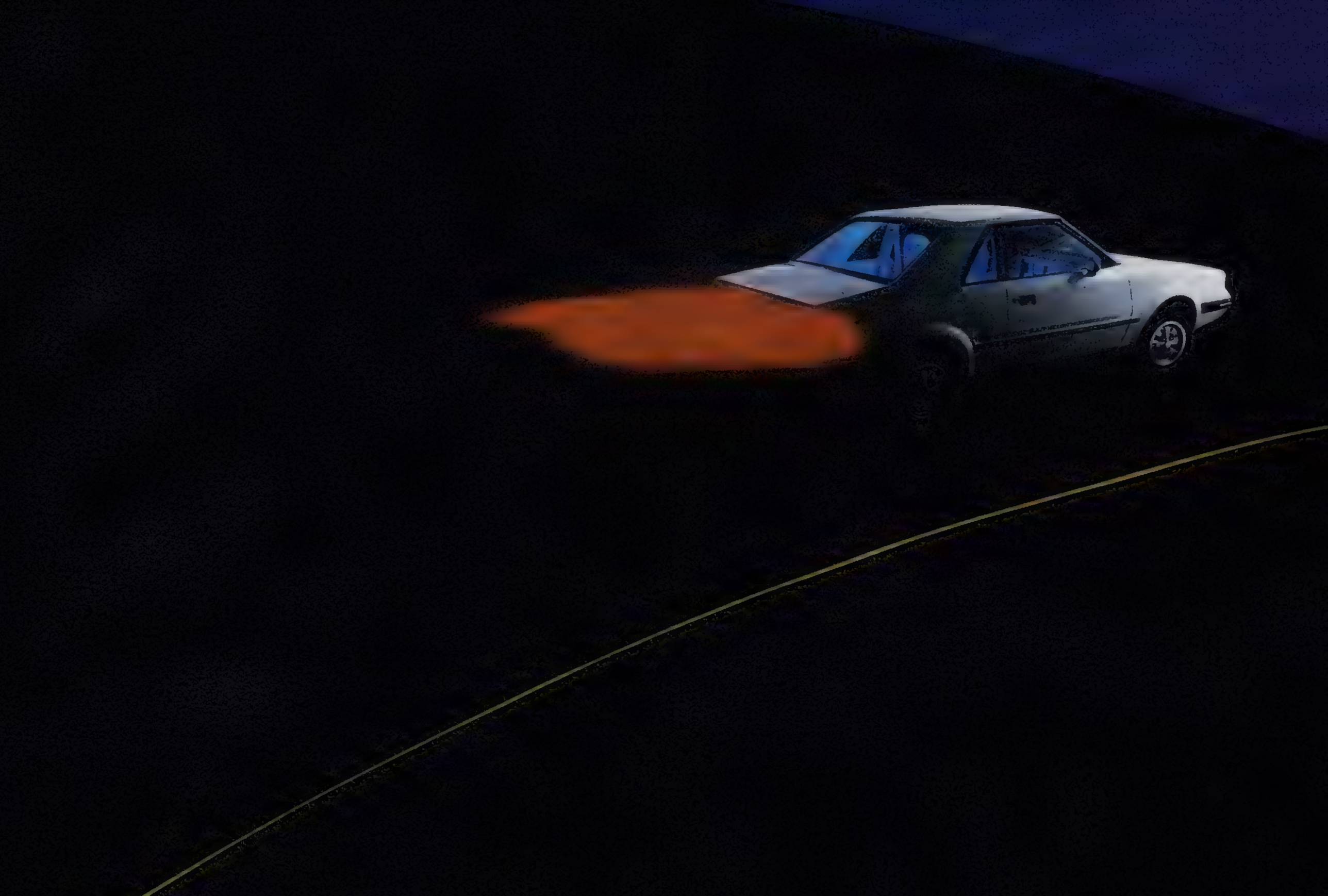

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Right: The rich, full shape of a hooded wool jersey poncho
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matching jersey pants.

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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 26)

on "Women and Cars" by Lillian Borgeson. I look forward to reading them each month, and feel they're an interesting and valuable addition to your magazine.

With regard to the May (1981) letter ("Your Letters") from Myra Butler, car saleswomen do indeed exist. I have been selling cars for a little over two years now, and very much enjoy my work. Savannah E. Dial
Bradenton FL

Sitting pretty . . . and principally

Bravo for your item on Judith LeClair ("Between Us" by Lorraine Davis, June 1981). Interestingly, it's the three oldest orchestras that have been first with female principals—the New York Philharmonic began in 1842, the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra in 1880, the Boston Symphony in 1881.

Since the early 1950s Doriot Dwyer has performed as principal flute in Boston to be joined in 1978 by Mary Lou Speaker as principal second violin.

Here in St. Louis, Dorothy Ziegler was principal trombone in the late 1950s; and since 1973, Susan Slaughter has performed as principal trumpet—a definite "masculine" instrument! Our Women's Association is particularly proud of Ms. Slaughter and has permanently endowed the principal trumpet chair.

Again, thank you for "tooting the horn" (or woodwind!) for female principal players.
Mrs. J. John Brouk
President, Saint Louis Symphony
Women's Association
Saint Louis MO

Late word on disc drug

Smith Laboratories, a new pharmaceutical company formed by Dr. W. Scott Smith, former Vice President of Medical Affairs for G.D. Searle, is working with the Food and Drug Administration to secure marketing approval of chymopapain (mentioned in "Your Medical Option: Second Opinion" by Isadore Rosenfeld, M.D., in the February 1981 issue) in the United States.

The mechanism of action of the enzyme is well understood. Chymopapain dissolves the nucleus pulposus, the jelly-like center of the disc, without damaging the disc itself or other parts of the spinal column.

Three states have passed legislation approving chymopapain's use. However, it would be extremely unwise and unsafe for patients to be treated with a product without official FDA approval.

Clinical trials conducted by other pharmaceutical companies did not demonstrate safety and efficacy of the product to the satisfaction of the FDA. Loreen M. Robinson
Director, Corporate Communications
Smith Laboratories
Rosemont IL

Tea in your travels

Having just returned from a week in New York, I wish to write and tell you that your article "Teatime: Joy in the Afternoon" (March 1981) made my visit most enjoyable.

Please continue to publish more pieces about "goings-on" in various cities, since they add to the pleasure of traveling.
Roslyn Friedman
Buffalo NY

Exploding implants defused

In my capacity as Plastic Surgery Consultant for the AMA Physician's Liaison Committee for Motion Picture and Television I've been asked technical advice on some rather outlandish situations. The most recent one was from the writers of the Hollywood Squares television show, and read, "A stewardess who has had breast implants may experience sudden swelling of the implants if there is a loss of cabin pressure while the aircraft is flying at high altitude. True or false." The comical imagery which this conjures up would be not at all funny if the situation were true. Fortunately, the answer to the question is false.

In your March edition ("Health" by Melva Weber), an article by Dr. Charles C. Gullett is paraphrased in which a lengthy, technical and quite frightening warning is issued. Dr. Gullett has stated that any air in the breast implant could cause significant problems if there was sudden depressurization. Dr. Gullett has suggested a decompression test for high-flying women.

There are some problems, mostly minor, with the use of breast implants, and I feel that your readers should be made aware of them. The problem of exploding implants, however, is one that does *not* exist. There is no air in breast implants. Implants are filled with silicone gel or saline solution, neither of which are significantly distensible or compressible with pressure changes. . . . Norman Leaf, M.D.
Beverly Hills CA

Mad about mini skirts

I am writing this to defend the new minis and to respond to a reader in May Vogue's (1981) "Your Letters" column.

I think it's about time we have a change, I am tired of the boring ankle length hemline. (No offense Ralph.) Furthermore, I don't believe everything Vogue shows can be worn by every woman, so I don't like to complain when Vogue shows clothes which do not fit my taste, because I know there are other people who disagree with it.

I do have some further comment for the fashion-conscious people. Fashion comes and goes so don't wait for the bandwagon to come, by the time it comes, you will be far behind fashion. And one more for the knee-conscious people, don't wear minis and stay out of fashion for the next few years. Ava Harrison
Fountain Valley CA

With reference to "Longfaced about short skirts" in the May 1981 issue ("Your Letters"), I would like to defend the mini skirts that the writer so negatively described. I am seventeen and probably would never be caught dead in a mini skirt because it's not something most teenage girls wear. On the other hand, I simply love them! They are extremely flattering to a trim figure, if the skirt itself is also slim. It sounds like she is talking about the flaring minis of the 'sixties. Today's minis are tapered to give a shapely, sexy image. They also accentuate nice knees. You have to have the figure for it. How I envy the woman who can really wear a mini skirt! Michaele Statts
Kailua HI

First Lady Markievicz

Regarding Allene Talmey's review of the John Grigg biography of Nancy Astor (April 1981): Lady Astor was not the first woman elected to Parliament, as stated. The first woman elected to Parliament was *(Continued on page 95)*

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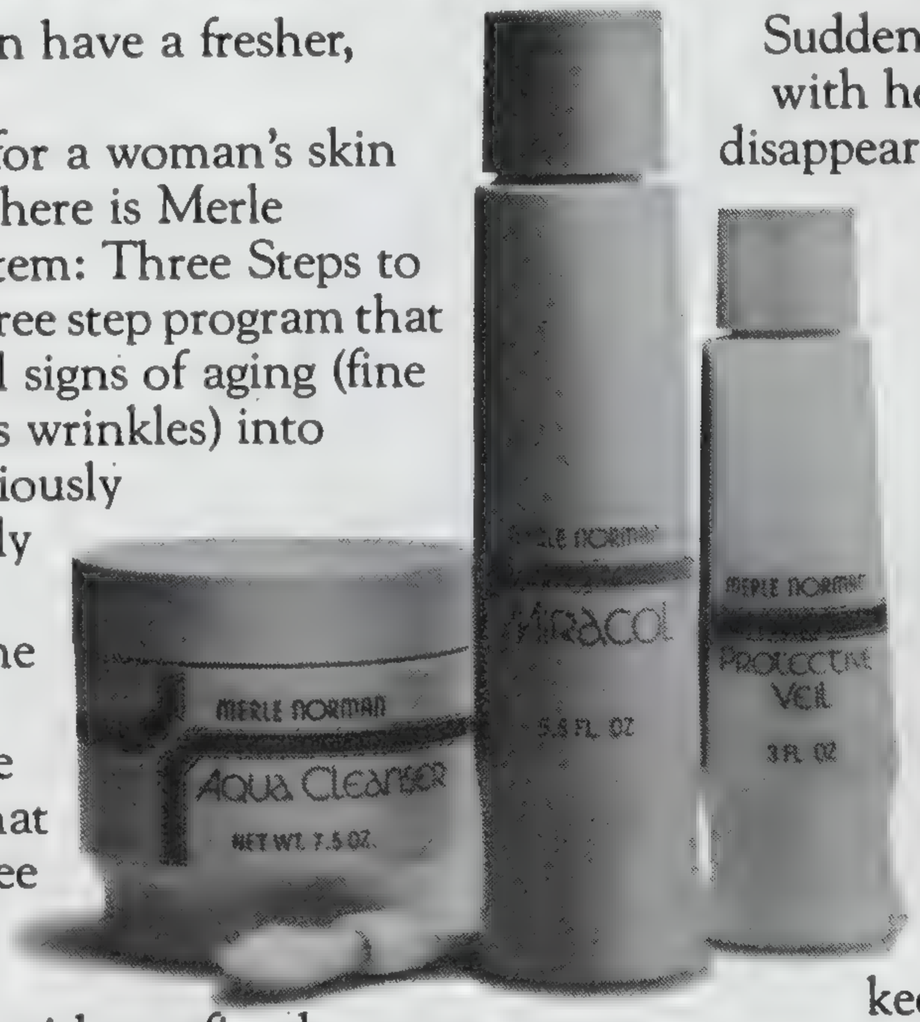

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Re-inventing the language of love

Liberated lovers and how they talk

BY JOHN SIMON

There was the case, some years ago, of the prim Radcliffe housemistress who, upon being introduced to a visiting French dignitary as the Mistress of Bertram Hall, blushed as crimson as a Harvard pennant while she listened to his apology, "I am so sorry, but I do not know Monsieur Hall." In France, for a good, long while now—if not since time immemorial—it has been all right to be a mistress, particularly that of a distinguished man; at court, to be the king's favorite, the *maîtresse en titre,* was rather better than being the queen. Only not in America, not even during those halcyon days between outgrown puritanism and ingrown feminism, was it acceptable to be designated as someone's mistress. "They do those things so well in France," said Dorothy Parker in a related context; the scantily veiled subtext is: "And so poorly in the United States."

Part of the ruckus always stemmed from the very existence of an extramarital relationship; part of it, from its public avowal; and a third, not inconsiderable part, from the terminology involved. Even those of us who are not secretive about our amatory involvements tend to be finicky about the accompanying nomenclature, as exemplified by the very word "mistress." Although it places the woman well above and ahead of the man—one could almost read male servitude and bondage into it—it is insufficient for many women: the whip hand is not enough without a pedestal. At any rate, the liberated lovers of today shy away from this antique designation, on the assumption, perhaps, that "mistress" is a euphemism male suprematists tossed to their women to obscure their actual subservience—rather like calling a maid a household technician while requiring the same old menial tasks.

I just used the word "lover," and one might ask whether this noble, passionate word couldn't do the trick. Unfortunately not. To refer to someone as "my lover" inevitably sounds like showing off; it implies: "*You* may have a bored spouse, a callous bedmate, or nobody at all; *I,* on the other hand, have someone who ardently loves and desires me." I suppose that if the world were more blessed with love—if love were the norm, rather than the exception—it would be quite seemly to call someone your lover; just as, if everyone were rich, there would be no such thing as flaunting your money.

Almost every word we have—in English, anyway—to designate a lover proves inadequate for one reason or another. "Friend" is too vague and ambiguous, and might even imply being ashamed of the relationship. If all our friends were lovers, we would be in the hospital; if all our lovers were friends, we would be in heaven. "Mate," on the other hand, sounds too matey, lower-class, or nautical, although in the more conventional sector of the homosexual world, "roommate" has both clarity and neatness, even if not much romantic luster. "My man" and "my woman" won't do either. They sound too plebeian; or, if the speaker is patrician, too cute. The alternative is some sort of circumlocution, e.g., "the fellow I live with"; but this kind of thing, when not actually ludicrous or condescending, is, at the very least, long and cumbersome.

"Boyfriend" and "girlfriend" suffer from a high-schoolish ring: they are probably fine until a certain age, but after that they begin to proclaim a progressively more desperate attempt to remain younger than young. "Companion" has a lovely sound to it, but here we run into connotation trouble: it seems to designate someone we fought a war or explored uncharted lands with, and suggests a shared barricade rather than a shared bed.

The French do those things so well

So what is one to do? The U.S. Census Bureau came up with the notorious "posslq" (pronounced posselcue), an acronym for "persons of opposite sex sharing living quarters." But this word, if one may so dignify it, sounds too comically uncouth to be usable more than once as a joke; it suggests the equivalent in billiards or pool to loaded dice in a crap game. Besides, all lovers do not share living quarters, so it is not even always technically correct. It is, in any case, a term guaranteed to cool all ardor: if there is a motive and a cue for passion, there is equally a posslq for its deflation.

Yet, in English, the problem is even greater than that. We lack not only a word by which we can satisfactorily designate our lover to others; we also have a devil of a time finding a decent term of endearment with which to address that lover. *Mon amour* does well enough for the French, as does *amore mio* for the Italians. Even some less beautiful languages can do better than English: the Swedish *min älskling* is not lacking in charm. But although "darling" and "dearest" are tolerable, and "my darling" better yet, they do not really sing. "Beloved" was a sovereign word, but we foolishly let it obsolesce; it now sounds almost as archaic as "sweeting." "My love" will do because of its terse simplicity, but it, too, lacks any appreciable melody. "Baby," however, is better between the swaddling clothes than between the sheets; "sweetheart," which sounds both sweet and hearty, has been ruined by Tin Pan Alley and the greeting-card industry; "dearie" has been preempted by prostitutes; "sweetie" sounds too much like a parakeet.

Epithets tend to become sticky: "my sweet" is only slightly more digestible than the cloying and infra-dig "honey." "Beautiful" is always a joke (as in "Hello, beautiful!"), and even the more ringing "loveliest" is shy-making as well as *recherché.* I can think of no English term that combines love with a little humor that mitigates the suspicion of attitudinizing. Thus French has *ma grande* (especially lovable when applied to a petite person); German has *du Liebes,* turning the beloved into something small and cozy—the opposite of French strategy. The only English approximation, "little one," sounds Victorianly patronizing from a man, and castrating from a woman.

Yet this love-lacuna in the English language has had an indirectly beneficial effect. It has compelled discriminating lovers to become inventive and think up their own terms of endearment. Some of these are fairly routine annexations of our fauna and flora: kitten, bunny, mouse, turtledove, bear, etc., to which an occasional flower name may be added. Then there are gustatory coinages such as "sweetie pie" and "honeybun"—whatever their caloric content, a sickening diet. Others, e.g., "lover-boy" and "honeychild," are either too provincial or lower class. But in this metaphorical domain there is room for invention.

One can appropriate, at the very least, terms of mild derogation and endue them with a special, irony-laden affection, such as "turkey" or "dingaling," two favorites of the *bella dònna della mia mente* (which is neither English nor concise). Similarly, one could press into service less obvious animals. How about nandu, guanaco, apteryx, bandicoot, hartebeest? Or some farther-fetched flowers: amaryllis, dragonhead, mimosa, edelweiss? And why not vary the names from time to time? On inspired nights, the lover might be Tiger or Buffalo; on more flaccid occasions, Woodchuck or Marmoset. The beloved, likewise, could go from Tiger Lily or Dahlia to Aloe or Venus's Flytrap. All over the land, bestiaries could be poetically making love to herbals.

Which brings me to the crucial verb itself, whose two principal forms are the double four-letter word "make love" and the single one that, for the frustration of the censor, I shall call "dash," as, indeed, it is often spelled, i.e., —. Both these expressions seem to me acceptable, particularly because they divide the world of bedmates into lovemakers and . . . er . . . dashers. I cannot help feeling that the relationship in which one partner says to the other "Let's dash!" is different from the one in which the invitation goes "Let's make love!" I am not saying that one is better than the other, any more than I am prepared to put, say, Aristotelians above Platonists, or vice versa. But if I were a foundation, I would definitely subsidize a study investigating the differences (if any) between the two types of relationships. The resulting revelations would be equally significant for the fields of sexology and linguistics, and, if duly publicized, might even salutarily affect the divorce rate.

Of course, there are also those middle-of-the-roaders who say, plainly and prosily, "Let's go to bed!" This may work well enough for sporadic lovers; for regulars, however, it would appear to be fraught with ambiguities to the point of being duplicitous. And we all know what Dante thought of trimmers: they were not good enough even for Hell. ▽

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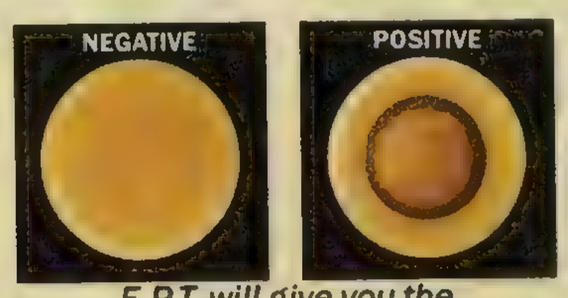

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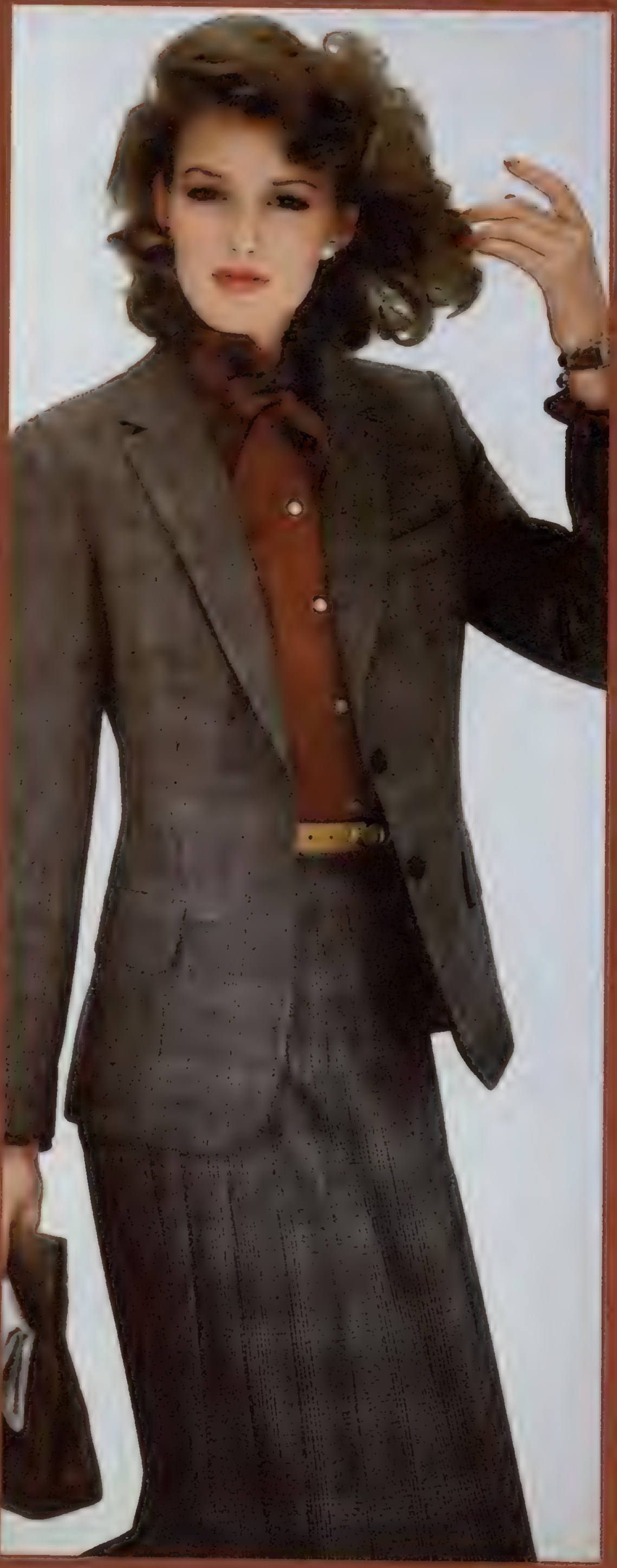

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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 86)

the Countess Markievicz, an Irish revolutionary. She refused to take her seat in protest against British rule in Ireland; Lady Astor was the first woman seated. This may be a fine point, but I think it is important to give the Countess her due, and all the more so because she was elected in her own right and not because of her husband's position.

Kate Jastram
Greenwich CT

Heroin: relief worth its risks?

I was surprised to be shown, in your May 1981 issue, an article, "Pain: New Ways To Keep You From Hurting" (by Ellen Switzer). The article dismisses heroin for terminal cancer pain on the basis of outdated information, and ignores the minority of cancer patients who do require heroin.

Numerous prominent American physicians are calling right now for heroin's availability to alleviate intractable pain in advanced cancer. Enabling legislation, H.R. 2642, is now before the U.S. House of Representatives, introduced by the Honorable Edward R. Madigan of Illinois and nine colleagues, and strong testimony in its behalf was presented to the House Subcommittee on September 4, 1980.

In fairness to your readers, I ask that they be informed of the more current information (and more sophisticated opinions) that exist.

James T. Quattlebaum, M.D.
Member, Board of Directors
National Committee on the Treatment of
Intractable Pain, Potomac MD

Author's reply: *The morphine vs. heroin controversy continues, with strong arguments on both sides. All the pain experts we queried—including Kathleen M. Foley, M.D., coordinator of the Pain Clinic at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City—said recent studies had shown that morphine prescribed with other drugs works as effectively as heroin in treating the pain of terminal cancer and other exceedingly painful conditions. After our article appeared, William T. Beaver, M.D., and Philip S. Schein, M.D., of Georgetown University's Vincent T. Lombardi Cancer Research Center, at a meeting of the American Society for Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics announced findings of their study in which forty-eight cancer patients rated heroin to be two and one-half times more potent than morphine in relieving pain, at the same time to appear no more addictive than morphine.*

Correction: *In June 1981, Vogue's Healthstyle erroneously stated that Traveler's Medical Service, 916 19th Street, N.W., Suite 306, Washington DC 20006 provides aid in locating doctors while you are away from your hometown physician. Dr. Martin S. Wolfe, director of the service, reports that his group does not locate doctors abroad, that its purpose has been to provide personal clinical services to travelers from the Washington DC area. For more on Traveler's Medical Service, how to travel healthily, turn to page 191, this issue.*

Correction: *In July 1981 on pages 158 and 159, photographs of Annette Stai were taken by Marco Glaviano, not Denis Piel as the photo credit stated.*

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This new and original work of art has been designed for the World Wildlife Fund by Eva Dalberg, one of the world's most talented portraitists of animals. Dalberg was chosen for this commission because she has the unique ability to capture the lovable quality of animals.

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Surprise! will be crafted for the World Wildlife Fund, under the supervision of Franklin Porcelain of Japan. Each sculpture will be crafted in Taiwan and will be backmarked with the official "WWF" symbol. In addition, a Certificate of Authenticity attesting to its official status and bearing the signature of the Director General of the World Wildlife Fund International, will be included.

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Sex and the female athlete

Keeping gossip off the scorecard

BY GRACE LICHTENSTEIN

When Billie Jean King sneezes, the world assumes all women athletes are catching colds. The world is wrong, I suspect. Billie Jean's acknowledgment of a lesbian affair with her former secretary undoubtedly hurts her public image and reinforces the notion held by the narrow-minded that sports are for dykes only; but I can't believe *l'affaire* King, however titillating, will taint women's sports anymore than Dave Kopay's gay revelations tainted football or than Bill Tilden's tainted men's tennis.

Thanks to the Women's Movement and the fitness craze, most of us now consider athleticism a healthy female trait. A lot of men I know think sporty is sexy. A quarter of a century ago, perhaps, it was easy to put down women—and thus control them—by whispering "lesbian" about fiercely competitive tennis players, golfers, or track stars. Now, can you imagine Chris Evert-Lloyd quitting the tennis circuit because King has emerged from the closet? Not likely . . . especially with over a million dollars in prize money waiting to be collected this year.

Still, the King scandal did generate quite a ruckus, including an inordinate amount of tasteless tabloid headlines. Why? Two hypotheses: first, Billie Jean was long the media's favorite female superstar, a tennis great with a mouth as big as the Ritz. Her pronouncements always have been gobbled up by eager reporters. I was one—I wrote a book [*A Long Way Baby: Behind the Scenes in Women's Pro Tennis*, Morrow] in which BJK played the leading role. I even devoted several paragraphs to her close relationship with her secretary, although no one circled them in lavender until seven years later, when the secretary filed her "galimony" lawsuit.

Second, men are in charge of the pro-sports industry, the television industry, and the advertising industry, all of which have expensive investments in women's sports. Men are prone to voyeuristic fantasies about lesbians. King's story fulfilled their wildest dreams.

In the long run, though, it will be women's perceptions that will count. Women tend not to interwine their sexual self-esteem with athletic performance the way some men do. And women, in general, make far less of a fuss over lesbian love than men do.

Sure, straight women are curious about gay women; but most of us are not terrified of being raped in the ladies' locker room, nor are we turned on by visions of women together between the sheets. When I polled some women at my tennis club at the height of the King scandal, the overall reaction was: "Interesting, but so what?" American women are fairly sophisticated about sexual preference now.

This kind of tolerance certainly has paralleled the upsurge in women's sports. The more women are given a chance to play, the more they join in the fun. As a result, athletic role models now come in a wide variety of styles, colors, and sexual orientations. Does Billie Jean appear too much like an aging tomboy? Root for teenager Andrea Jaeger instead. Is Nancy Lopez-Melton too dark or full-bodied to be your idea of a golfer? Follow Jan Stephenson instead. Grete Waitz is too Nordically streamlined a runner? Check out Patti Catalano instead.

If you were to peek through keyholes at these or other women, you'd discover that there is no correlation between "feminine" looks or style and sexual preference. In Billie Jean's heyday, the most "mannish" female tennis star, with a big serve-and-volley "men's" style and muscles strengthened by barbells, happened to be Margaret Court. Mrs. Court, mother of two, doting wife of Barry, is playing house back in Australia now and she has never been tagged as anything but totally heterosexual. Conversely, the woman considered the sexiest, most graceful, most feminine tennis star of that era was, by most accounts, strongly homosexual. You can't tell 'em apart without a scorecard.

We stuff sports personalities into sexually stereotyped pigeonholes anyway, without taking into account the multiple choices open to them. Given today's freewheeling society, a female basketball player might date a straight man Friday night and a lesbian Saturday night. A lonely heterosexual player, offered the alternatives of a brutish male camp follower as her companion for an evening or a charming female fan, might be better off with the woman.

Among us weekend athletes, the trend for years has been in favor of the active, assertive, go-for-it type. Daintiness on the base paths of your Sunday summer softball game is out. Gutsy competitive play is in. Risk-taking with a blend of feminine pride and toughness—what I've labeled "machisma"—is here to stay, in sports and in society, regardless of how a superstar manages her sex life. If a man or a woman feels threatened by such attitudes, perhaps he or she needs to reexamine outmoded stereotypes, personal sexual insecurity, or fear of competition.

How boring it would be to resurrect the old double standard that allows men to be masculine and athletic but does not allow women to be feminine and athletic! Phooey, I say. Serve 'em up. Let's get on with the game.

Grace Lichtenstein *is the author of "Machisma: Women and Daring" (Doubleday).*

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VOGUE

FUR SPECIAL

THE NEWS, THE LOOKS,
THE DASH!

FUR NOW

On the cover: Symbol of the fur news this year: the longer, luxurious coat. A luxury that comes from the fur, the scale, the length . . . in this case, ankle-long natural silver fox with its distinctive (its beautiful!) markings—extended at the shoulder, with tapered sleeves, a simple, stand-up collar. Right: Another beautiful example of the quality, the luxury in a coat this fall—natural Alaskan lynx—pale and silky—with straight sleeves, a small, neat stand-up collar. Cover coat, from Christian Dior Furs, New York, of natural silver fox. About $18,500. Garfinckel's; Balliet's; Sakowitz; Nordstrom; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Right, natural Alaskan lynx bellies coat from Grosvenor Canada. About $95,000. Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; Edwards-Lowell Furs, Beverly Hills; Roberts Furs, San Francisco; Eaton's of Canada. To order at Bloomingdale's, NYC. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Joey Mills. Fashion details, accessories, last pages.

King

THE STRENGTH OF THE SEASON: THE LONGER, ROOMIER FUR COAT. THE WORD OF THE SEASON: QUALITY—IT COUNTS THE MOST IN FUR THIS FALL. QUALITY THAT STARTS WITH THE FUR ITSELF. WHAT'S BEING USED: THE BEST OF THE BEST—LONG-HAIRED FURS IN RICH, NATURAL COLORINGS—WORKED ON A NEW SCALE

New scale, new luxury to the 3/4 coat—now, longer, roomy, with definite line straight from the shoulder. Here, two of the best—in sable! Right, a more generous sense of fur—enough to really wrap around you—in a 3/4 golden sable coat with dolman sleeves. . . . And, far right, the all-out bravado in a 3/4 "duffel" coat of natural Russian sable—extended shoulders, straight sleeves with wide cuffs, toggle buttons, big patch pockets. A coat that tells you fast about a certain style and a new raciness that's part of the luxury in fur this year. Right, by Valentino Furs, of golden sable. About $33,000. To order at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; Sakowitz. Far right: Natural Russian sable coat by Claude Montana exclusively for Bergdorf Goodman. About $50,000. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Fashion details, accessories, see last pages.

FUR NOW

AN UNMISTAKABLY DIFFERENT SCALE: EVEN 3/4 COATS ARE LONGER, BIGGER, MUCH MORE GENEROUS. AND ALWAYS, THE QUALITY, THE LUXURY COME THROUGH. THIS IS NOT A SEASON FOR GAMES, GIMMICKS, TRICKY TECHNIQUES

FUR NOW

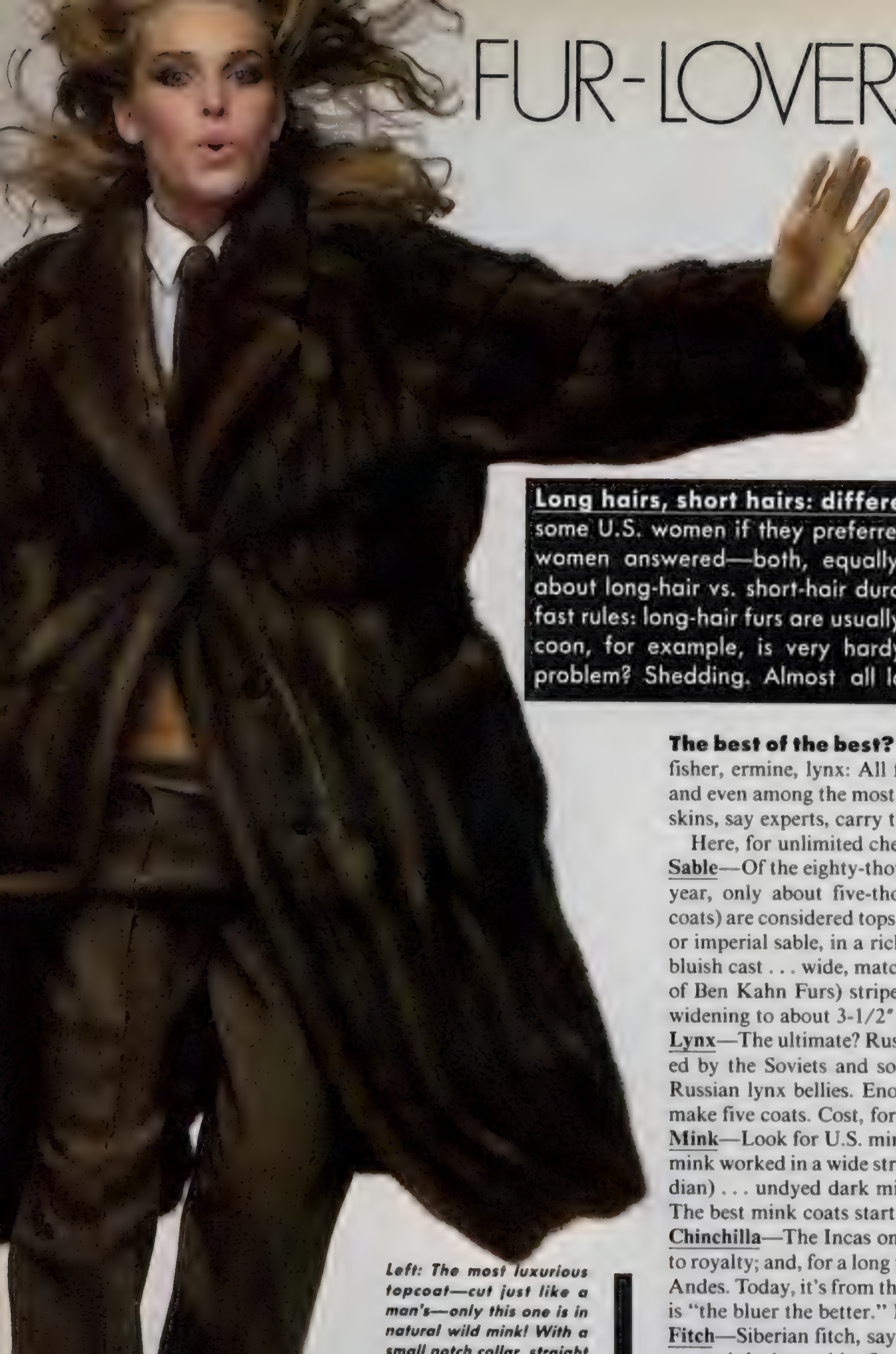
Right: Fur as an ornamental edge—silkiest black fox border on a sheer black silk chiffon shawl appliquéd with gold lamé. Underneath: a matching all-out pyjama. . . . Left, top: Fisher, worked differently . . . as a simple turtleneck tunic. . . . Left, below: The reversible fur—natural fitch on one side, waterproof brown silk (Olmetex Como) on the other. . . .
Right: Black-and-metallic pyjama by Oscar de la Renta. Shawl by Oscar de la Renta for Wagner Fur, with dyed-black Saga fox. Shawl, about $3000. Dittrich Furs, Detroit; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO; Sakowitz; Bullock's. Left, top: Tunic, of natural Canadian fisher by Geoffrey Beene for HBA Furs. About $25,000. September, exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman. Left, below: Reversible fitch/silk raincoat, by Grosvenor Canada. About $6250. Bloomingdale's, NYC; Kramer's, New Haven CT; Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; Szor-Diener Furs, Dallas; Eaton's of Canada. Hair, Sean for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Joey Mills. Fashion details, accessories, last pages.

LUXURY, QUALITY, SCALE—THE EMPHASIS IS THERE, WHATEVER THE FUR, HOWEVER IT'S WORKED. BEYOND THAT: FUR AS ORNAMENTATION...FUR THAT REVERSES TO FABRIC... FUR COMBINED WITH LEATHER...FUR AT ITS BEST!

King

FUR-LOVERS' GUIDE

QUICK TAKES ON CHOOSING, CARING, COPING, REMODELING: WHAT TO KNOW, NOW, ABOUT OWNING FUR



Left: The most luxurious topcoat—cut just like a man's—only this one is in natural wild mink! With a small notch collar, straight raglan sleeves, patch pockets . . . and the casual dash that naturally goes with this kind of coat dressing. Ralph Lauren Furs. About $17,500. Maple Furriers of Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Dallas and Houston; Jerry Magnin/Polo, Beverly Hills; Polo/ Ralph Lauren Shop, Seattle. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Details, see last pages.

King

Long hairs, short hairs: different strokes. When we asked some U.S. women if they preferred long- or short-haired furs, the women answered—both, equally; when we asked fur experts about long-hair vs. short-hair durability, there were no hard-and-fast rules: long-hair furs are usually more fragile, pros say; but raccoon, for example, is very hardy. So is fisher. One consistent problem? Shedding. Almost all long-hair furs shed more.

The best of the best? A high-priced guide. Mink, sable, fisher, ermine, lynx: All furs, obviously, are *not* created equal; and even among the most luxurious—most costly—furs, certain skins, say experts, carry the clout. What sets them apart?

Here, for unlimited checkbooks—and dreamers—a guide.

Sable—Of the eighty-thousand sable skins sold worldwide each year, only about five-thousand skins (enough for about fifty coats) are considered tops. What's tops? Russian sable . . . crown or imperial sable, in a rich brown color or with silver hairs and bluish cast . . . wide, matched skins (says Ernest Graf, president of Ben Kahn Furs) striped about 2-1/2" wide at the shoulder, widening to about 3-1/2" at the hem. Cost: Up to $150,000.

Lynx—The ultimate? Russian lynx . . . pure white lynx (protected by the Soviets and sold in limited numbers each year) . . . Russian lynx bellies. Enough lynx bellies exist, in one year, to make five coats. Cost, for this exclusivity: Up to $150,000.

Mink—Look for U.S. mink . . . most often, for female skins and mink worked in a wide stripe . . . wild mink (that's usually Canadian) . . . undyed dark mink with a bluish cast . . . white mink. The best mink coats start at $10,000-$15,000.

Chinchilla—The Incas once restricted the wearing of chinchilla to royalty; and, for a long time, the best chinchilla came from the Andes. Today, it's from the U.S. Color: slate blue—the old adage is "the bluer the better." Price: Up to $30,000.

Fitch—Siberian fitch, say the experts, is tops; white's the rarest . . . and the best white fitch is pure white with no yellowish cast. A coat's pricetag: About $20,000.

Fisher—The best has a golden-y under-fur . . . and to match the skins, says Merril Lowell, partner of Beverly Hills' Edwards-Lowell Furs, is a challenge: If it takes sixty skins to make a coat, he might start with six hundred to get the match. Price: for a fisher coat, about $30,000.

Ermine—Kings once doted on ermine; today, Russian Communists sell ermine through private treaty and forbid ermine skins to be brought directly into the U.S. Result: U.S. firms must get a friendly country (Canada, or England) to make up skins for them abroad. Four or five ermine coats make it to the U.S. each year; they'd make the Plantagenets proud. Kingly price, about $35,000.

(Fur-Lovers' Guide continued on page 114)

Opulent is Your Dior.

The richness of **Christian Dior Furs** in **swakara** Broadtail Bordeaux dyed and white.

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FUR-LOVERS' GUIDE

10 modern tips on care: *Once, men paid for furs . . . and women carefully stored furs away to be hauled out on hallowed occasions. Today, more and more women are buying their own furs; they're hacking around in them, getting on and off planes in them, checking them, insuring them . . . and generally expecting furs to stand up to their tough demands. That's quite a lot.*

The realities of fur care—and fur wear—have changed; and so have the economics. Carolyn Weiner, fashion director of Canada's Holt Renfrew, explained. "I adore furs," she said. "When you live in a cold climate, they make good sense, and I've always worn fur almost year-round. I used to be very casual about it, but the reality now is that the days of easy replacement are over. I've become very careful." What's "careful" today?

1. *Because the most persistent abuse to fur, today, comes from shoulderbag straps, Carolyn Weiner carries, for day, a shoulder bag "small enough to go under a fur." Marilyn Kaplan, senior vice president-general merchandise manager of Neiman-Marcus, says, "I have to have a big bag for day, but I switch it from shoulder to shoulder." And briefcases get carried away from the body.*

2. *The modern reality: our concern for safety. Ms. Weiner used to walk in Paris, Milan, or New York with her coat—not on—just laid on her shoulders. Now, "I don't wear a fur loosely around my shoulders anymore. Too easy a target for muggers."*

3. *"Even if you hate monograms," says Tim McCall, former fur storage and repair manager at Henri Bendel, "put one in a pocket. Insurance companies call it an 'identifiable characteristic.'"*

4. *Another sign of the times: trouble checking a fur in public places. President of Ben Kahn Ernest Graf's solution: "Fold the fur over your chair or roll into a ball, put on another chair."*

5. *If a flight isn't nonstop, don't let the stewardess check your coat. Roll it up, put in above-the-seat compartment.*

6. *If you pack a fur, says Tim McCall, "It won't hurt fur to be rolled up in a suitcase for a day or two. Just shake it out thoroughly and hang it on a shower bar when you arrive."*

7. *Blow-dryers may be terrific for drying hair; they're not for fur. Heat causes skins to dry out and shrivel.*

8. *If your fur is simply fur trim—on a coat, a sweater—a fine dry cleaner can probably cope with it. If it's a fur-lined raincoat, that fur deserves a professional fur cleaning.*

9. *If your fur's reversible, take a moment when you hang it to turn the fur side out, so it won't be crushed against the hanger.*

10. *The bottom line: fur needs fresh air, and the heat of your body helps it to maintain its shape. The best thing for fur: wear it.*

For fur, the all-time male chauvinism award . . . should be acknowledged—and awarded—to the city of Florence, Italy, where in medieval times, city fathers forbade women to wear furs. By legislation, furs were the right and property of men.

The new color in fur—deeper, unexpected, never bright. Instead: navy, khaki, other greens. Left, Sheared ribbed beaver dyed jade-green reversing to black wool melton . . . and the coat is a dream: a wide, square, loose-falling cardigan that slides over any number of things (especially over black) . . . that slides from day to evening—the color gives enough ornamentation. Geoffrey Beene for HBA Furs, of dyed ribbed sheared beaver. About $6,000. To order at Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Hair, Sean for Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Joey Mills. Details, next to last pages this issue.

New takes on familiar furs: This season, some old favorites—mink, fox, raccoon—are taking on new or not-so-familiar guises. Here, the words to know:

cross fox—rare . . . twice as expensive as red fox . . . a red fur with grey markings that results from the mating of wild red and grey foxes

wild mink—extremely valuable . . . often silkier and a bit longer haired than ranch-raised minks are . . . has a characteristic reddish tone

sheared mink—soft, velvety like beaver . . . when mink top hairs are removed to expose soft under-fur . . . usually colored, this season

bleached raccoon—one of this year's "fashion" takes on fur . . . natural raccoon bleached to a white undertone . . . in pale, creamy colors *(Fur-Lovers' Guide continued on page 126)*

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WHAT'S NEW IN FURS

IT'S A COAT YEAR. A TIME FOR NEW CLASSICS, QUALITY FURS, FURS TO LIVE WITH...

The news in fur? There are changes, this season . . . and what you'll notice first is a change in shape: a new shape, shown everywhere, that starts with a squared-off shoulder—on a jacket, a coat—and then falls straight. There's more length than we've seen in a while: longer fur jackets and longer coats. Designers have given their all to coats.

• **Quality starts with the skins:** This year, if you're dealing with fur, you're dealing with the real thing: sables, minks, lynx, stone martens, fitch. Sheared mink shows up importantly, a new mink texture with the softness of beaver. With just about every fur, designers are working with beautiful full skins, not funny bits and pieces or paws.

There's no doubt: In a season when superb furs take top priority—both with stores and designers—fisher ranks as the number-one luxury fur. As Perry Ellis said about the two fisher coats he showed in his collection for Alixandre, "This year, fishers looked so extraordinary; I preferred them to other luxury furs." Stanley Schulman, one of Alixandre's owners, believes, "Fisher is younger looking and more exciting than sable. You can almost see the color explode."

• **There's luxury in scale,** this year. A richness in length but not, fortunately, in weight: furs aren't heavy . . . but just about everything's gotten longer, and it's not unusual to talk in terms of fifty inches for a full coat. If a coat is not a long straight T-shape, it's a fur with the bigness and belt-ability of your favorite Burberry. It's Christian Dior's trenchcoat in loden-green mink . . . or a Ralph Lauren poplin trench that reverses to sheared nutria. The best 3/4 coats, now, are a bit longer than 3/4: a 7/8 length or a 9/10.

If you're looking for a jacket . . . you're not going to find that familiar over-the-hip chubby; and the best jackets usually *(Continued)*

NEW NEUTRALS

LONGER COATS

COLOR

REVERSIBLE COATS

SMALL JACKETS FOR NIGHT

UNEXPECTED FURS

REVERSIBLE JACKETS

Photographs, this page: ***NEW NEUTRALS—even "neutral" navy: a shirred squirrel coat with wine cuffs by Anne Klein for Michael Forrest. . . . LONGER COATS—Watch proportions, this season. This long polo coat from Bill Blass for Mohl Fur, in loden green-dyed Emba mink. . . . COLOR—Geoffrey Beene works deep—almost midnight—blue; a big Mongolian lamb 3/4 topper for HBA Furs. . . . REVERSIBLE COATS—Hard-working luxury. Grosvenor Canada's natural fitch reverses to waterproof brown silk (Olmetex Como) . . . . SMALL EVENING JACKETS—Black braided rope on smallest Blackgama mink jacket; Bill Blass for Mohl Fur. . . . UNEXPECTED FURS—Mongolian lamb, Tibetan lamb: here, rhinestones scattered on a white Tibetan topper from Koos Van Den Akker for Ben Kahn. . . . REVERSIBLE JACKETS—Beige poplin reverses to baronduki; with Norwegian dyed Saga cross fox. Valentino Furs.***

Paul Amato

Hair, James Harris; makeup, Fran Cooper

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Photo: Skrebneski. Fur products labeled to show country of origin.

Mocha dyed Russian ermine coat, detachable kid leather Puritan collar with fur flowers. Also in dyed ecru or pure natural white.

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LEATHER AND FUR

LONG HAIRS

FISHER—THE BEST!

WHAT'S NEW IN FURS

(Continued) aren't blousons. When jackets go past the waist, they're straight, pert, and shaped like a T. They've got the sportiness of a windbreak . . . or else they're short, small jackets—fitted the way an Oscar de la Renta Swakara or velvet jacket is: precise and neat.

After all the designer talk last season about flatter furs, furs are not flatter: for the most part, they're decidedly long-haired. The newest long-hair is lamb: Mongolian and Tibetan. Mongolian lamb is curly and usually white; Tibetan is longer, stringy, takes color better.

• **The reversibles never stop.** This fall's designer/manufacturer search for value shows up in a new versatility in furs—in new reversible coats and jackets that work in one of three ways: fur that reverses, edge-to-edge, to fur; or fur that covers one side, with leather on the other (for example, snakeskin that turns to fox). Then, there's fur with fabric. Some of the newest? Fitch reversing to poplin or sheared nutria to poplin. Oscar de la Renta, in his collection for Wagner Fur, showed a series of reversibles that he called "The Traveler": mink coats that reversed to quilted leather and printed taffeta or poplin.

As much as leather—leather pants, skirts, and blouses—is an important part of fashion this fall, leather is a major ingredient used in the fur market, too: If it's not leather reversing to fur, it's a fur-and-leather mix.

• **The color story: naturals** . . . or somewhat "enhanced" naturals. If a fur is dyed a "color" color, chances are, it's not bright; it's matte green, wine, copper, or navy. Designers' top color choice, overwhelmingly, is green: every variety from loden and khaki to lichen. (Among the standouts: Bill Blass's loden-green mink boy coat; Oscar de la Renta's afghan-patterned sheared minks.) Rust, copper, chestnut, and pumpkin show up frequently; navy stands out as a new neutral. Even raccoon takes a different color turn this season, bleached to shades of honey or vanilla.

The best-looking colored furs are ones with a neutral quality: Perry Ellis' navy fox . . . or Bill Blass's khaki, furs where color just gives a bit of an edge. The results are some new classics and furs to live with—for a long time. ▽

Photographs, this page: ***LUXE JACKETS—from Yves Saint Laurent, a knockout: gold leather with black dyed fox, for Alixandre. . . . DECORATED JACKETS—ornamental, for night: Oscar de la Renta for Wagner Fur's black dyed Swakara with copper leather appliqués. . . . REVERSIBLE LEATHERS, now, sometimes with surprises: Jean Paul Avizou for Revillon's tan snakeskin blouson turns to Canadian marten. . . . LONG HAIRS—rich-looking, a favorite for coats. Here, Perry Ellis' natural cross fox, done for Alixandre. . . . LEATHER AND FUR—in a jacket, the dash of Yves Saint Laurent's brown leather and mouton blouson, lapin-lined, for Alixandre. . . . FISHER—THE BEST! A standout: Perry Ellis' natural Canadian fisher Balmacaan, for Alixandre.***

Paul Amato *Hair, James Harris; makeup, Fran Cooper*

How to buy a sable.

1. Top luir should be silky with silver tips. Underground hair denser and smoky-grey.

2. Natural Russian sable is plusher than mink, yet lighter in weight.

3. A good fitting sable falls naturally straight in front and has ample overlap.

4. Pelts should be about 2½" wide at the shoulder, 3½" at the hem.

5. Lift lining. Each pelt should be separated by a leather or silk ribbon.

6. Leather should be creamy white, soft and pliable.

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What remodels best? Some furs are difficult to repair extensively, much less revamp . . . and that includes fragile furs with thin hides (such as chinchilla or mole) and furs with patterns (such as broadtail lamb with its characteristic wavy patterning) that are hard to match. Other furs are much better remodeling candidates. Persian lamb is nearly invincible and relatively easy to remodel; mink, says Alixandre fur designer Viola Sylbert, "is extremely hardy and pliable and can be remodeled a number of times. The same goes for coats of long-haired furs such as raccoon, coyote, or fox, that are made from whole—not pieced—skins, as long as the skins are still in good shape."

What's key is condition: Skin should be soft, supple and pliable, not stiff. Age often has relatively little to do with the drying out of fur hides and wear has everything to do with it. "A two-year-old coat may be very, very worn, depending on the care it's received. A ten-year-old coat may be in great shape."

If you're considering remodeling a fur that you own, Viola Sylbert advises, "Look inside the fur and lift the lining. Is the coat made from let-out skins (long, narrow diagonal strips), cut skin-on-skin (in a rectangular pattern), or in plates (pieced in an irregular patchwork)? Let-out skins are best for remodeling, with skin-on-skin ranking next. When a coat is made from fur scraps, remodeling usually isn't possible or worth the cost."

When summer comes . . . Even if your home is air-conditioned, it's not the place for a fur to be kept in summer; all furs, experts agree, need to go to a vault where not only temperature but humidity, too, is controlled. Fendi, in Rome, even puts a special cut-out, like a second lining, into their furs to help garments retain their shape. Does it help? At any one time, Fendi stores some ten thousand furs.

"A TWO-YEAR-OLD COAT MAY BE VERY WORN, DEPENDING ON THE CARE IT'S RECEIVED; A TEN-YEAR-OLD COAT MAY BE IN GREAT SHAPE"

If the fur fits, a wise guide: *Fur care starts with the fur's purchase; if the garment doesn't fit right, your fur's headed for some hard wear. What should you look for? Says Ernest Graf, president of Ben Kahn Furs: "If a coat is tight at stress points—under the arm, at the elbow or the hip—it'll get baggy and take on the shape of your body." Another fit test: A fur should be balanced on the shoulders and fall straight—side seams perpendicular to the floor—without the aid of buttons, hooks, or any kind of closing. Says Tim McCall, former fur storage and repair manager at New York's Henri Bendel: "Try a coat on over whatever you wear most often. If that's a bulky jacket or sweater, don't try the coat over a silk blouse." For a little leeway, adds Graf, "Whenever style permits, it's wise to have a 'turn-up'—a hem—of one or two inches. That allows for future lengthening if you want and for using hem fur for small repairs."*

Paul Schorr Furs

photo: james e. jackson

Cezanné Furs

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The furs women want? When we talked to some women from around the country about what they'd buy, now, if they bought a new fur, the surprising answer: they'd buy jackets. Twice as many said they wanted jackets as wanted coats (though they already owned jackets and coats in about equal numbers). The jackets these women would opt for, consistently, were longer jackets—hip or mid-thigh length . . . they expected to get anywhere from two years to twenty years to a full lifetime of wear from a fur . . . and that fur would definitely be a planned—not an impulse—buy.

About purple furs and other unnatural species: *A purple mink, for your taste, may not wear as well as a natural brown mink; physically, experts say, it holds up as well. The fact is, nothing can be done about any fur's oxidation. All furs, as they age, change color: white furs yellow, natural and dyed furs redden. Fur dyed a "color" color oxidizes at the same rate as skins dyed a fur shade; natural furs oxidize only slightly less. If you're shopping for an undyed fur, look at the fur's hang-tag; by law, the tag on a new fur must indicate its country of origin and whether the fur is natural or dyed.*

VOGUE, August, 1981

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Life, literature, and politics: an interview with V.S. Naipaul

An elusive man of many cultures talks about his—and our—world

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What promises to be the most controversial literary-political event of this fall season: a new book by the man who has been described by such leading critics as Elizabeth Hardwick and Irving Howe as quite possibly the greatest author writing in the English language today—V.S. Naipaul. In his new book "Among the Believers: An Islamic Journey," to be published in October by Alfred A. Knopf, Naipaul—who in previous books has turned his mercilessly clear sights on such cultures as his native Trinidad ("The Middle Passage"), India ("India: A Wounded Civilization"), Africa ("A Bend in the River") Argentina ("The Return of Eva Perón")—probes the secrets (and they are considerable) of deepest Asia: Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia, Indonesia. The book proves once again that Naipaul is not only a superb literary stylist, but one of the most penetrating social critics of our day.*

As the self-appointed watchdog of civilized culture, Naipaul is always alert to the ways in which countries choose to subvert their most civilized impulses—a choice that, in many cases, leads them to self-destruct. His often relentless judgments have never failed to provoke controversy. But in spite of his views, the man himself has somehow managed to remain an enigma. Though he does not scorn publicity, he has managed to keep a rational distance from admirers and detractors alike. Who is V.S. Naipaul, and how does he come to devastate the literary world?

Vogue interviewed the author just before his Asian journey and asked him about his work, his life, his travels, his politics. Here, then, is Naipaul—a major author, an elusive man.

It is difficult for Americans to imagine what it would be like to be on their own—stripped of America, with its vast pride, its territorial imperatives, its unrelenting sense of history. An American writer, even an expatriate, is always aware of (and often haunted by) his country's potency. The same is, of course, true for a Russian, an Englishman, a German. For each, the land of his birth is, in the most basic sense, a "fatherland": the expatriate may despise his country, but he can never ignore it.

V.S. Naipaul, on the other hand, is a man without a country. Born in Trinidad, he went to England at the age of eighteen; there, "untrammeled by the accidents of history or background," he hoped to have a romantic career as a writer. The romance proved illusory, but he did write. Returning to his island years later, Naipaul discovered that there was nothing to come home to. Trinidad was, for him, a collapsed, indifferent society with no respect for its past, and no regard for its future. Since that discovery, Naipaul has traveled and explored other cultures—India, Argentina, Africa, Asia—seeking, in their failures, some explanation of his own loss.

He travels secretly, quietly, an almost invisible observer. His own identity remains, in spite of the critical acclaim for his books, a mystery. Talking with Naipaul, on the rare occasions when he stays somewhere long enough to talk, is a process of reading signs, gestures. You have the sense of being in the company of a man who has discovered (among other things) the most graceful way out.

He is small, composed, and—once you look closely at his face, his sensuous mouth and weary, critical eyes—a worldly-looking man. Something of a dandy, too, a lover of fine wines and seasonings and snuff. Sitting he is a paragon of stillness, watching everyone in the politest way—eyebrows lifted, pleasantly entertained.

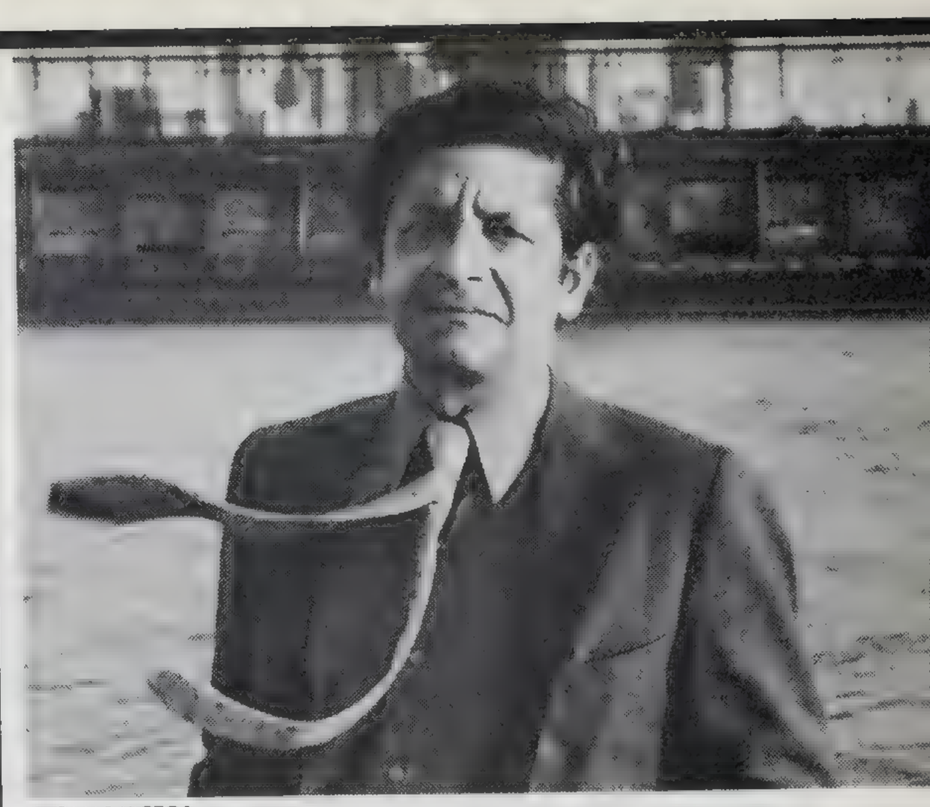
We are having tea at New York's Algonquin Hotel. Assenting to a piece of cake, Naipaul eats it briskly, without fuss. But when someone remarks on his appetite, he becomes attentive—not fearful, but intensely curious: "Is it too much? Am I eating too much?"

Later, leaving the restaurant, he rushes ahead of us. We see him threading through the complicated lobby, then off in a blur, the way a camera streaks through intervening footage from one scene to the next. The blur is deceptive: Naipaul knows exactly where he is.

We are at dinner, at the apartment of people who know his work. He is voluble, boyish among his admirers ("I have a talent for relaxing people," he says). He savors details ("That chair, do you think it is hand turned? Lovely!"), bringing the objects forward, one by one. That is how he brings people out: with a director's particularity.

Just after dessert—we are still at the table—Naipaul decides that it is time to leave. He is at the door in a minute. In the cab to the hotel where he is staying, and where we are going to talk, Naipaul turns to me: "It is very important," he says, in a much quieter voice than he has used all evening, "to know how to cut things off."

The art of departure. After Naipaul left Trinidad ("a dot on the map of the world," he has called it, "a place with no history") he turned to India, the ancestral homeland from



THOMAS VICTOR

which his grandfather had emigrated as an indentured laborer. But India turned out to be a myth, an "area of darkness" with no afterglow from its past. India had survived poorly. It was, in Naipaul's view, "one step from the roses of Kashmir to a potful of plastic daisies."

It had been hard to leave Trinidad; harder to renounce India, because that had always been his reference point, the indicator of where he belonged. When he talks about India, Naipaul's face begins to curve downward; it tends that way, like a mask. Then, the sadness articulates itself, becomes an instrument of judgment:

"India has been a shock for me because—you know, you think of India as a very old and civilized land, it is the land of your ancestors. One took this idea of an antique civilization for granted and thought that it contained the seed of growth in this century, in this new civilization. And I've seen it probably doesn't . . . The triviality of Indian thought. The poverty of its leadership . . . India has nothing to contribute to the world, is contributing nothing to the world at the moment."

The harsh verdict, clearly rendered, is Naipaul's way of exorcising a myth.

The way civilizations delude themselves, the way they make cocoons out of their cultural myths, and die inside them, is Naipaul's great theme. His work, both fiction and nonfiction, is a crisscrossing of odysseys made by people who want to "attach themselves . . . to other civilizations, with other drives," because their own have failed them. But these people only succeed in becoming aliens, with no sense of who they are, or why they have come.

In the opening essay of *The Return of Eva Perón,* Naipaul writes about a man called Malik, but also known as Michael X—a Trinidadian con-man who went to England to become a Black Power leader or, rather, to promote the illusion of his own leadership: "He was shallow and unoriginal; but he sensed that in England, provincial, rich and very secure, race was, to Right and Left, a topic of entertainment. And he became an entertainer." Malik's journey, and his transformation through contact with "civilized" society, is the kind of movement that fascinates Naipaul. He is always writing about it. In the essay "The Return of Eva Perón" he tracks the Eva Perón legend: how it grew in an Argentina that, by clinging to its colonial myth, lost sight of its impoverished reality. Eva Perón destroyed that myth, and replaced it with her own image. The dead, embalmed, miraculously undecayed Eva Perón becomes the image of Argentina, "magical, debilitating," putrified by its own dreams. *(Continued on page 130)*

V.S. NAIPAUL

(Continued from page 129)

Naipaul's judgments on flawed civilizations are as accurate as they are, often, ruthless. Unlike other writers, buttressed by an easy patriotism, Naipaul feels no compulsion to be charitable. It is the attitude of someone who has nothing more to lose.

"A dark vision," as Irving Howe has said. Most critics agree—and here is where some negative criticism has surfaced alongside the praise—that there is in Naipaul's work a pervading pessimism, which may be his flaw. Howe speculates that the work's dark vision may reveal some insufficiency, or lack of resolution, in the man himself.

Q. "Do you think that writers reveal themselves in their work?"

A. "The writer sets out to do certain things. The writer doesn't always know what he has done. He doesn't really know himself; because that's the point about being a writer. There's always something more than you've set out to do. And I suppose, with some, there's always something less. People give themselves away completely in their fiction."

Q. "Do you give yourself away?"

A. "I must do, I must."

What about the "dark vision" in his work?

"But if the vision were really dark then it would be very hard to put pen to paper. One would be so . . . distressed. There'd be no point, the experience has gone beyond writing. You've got to compose yourself to write, after all. You need peace, you need calm. You need a publisher, you need critics, booksellers, you need all the apparatus of order. If you rejected that, you couldn't write."

The "apparatus of order" is what Naipaul has equipped himself with in his travels about the world. It is what gives him his sense of direction. That apparatus includes the house where he works ("I live in a very special sort of way in England") in the countryside near Salisbury—a peaceful place. His relationships, he says, are in order too ("My sentimental life has been very simple"—he has been married since 1955, has no children). And there is an order to Naipaul's way of traveling ("something I learned, a skill"), nothing restless or chaotic about it.

"What's happened, with all the work I've done, is that I've been quite secure. It's because I understand it all, the way the world is made. I don't go around thinking about where do I stand . . . you can't go around being too dramatic about being rootless, you know."

Readers have tried to identify Naipaul as a romantic wanderer, an exile. But he rejects that image. His manner is businesslike; and his business is to know where he is.

Q. "Isaac Singer has said that every writer must have roots, must write out of a strong sense of where he comes from . . . "

A. "But surely the two things you've said to me are different. Every writer must write out of a strong sense of where he comes from. But that doesn't mean necessarily having roots. I think to have roots might cause one to become a kind of parochial writer. You know, you're writing about the morals, the manners, of a particular group. Whereas I feel the themes are other today. The themes might be quite opposite . . . In a very brutal way, one knows exactly where one's come from, one knows why one has come."

Has his work taken a particular direction since the early books?

"Yes, the discovery of the way the world is organized. You see, I began at a time when the world was beginning to change. Empires were withdrawing, and I had a kind of childish faith that there was going to be a reorganization of the world. That it was going to be all right. The discovery has been that it isn't going to be all right. The discovery has been, you know, you have to come face to face with a very simple question: why is it that certain countries and certain peoples have allowed themselves to be exploited and abused? What is it in them that permits this? What is their flaw? And you find that perhaps their flaws are still with them, that the flaws aren't always external, in other people's hostility. Flaws might be within, in the limitations of particular peoples, the limitations of their civilization or their culture."

How does he feel about America, now that he's been here some months?

"I know so little of America. . . . But success tends to breed, as in England. . . . "

A complacency?

"Yes, and a misconception of the things that led to that success. People think it has to do with the water. It has to do with the rain. It has to do with the land. It has to do with the race. They forget it probably has to do with brutal things like intelligence and endeavor and enterprise. They regard it as a kind of magic particular to a particular part of the earth, a blessing on a particular people. They don't see that it has in fact been created, that success comes after endeavor and effort. And people tend to hold onto or imitate what is easily imitable. Manners. Particular clothes. The tweeds, the accents. As though these things then become achievements. You hold onto the symbols of your country and your culture, and it's not enough."

> "Most people are inept in passion"

A method of observation: "direct looking," Naipaul has called it, the stripping of things to their bare surface. It is a violent response (the violence surprises him) but also a kind of detachment—that of a physician who dissects a body to take a look at the disease. It is also the detachment of the Hindu mystic—and that is an ironic legacy.

So there is a corollary to Naipaul's "dark vision": the way he has learned to utilize it as an instrument of order.

"But when I am writing, I always feel that to come to some comprehension or accepatance of what is true is itself a kind of liberation. Then I thought that perhaps that wasn't enough. Because when we read fiction we're like children to some extent. The strong instinct is for everyone to live happily ever afterwards. So then I thought, in addition to the truth, there was a way to combat the dissatisfaction the reader will feel at something that appears to end without solace for men."

He is very still, waiting for the question.

"And what is that?"

"Comedy. I thought, *that* is it. That all one could offer is comedy, real comedy."

Up to now, there has been little "real comedy" in Naipaul's work. Biting satire there is, presented by characters whose sense of humor is stronger than their hopes.

"Probably, the comedy has been suppressed because one has been working toward the discovery of one's themes, you know. The discovery of themes is after all the major work of any writer—themes that are particular to him.

"You know the phrase we use about curling up with a book. I would like to work back toward that."

A Bend in the River—precise, relentless in its clarity of vision—is a difficult book, not one to curl up with. The prose runs along with a deceptive smoothness. Events, like stones thrown into a clear pool, have ramifications. As always, Naipaul is writing about journeys, about people who make them and where they lead. He is writing about beginnings, and new beginnings. He makes great circles: always widening, and at the center there is always a point of stillness—another Hindu motif. So the sense of direction is itself, in a way, a delusion. The narrator of *A Bend in the River* reports, of his journey into Africa: "Each day's drive was like an achievement; each day's achievement made it harder for me to turn back." At the same time, the narrator is saying to himself: "But this is madness. I am going in the wrong direction. There can't be a new life at the end of this." Journeys do not always mean progress, and all that one can really know is the right moment to leave.

The art of departure: it is Naipaul's way of shaking off the past.

Q. "Was it your traveling that taught you how to leave, 'how to cut things off?' "

A. "No, that comes from social incompetence in one's youth, and not knowing when to leave, when to tell people it was over."

Q. "Does that apply to closer relationships too?"

A. "To all relations, every encounter. There's always a time to call them off. And you call them off."

At a certain point in *A Bend in the River,* the narrator ends his love affair with another man's wife. It is a violent end—violence done to the woman—which some readers (especially women) have had trouble accepting.

Q. "At dinner, you talked about love, writing about love, and about the sexual act. . . ."

A. "The nature of it, yes, and not writing in the standard way. . . . My experience is that very few women have experienced true passion. And they probably—you know my feeling? My feeling is that most people are terribly inept in sex and passion."

Q. "Men and women?"

A. "I think it is a failing of men, yes, because everything starts with the man."

Naipaul is beginning, again, to answer his own questions.

"No, passion is a very lovely thing. It's worth everything. I think it's worth everything."

It is almost midnight. Tomorrow morning Naipaul will return to England. Again, he is about to disappear from view. But, at least for now, he shows no sign of wanting to leave.

Q. "What will you do now that you're going back to England? Do you know if you'll begin writing again soon?"

Naipaul's face takes on an expression that is at once guarded and composed: an expression of purpose.

A. "I'll be going on a journey fairly soon. I'm going to certain countries, but I'd rather not say where. I'm going on a journey." ▽

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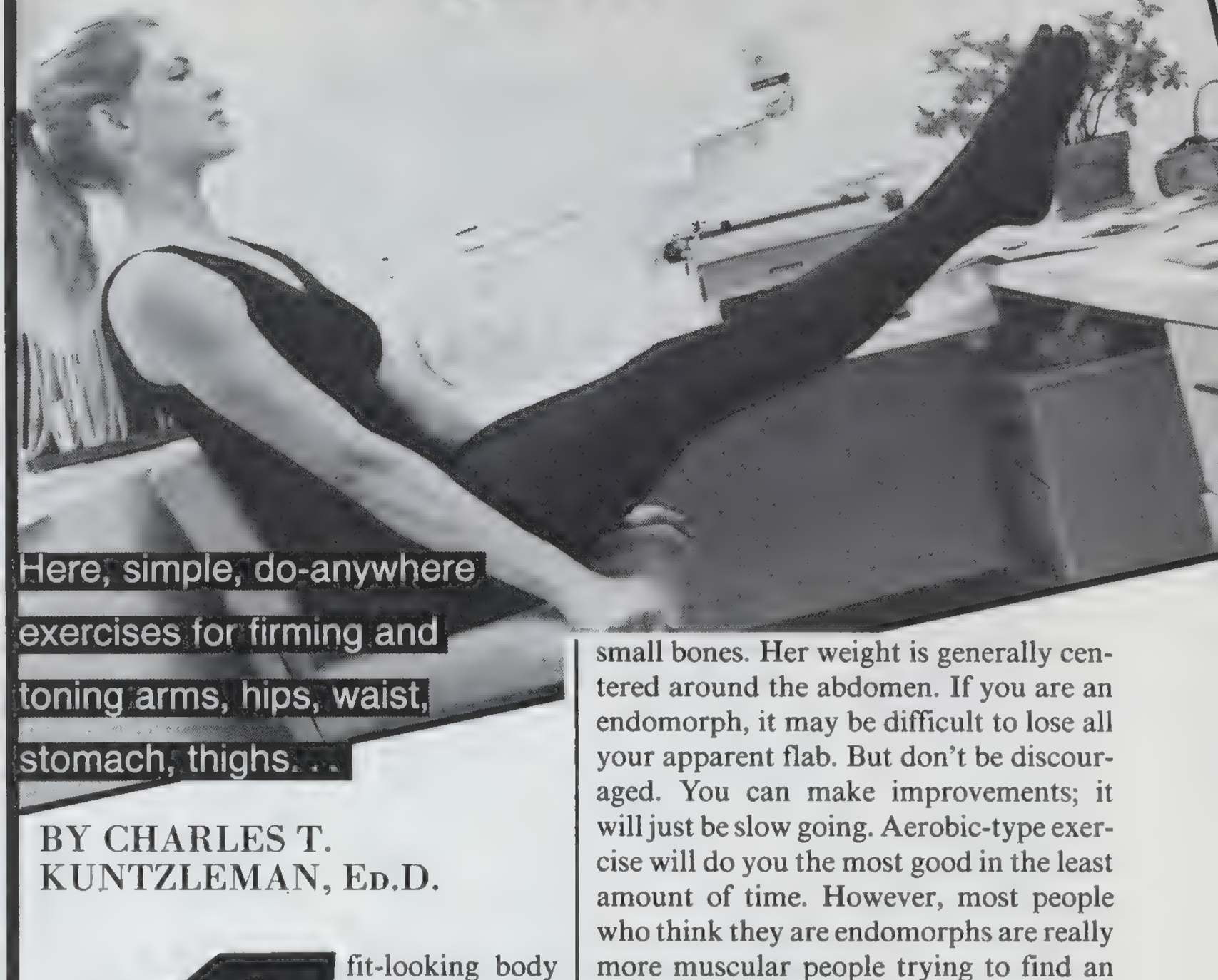
Shape-up Now

Taking care of five common trouble spots



Here, simple, do-anywhere exercises for firming and toning arms, hips, waist, stomach, thighs...

BY CHARLES T. KUNTZLEMAN, ED.D.

A fit-looking body depends on the condition of 696 muscles. If they're firm and resilient, you will have an attractive, well-toned figure. Otherwise, you'll have trouble spots—usually, the undersides of arms, waist, stomach, hips, and thighs. To achieve muscle tone in these areas, you must exercise regularly—and vigorously.

Some problem areas may be due to too much fat. In that case, do more aerobics—walking, swimming, biking, cross-country skiing—for 20 to 30 minutes 3 to 4 times a week. Besides burning calories and fat, these activities improve strength and endurance and exercise your most important muscle—your heart.

Body types

Body type plays a crucial role in the type of improvement you make on trouble spots. There are three categories of body types—those with fatness, thinness, or heavy muscling; or endomorphic, ectomorphic, and mesomorphic. An endomorph, or a fat person, has a round, soft body with little muscle development and small bones. Her weight is generally centered around the abdomen. If you are an endomorph, it may be difficult to lose all your apparent flab. But don't be discouraged. You can make improvements; it will just be slow going. Aerobic-type exercise will do you the most good in the least amount of time. However, most people who think they are endomorphs are really more muscular people trying to find an excuse for being out of shape.

A mesomorph is athletic, muscular, and big boned, usually of moderate height, with a large chest, broad hips, and looks well toned. A mesomorph can weigh more than is expected and still have a very good-looking figure, provided that she is in good physical condition. If you're a mesomorph and have slipped into a pudgy state, you can make rapid and dramatic improvements once you return to a good exercise program.

An ectomorph is thin muscled, thin boned, and looks fragile. She has a short trunk, long legs, and very little body fat. Generally, ectomorphs have poor posture because they lack muscular strength for proper support. Muscle-strengthening exercises often produce striking results.

When considering your own body, realize that there are very few pure body types; however, you probably have tendencies toward fatness, muscularity, or thinness. In addition to aerobics, consider the exercises on page 137 for developing muscle tone in specific areas of your body. *(Continued)*

Photo, *above*: Exercise 6, see page 137
Leotard and tights by Danskin. JAY ACKERMAN

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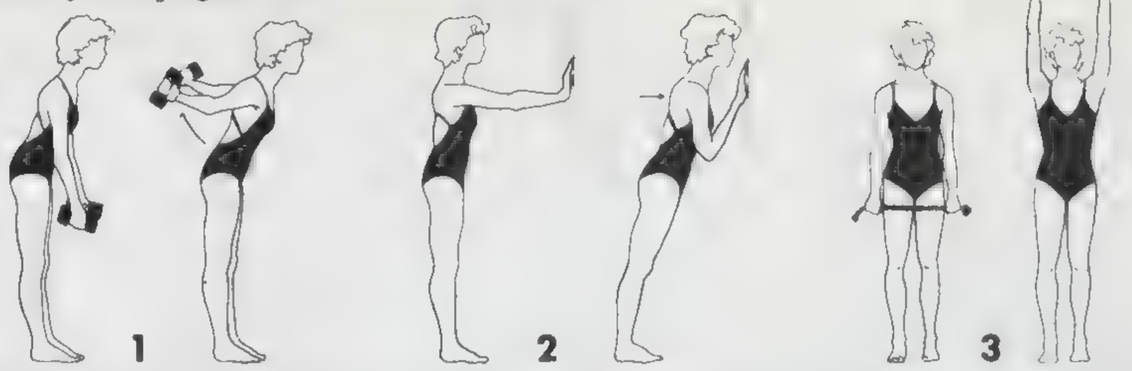
(Continued from page 132)

ARMS



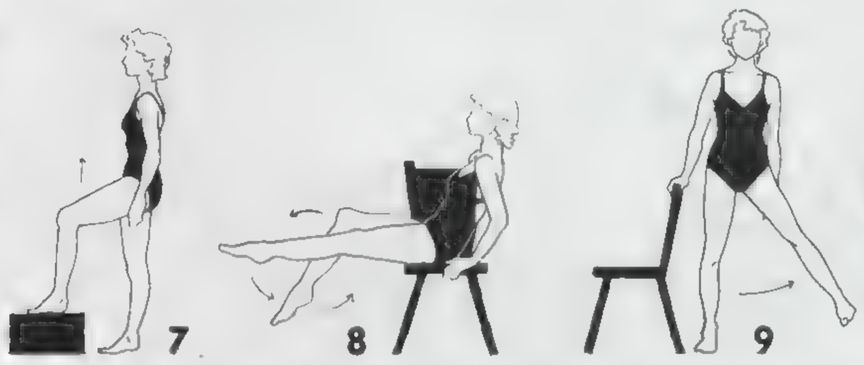
CATHERINE COLE

Many older women have what appear to be accumulations of fat on the backs or undersides of their arms. The flabby appearance is most often due to a triceps muscle that has become so weak that it looks and feels like fat. Fortunately, this muscle responds quickly to exercise. **1.** *Stand with trunk inclined forward to a 45-degree angle, arms at sides. Hold a 1- or 2-pound weight in each hand. Make sure arms are straight, shoulders back, elbows locked. Push arms back and upward as high as possible. Hold 8 seconds. Relax. Repeat 2 times.* **2.** *Stand about 3 feet from a wall. Place both hands on wall at shoulder height. Keeping body rigid, slowly bend arms; touch chin to wall. (Take 3 seconds.) Push away from wall until arms are straight. (3 more seconds.) Repeat 5 times.* **3.** *Grasp a rope as shown. Keep arms straight; pull rope over head. Hold 8 seconds. Relax. Repeat 2 times.*

ABDOMINALS AND WAIST

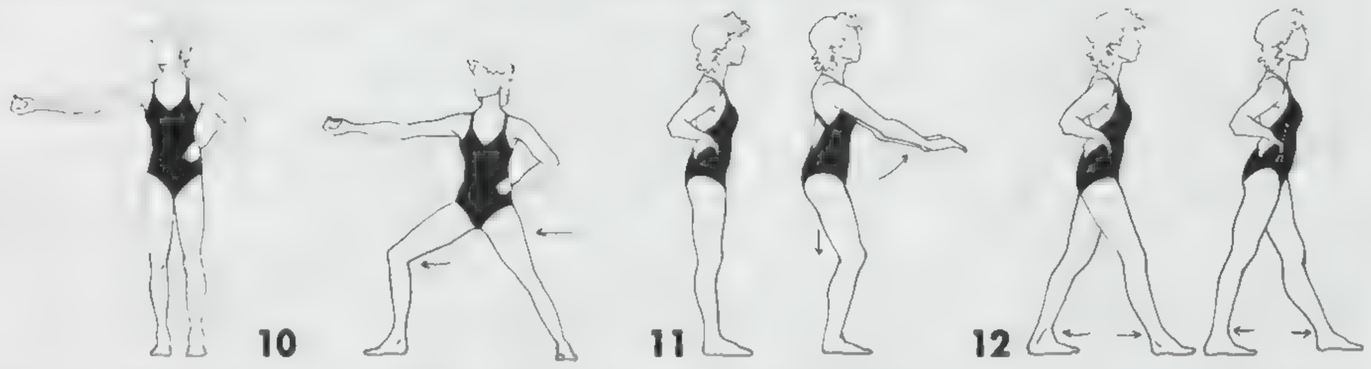
Your rectus abdominis muscle runs vertically from the middle of your rib cage to your pubic bone; if you have a pot belly, it's a clue that it is out of shape. The external and internal oblique muscles run on an angle from your ribs to your hips, the transverse muscles run horizontally and help to hold the organs of your abdomen in place and to support your pelvis. The more time spent at a desk, the more out of condition these muscles are likely to be. If unexercised, the transverse and oblique muscles widen the waist. These exercises should help (if you have back trouble, check with your doctor). **4.** *Sit as shown. Gradually lean in chair until your back almost touches chair's back. Hold 6 seconds. Gradually sit up. Do 5 times.* **5.** *Start as in exercise 4. Gradually lean back until back touches chair's back. As you do, lift feet 6 inches off floor. Do 5 times.* **6.** *(Photograph on page 132.) Sit back in chair, feet on desk. Raise feet; hold 6 seconds. Do 5 times.*

HIPS/BUTTOCKS



If your gluteal (buttock) muscles are poorly conditioned, you'll tire quickly when walking or climbing stairs. The buttocks should be smooth, curved, firm. Flabby, out-of-shape gluteals cause a droopy derrière and possibly "saddlebags." **7.** *Step up on a bench or chair; stand erect; step down; do 3 minutes, 24 steps/minute. Or, en route to office, get off elevator five floors early; walk up the stairs.* **8.** *Sit sideward in an armless chair, arms at sides; hold onto the back of the chair for balance. Raise legs off floor; lean upper body back slightly; move legs as if riding a bicycle. Be certain legs are extended. Keep back slightly rounded. Do 5-10 times.* **9.** *Stand with right side to the back of chair, right hand on backrest. Keep body erect; legs straight. Lift left leg out and up as far as possible. Lower leg. Reverse. Do each leg 15-20 times.*

THIGHS



Dimples, "saddlebags," and bulges above the kneecap are frequent complaints women have about thighs. Some women are plagued by what appears to be fat on the insides of the knees. In reality, these are weakened quadriceps; and by strengthening the thigh muscle, the "fat" look can be eliminated or reduced. **10.** *Stand erect, feet together, left hand on hip and right arm extended to the side at shoulder height. With right leg, take a giant stride forward as far as possible; keep heel of left foot on floor. Return. Reverse. Do 15-20 times.* **11.** *Stand erect with feet together, hands on hips. Bend knees to a 90-degree angle. As you squat, extend arms forward. Return to starting position. Repeat 15–20 times.* **12.** *Stand erect with hands on hips or at sides. Jump, kicking right leg backward and left one forward in a scissors fashion. Reverse. Do rapidly 15-20 times.*

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PERSONAL

A few irresistible reasons for paying attention

More than anything else, attention is a way to connect—and survive

BY JULIA CAMERON

Flora and fauna reports," we used to call them—the long, winding letters from Mimi, my grandmother. "The forsythia is starting and this morning I saw my first robin . . . the roses are holding even in this heat . . . the sumac has turned and that little maple down by the mailbox . . . my Christmas cactus is getting ready. . ."

I followed my grandmother's life like a long home movie: a shot of this and a shot of that, spliced together with no pattern that I could ever see. "Dad's cough is getting worse . . . the little Shetland looks like she'll drop her foal early . . . Joanne is back in the hospital at Anna. . . We named the new boxer Trixie and she likes to sleep in my cactus bed—can you imagine?"

I could imagine. The letters made that easy.

Life through Mimi's eyes was a series of small miracles: the wild tiger lilies under the cottonwoods every June; the quick lizard scooting under the grey river rock she admired for its satiny finish. Her letters clocked the seasons of the year and her life. Mimi lived until she was eighty and the letters came until the very end. When she died, it was as suddenly as her Christmas cactus: here today, gone tomorrow. She left behind her letters and her husband of sixty-two years.

Mimi's husband, my grandfather Daddy Howard, an elegant rascal with a gambler's smile and a loser's luck, had made and lost several fortunes, the last of them permanently. He drank them away, gambled them away, tossed them away the way Mimi threw crumbs to her birds. He squandered life's big chances the same way she savored its small ones. "That man," my mother would say.

Mimi lived with that man in tiled Spanish houses, in trailers, in a tiny cabin halfway up a mountain, in a railroad flat and, finally, in a house made out of ticky-tacky where they all looked just the same. "I don't know how she stands it," my mother would say, furious with my grandfather for some new misadventure. She meant she didn't know why.

The truth is, we all knew how she stood it. Mimi stood it by standing knee-deep in the flow of life and paying close attention.

She was gone before I learned the lesson her letters were teaching: survival lies in sanity and sanity lies in paying attention. Yes, her letters said, Dad's cough is getting worse, we have lost the house, there is no money and no work, but the tiger lilies *are* blooming, the lizard *has* found that spot of sun, *the roses are holding despite the heat.*

Mimi knew what a painful life had taught her: success or failure, the facts of a life really have little to do with its quality. The quality of life is in proportion, always, to the capacity for delight. The capacity for delight is the gift for paying attention.

In a year when a long and rewarding love affair was lurching gracelessly away from the center of her life, writer May Sarton kept *A Journal of a Solitude*. In it, she records coming home from a particularly painful weekend with her lover. Entering her empty house, "I was stopped at the threshold of my study by a ray on a Korean chrysanthemum, lighting it up like a spotlight, deep red petals and Chinese yellow center. . . Seeing it was like getting a transfusion of autumn light."

It's no accident that May Sarton uses the word "transfusion." The loss of her lover was a wound and in her responses to that chrysanthemum, in the act of paying attention, Sarton's healing began.

The reward for attention is always healing. It may begin as the healing of a particular pain—the lost lover, the sickly child, the shattered dream—but what is healed, finally, is the pain that underlies all pain: the pain that we are all, as Rilke phrases it, "unutterably alone." More than anything else, attention is an act of connection. I learned this the way I have learned most things—quite by accident.

When my marriage blew apart, I took a lonely house in the Hollywood hills. My plan was simple. I would weather my loss alone. I would see no one and no one would see me until the worst of the pain was over. I would take long, solitary walks and I would suffer. As it happened, I did take those walks, but they did not go as planned.

Two curves up the road behind my house, I met a grey striped cat. This cat lived in a vivid blue house with a large sheepdog she clearly disliked. I learned all this despite myself in a week's walking. We began to have little visits, that cat and I, and then long talks of all we had in common, lonely women.

Both of us admired an extravagant salmon rose that had wandered across a neighboring fence. Both of us liked watching the lavender float of jacaranda blossoms as they shook loose from their moorings. Alice—I heard her called inside one afternoon—would bat at them with her paw.

By the time the jacarandas were done, an unattractive slatted fence had been added to contain the rose garden. By then, I had extended my walks a mile further up and added to my fellowship other cats, dogs, and children. By the time the salmon rose disappeared behind its fence, I had found a house higher up with a walled Moorish garden and a vitriolic parrot I was fond of. He reminded me of my ex-husband. Pain had become something more valuable: experience.

Writing about attention, I see that I have written a good deal about pain. This is no coincidence. It may be different for others, but pain is what it took to teach me to pay attention. In times of pain, when the future is too terrifying to contemplate and the past too painful to remember, I have learned to pay attention to right now. The precise moment I was in was always the only safe place for me. Each moment, taken alone, was always bearable. In the exact now, we are all, always, all right. Yesterday, the marriage may have ended. Tomorrow, the cat may die. The phone call from the lover, for all my waiting, may not ever come but just at the moment, just now, that's all right. I am breathing in and out. Relaizing this, I began to notice that each moment was not without its beauty.

> "Success or failure, the quality of life is in proportion, always, to the capacity for delight"

The night my mother died, I got the call, took my sweater and set out up the hill behind my house. A great snowy moon was rising behind the palm trees. Later that night, it floated above the garden, washing the cactus silver. When I think now, about my mother's death, I remember that snowy moon.

The poet William Meredith has observed that the worst that can be said of a man "Is that he did not pay attention." When I think of Mimi, I remember her gardening, one small, brown breast slipping unexpectedly free from the halter top of the little print dress she made for herself each summer. I remember her pointing down the steep slope from the home she was about to lose to the cottonwoods in the wash below. "The ponies like them for their shade," she said. "I like them because they go all silvery in their green."

EDITORS NOTE: *Julia Cameron is a journalist and screenwriter who lives in New York with her daughter.*

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Need a boost? Learn to boast

Find pleasure, success in self-praise

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Are you comfortable telling someone the good things about yourself, describing your accomplishments and abilities? Can you show your creative, capable, successful side when you're at work, with family, friends?

While we may be perfectly ready to bring up aspects of ourselves that we'd like to improve or change, most of us are much more comfortable waiting for others to discover our good qualities and accomplishments than we are calling attention to them ourselves. This is true partly because we've been brought up to believe that compliments should come from others, that one does not praise oneself. You may *demonstrate* your abilities and allow your actions to speak for themselves, but verbal claims smack of pushiness.

Yet many of us today are experiencing increasing pressure to be *more* assertive and to present ourselves more positively so we can achieve our changing objectives in a competitive society. Where once we were taught that modesty is a virtue, now we're learning that reticence can be a handicap.

"Often, some of our most original or unique accomplishments go unnoticed, buried in the piles of papers and reports that our companies generate," writes career coach Adele M. Scheele, Ph.D., in her book, *Skills For Success* (Ballantine). "That is why it is so important to make your work known to others. . . .

"Actively seeking versus passively waiting for recognition are poles apart and represent two different world views. Achievers have learned . . . to tell other people about the jobs . . . they've done, what they've learned, and what they think are the next . . . steps."

Being able to speak out affirmatively about yourself is valuable in a multitude of areas—as you know if you've been involved in social/political/community affairs, or simply applied for a grant, loan, or opening in an academic program. Sharing positive feelings about yourself with someone who can respond with pleasure and pride on your behalf can be an exhilarating, self-affirming experience. But in order to feel free to choose this behavior when it's appropriate, we need to come to terms with what it may mean to us, and perhaps to the other individual.

"Saying something good about yourself is a form of assertion that can have many different ramifications," observes Carol W. Galligan, Ph.D., clinical psychologist and executive director of Women's Institute, an association of women psychologists and psychoanalysts exploring women's issues and offering referral services for individual and group therapy. "If a woman has been reared to serve others, stay in the background, and exercise her skills invisibly, she may feel anxious about competing in a so-called aggressive manner. Adding verbal assertiveness or self-praise on top of that may be too threatening, at least at first.

"Also, saying something good about yourself not only commits you publicly to a standard you have to live up to, but it makes you vulnerable to someone else's disagreeing with you. It's one thing to look in the mirror and think, 'Hey, I look pretty good today,' and go on your way. But if you say to somebody else, 'Gee, I look pretty good today,' the other person can answer, 'Well, maybe *you* think so. . . .' Now you have to remove that critical dart from your skin. And there are people who experience the dart as a devastating knife.

"One of the advantages of pointing out the *negatives* about yourself is that you disarm criticism," continues Dr. Galligan. "In effect you say, 'Don't think I don't *know* thus-and-so is wrong with me. I know, so you don't have to tell me. In fact, there's nothing bad about myself that I don't already know, and now I won't have to be upset because I've just eliminated the need for you to tell me those negative things that I really can't bear to hear!' "

Finally, Dr. Galligan points out that when you describe your strengths and accomplishments to others, you risk arousing their hostility and becoming the target of their envy, which is a frightening experience. "Even friends who are successful in their own rights can be envious, and a lot of women censor the positive things they might like to say about themselves in order not to lose a friend or hurt one's feelings. I do believe most women are especially sensitive to other women, identify with them, and know intuitively what kinds of things would be better left unsaid. I also believe that the closest friendships tend to be between equals precisely because this allows for the most relaxed, open exchanges."

If the risks of self-praise are considerable, the approval our culture feels for those who take these risks is increasing.

"I think the symbolic turning point in our acceptance of self-praise came with Muhammad Ali who said, 'I am the greatest!' " comments Laura J. Singer, Ed.D., psychotherapist, teacher, and writer. "People scoffed at Ali, but they also adored him, partly because he was bragging and saying the kinds of things they'd have liked to say about themselves but were very hesitant to say, because of cultural injunctions. Today, more and more people are talking about who they are, what they're doing, and how far they've gone. And in the process, they may be meeting a lot of normal but unfulfilled needs to feel valued and be developing a greater sense of self-worth and self-esteem." ▽

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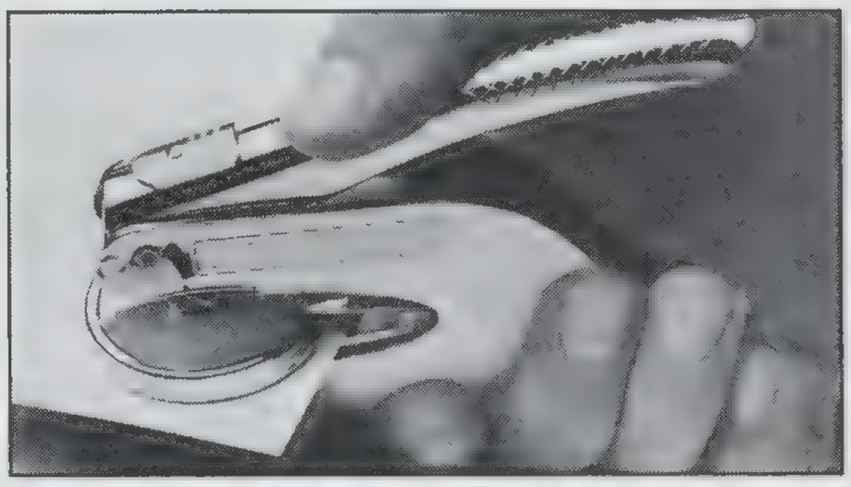

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HOLIDAY PREVIEW 1981

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The sybaritic side of bathing is being well taken care of this summer with a slew of new delights from Europe. From France comes the Rive Gauche Perfumed Milk Bath by Yves Saint Laurent—two scoops under running water can turn your tub into a blue "sea" of foam . . . and the celebrated Opium Parfum in a new form, as a luxurious all-over skin-softening Body Creme—with the great Opium scent. From Chanel, the Cristalle Bath Collection—Fresh Bathing Gel, Soap, and Body Lotion (in a seven-ounce plastic bottle for easy portability).

One of the more difficult achievements for a perfume house: to create a soap that really captures the fragrance of a great perfume—the reason, says Guerlain, it has taken them fifty-six years to bring about a Shalimar soap. Now it's here, with other Shalimar products for the bath—Oil, Body Shampoo, Film Spray Body Lotion, and Dusting Powder.

There's more . . . two "firsts": a bath collection based on Vôtre Perfume (130 oils make up the fragrance) from Les Parfums Charles Jourdan, and another based on the "First" fragrance by Parfums Van Cleef & Arpels.

The new skin-caring products from Elancyl—a Body Shampoo, Toner, and Moisturizing Lotion—cleanse, tone, and moisturize the body with the same high standards of treatment products that you might choose to use on your face.

Finally, from Spain, an unusual collection of floral soaps from the House of Puig: mimosa, tuberose, honeysuckle, together with the Moana Bath/Shower Gel in citrus or alpine—fresh, different, evocative.

First Aid

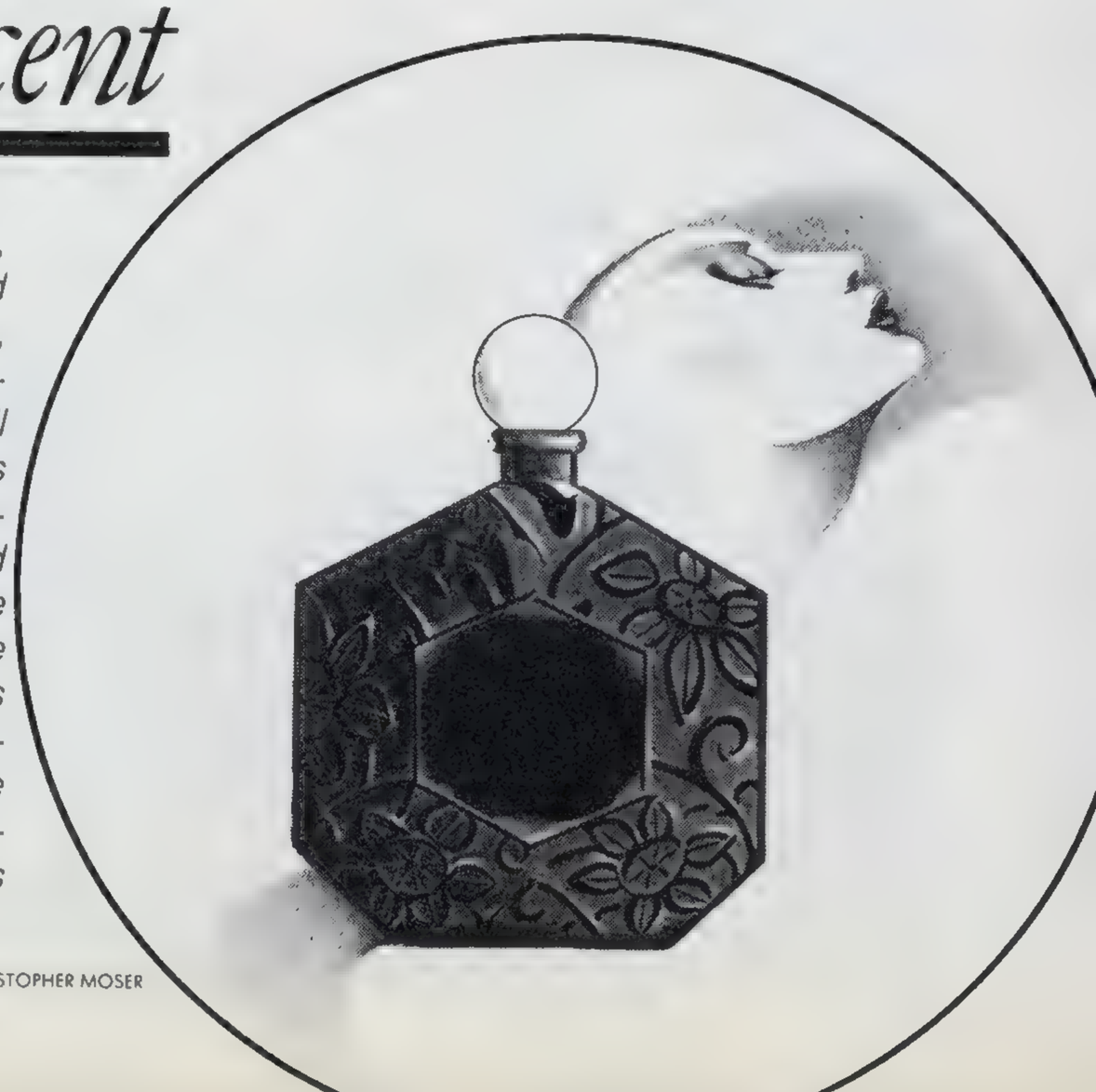
New after-sun care from Payot including an Amnioderm Masque specifically formulated to prevent peeling, soothe skin, help it stand up to assaults from sun, wind, and an overly dry atmosphere. . . .

An ounce of prevention from Stendahl: their new Creme Fonction 24, to be worn A.M. and P.M.—softening, nourishing (with wheat-germ, hazelnut, sunflower, avocado, and soy oils) and, above all, protecting skin (with a 100 percent natural sun filter) outside and inside—from air conditioning/central heating/all environmental hazards. . . .

"The use of a mask," says Jack Mausner, Ph.D., vice president of research and development at Chanel, "represents an in-depth cleansing process; lifting away dead surface cells, excess dirt, and scaly residue, leaving skin not only cleaner but softer, more receptive to makeup." Recently reformulated to incorporate current technology, Chanel's Masque Lumière/Gentle Cleansing Mask—now alcohol free with a clay base.

New Scent

In time for a new season, a new, one-of-a-kind perfume, Ombre Rose, the first from Jean-Charles Brosseau, until now more known for his millinery/accessory designs. In the black and crystal octagonal bottle you see sketched here (right), Ombre Rose is said to be the first "powdery" scent since Je Reviens, and it is certainly going to be just as memorable . . .



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Agree
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Living: Ideas and Trends

High-gloss housing for barware/stereo ...phone afield...best-dressed walls

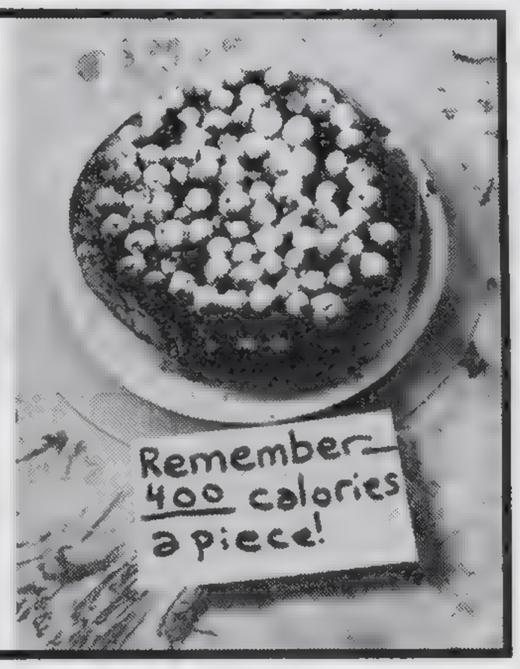
By Barbara Plumb

How to divide—artfully—a living/dining room, without hemming in inhabitants or contents? With the free-standing room divider *(above)* so beautiful that it looks like a sculpture. Patino-Wolf Associates, Inc.'s Burgundy-lacquered "armoire" contains a spectacular mirrored bar, sound system, mirrored doors that, when opened, seem to add space to the room. Mies van der Rohe chairs covered in mauve leather; painting at left is by Lowell Nesbitt.

Back-forty phone

How often has it happened? You are happily settled outside in the hammock or on the patio and the telephone rings, sending you running? Now, you can stay put; the cordless receiver on the Freedom Phone lets you chat up to six hundred feet away from its cradle. The receiver, *left,* can also make outgoing calls, features an intercom, an automatic re-dial of a "busy" number, and a two-position volume control. You can install the device easily with a phone jack and a standard AC outlet. At Bloomingdale's, NYC; $279.95.

What's yellow, sticky, and taking over in organized homes everywhere? "Post-it" Notes by 3M *(right)* look like ordinary yellow note pads, but their special adhesive backs give them a unique stick-to-itiveness that won't allow them to get lost. They adhere to practically everything without tape, staples, or paper clips, can be removed easily, then reapplied because the adhesive stays on through many uses. Available at office supply stores.

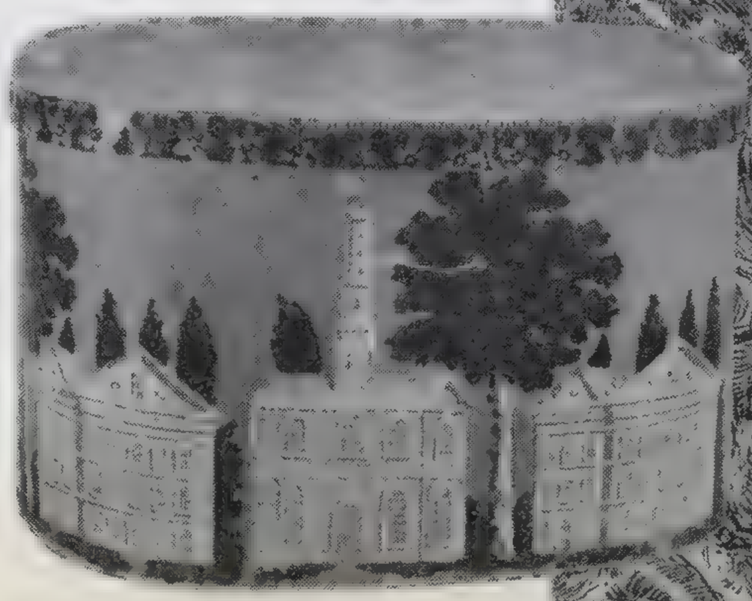


OFF THE WALL

Better to spend your decorating money on cheap wallpaper than expensive Brussels carpeting, Harriet Beecher Stowe advised women in 1869. For this and other socio-cultural tidbits, pick up "Wallpaper in America: from the Seventeenth Century to World War I" by Catherine Lynn (A Barra Foundation/Cooper-Hewitt Museum book, W.W. Norton), an illustrated history of wallpapers. Here: nineteenth-century bandbox, "Gibson Girls" wallpaper.

RUSH SEATING

Fond thoughts of golden Tuscan hills or the lush Umbrian countryside will be stirred by "Rustici Romani" chairs from Italy (left). Cool and cozily informal with their natural wood frames and handwoven rush seats, they make ideal dining chairs for country house or beach retreat. Side chair, $270; armchair, $315. Available through designers at LCS Incorporated in New York City.



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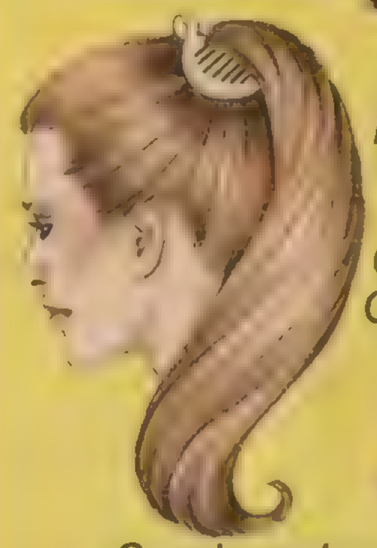

Or, make a ponytail with flair with a Goody Clincher Comb (#1183).

Goody makes everything from Roll Foundations and Bandeaux to self-holding rollers and brushes for all your needs.

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Hair Now

"Self-adjusting" treatment... long-hair tips

More volume, style—that's what you want in a hair look today. To build volume into short hair: fullness can be added by perming the roots and letting the rest of your hair fall free. For long hair: check out a new "spin curl" perm, where sections of hair are wrapped around spiral plastic rods to give hair (especially long, *fine* hair) more volume (*without* frizz). Done by Mallory at the Pipino-Buccheri salon, NYC.

. . . A word to rubber-band grabbers: don't. Covered elastics (from Goody) hold hair *gently.*

Brooke Shields' Hair Care Despite its constant handling during modeling assignments, shooting movie roles and commercials, Brooke Shields' hair is in glorious condition. Her secret to keeping her long hair great-looking: "Washing it every other day and using an instant conditioner only on the ends to keep them from splitting—then rinsing thoroughly until it's squeaky clean." Her healthy hair looks haven't escaped the people at Wella, who've signed her on as their youngest spokesperson.

■ Self-adjusting is a term appearing on hair treatments that "adjust" to the individual needs of your hair; e.g., Silkience Deep Conditioning Treatment penetrates damaged sections of hair shafts without overconditioning the rest.

REVITALIZE *blond hair that has turned yellow from overexposure to sun or chlorine with an asymmetrical blonding process, a new technique done at Glemby International's Garren at The Plaza, NYC. Streaks of blond—up to ten different shades—are placed through the hair to emphasize the line and cut and to suggest movement, like a ripple of light. Since color is not applied at roots, hair grows out looking natural.*

Tiny-but-mighty dryer for office, gym, weekends

When shopping for hair appliances, look for mini hot-roller sets, blow-dryers, collapsible curling irons that can be stashed in a gym bag or a weekend tote. One of the niftiest we've seen: Clairol's high-powered Air Express dryer—lightweight, five inches long, 1200 watts strong, dual voltage.

Large photo, *above:* Natural silver fox coat, Christian Dior Furs New York. Terrafirma earrings

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Left: Stripes, interspersed with gold Lurex threading, on pure Silk Chiffon. Burgundy/Jade. Sizes 4-14, about $235.00
Center: Persian border-print Silk Chiffon, cascading hemline, threaded with gold Lurex. Rust/Beige. Sizes 4-14, about $235.00
Right: The ultimate couplet in Persian border-print Silk Chiffon. Periwinkle/Lilac. Sizes 4-14, about $185.00

For you at: Bloomingdale's, Garfinkel's, Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, Sakowitz and other select stores.

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THE GANT ATTITUDE™

GANT FOR WOMEN, AN EVAN-PICONE COMPANY

Dear occupant: Please give! Help! Urgent!

Want to lose twenty pounds of guilt-inducing junk mail?

BY ELINOR FUCHS

Years ago, when I was more eager for adult distractions and responsibilities than I am today, I tore an advertisement from the newspaper that prints only what's fit, and subscribed to the ballet. I think it was that same season that I ordered by mail a basket of Christmas cheese for West Coast relatives, subscribed to *Commentary* on a half-price offer, and sent $25 to a charity dedicated to "saving" children. Over the next few years, enjoying what I fancied was freedom of choice, I switched magazines, started saving the environment instead of children, etc., etc. I did not realize that with every click of the mail slot I was contracting a disease for which there is no known cure: let us call it Contagious Mailing List Syndrome.

I returned home last fall after six weeks of work out of town to find a large amount of back mail waiting for me. In fact, it filled two Fleischmann's gin cartons scavenged by my children from the corner liquor store. A couple of days of persistent sorting brought a two-inch pile of bills and personal letters to my attention. I was about to sweep the rest into the kitchen trash basket when I drew back, appalled by the waste. In our house, we recycle glass, tin, aluminum, and newspapers. Surely there must be something I could do with a foot and a half (about twenty pounds—I weighed it) of junk mail. I spread it on my kitchen counter and examined it closely. That was the day I discovered that I was in the advanced stages of C.M.L.S.

A quality of raw demand had crept into the pleas for funds since I had last taken notice. The day of polite requests was gone. Now you get telegrams. Some acknowledged recent contributions by urging me to better my performance. NOW DESPERATE FOR EMERGENCY AID (read a telegram-type communication on my counter), CANNOT TURN AWAY HELPLESS LITTLE CHILDREN. I KNOW I CAN COUNT ON YOU (there the machine got personal). MRS. ELEANOR FINNELSTEIN (in its urgency, misspelling both my first and my married name) TO DEMONSTRATE CHRISTIAN CHARITY AND SEND AT LEAST $25 OR EVEN $40. With this came a pre-stamped first-class return envelope intended to shame me into writing out a check. It sits on my desk while I waver between throwing out the envelope, spending 18 cents to send it back unused, or clipping off the stamps and using them myself.

My kitchen counter fairly throbbed with ingenious efforts to produce the perfect, unthrowoutable piece of mail. The trick apparently is to get people to at least open the envelopes before throwing out their contents. OPEN THIS LETTER TODAY commanded the National Organization for Women. "From that horrifying moment when the doctor diagnosed terminal cancer, our family world fell apart . . ." began a message in feminine script on the outside of the National Cancer Foundation appeal. And there were other approaches, such as the pseudo-engraved invitations in creamy laid vellum enticing me to join "exclusive membership" societies for which my name had been masonically "proposed." Or the full-color magazines that shimmered importantly beneath my dazzled eyes.

"A quality of raw demand has crept into the pleas for funds"

Oh, the speed of change: only yesterday, it seemed, these magazines had been mere Newsletters. The Newsletter emerged a few years ago as an up-to-the-minute improvement on the old-fashioned annual appeal. Since that time, it has not been possible for me to express interest, no matter how fleeting and tenuous, in any organization without finding myself the recipient of its monthly newsletter. But now Channel 13, my local public television station, has traded in its newsletter for a 104-page slick-format magazine with liquor ads called *The Dial*. Too beautiful to throw out (yes, they were right about that) but now also too big to read: I laid it respectfully on top of *Harvard, Columbia, Asia,* and the fall brochure on the Kripalu Center for Holistic Health, which, with its cover depicting a stone bridge backed by red and orange foliage, I had momentarily mistaken for Bloomingdale's glossy September catalogue.

I now had a number of separate piles. Besides telegrams, newsletters, and magazines, I had subscription offers, record-club memberships, and—doubtless the fastest-growing category—gift catalogues. Pondering my opportunity to buy a pair of silver-plated champagne toasting goblets by mail, I suddenly realized that I had done it wrong. If I sorted my mail by addressee rather than sender, I might find that the mail itself held the secret to its own mad proliferation. It was now that I discovered the gravity of my situation. I and my husband (we were two years separated, but he had left me the mail) were currently addressed in seventeen different forms.

Recklessly, years ago, I had introduced myself to the grown-up world under two names, professional and married, and under numerous trivial variants of each. To my editors, I was Elinor Fuchs; to my driver's license, Elinor F. Finkelstein. But often, either through haste or because of some curious resistance to continuous identity, which I now bitterly regret, I scattered initials behind me like germs on a March wind. Now I was E. Fuchs, E. F. Finkelstein, now Mrs. M. Finkelstein, etc. etc.

Over the years, each of these took root and spread in the coils of the computers; worse still, efficient electronic cross-indexing has matched them all with a growing assortment of fictive last names. Hence, besides Finkelstein, there are presently Findelstein (that came from *Commentary*'s transcription error when I sent for the half-price subscription, and now runs epidemic riot on the list of every cultural institution in New York), Fanbelstein, Kelstein, and—I swear this is true—Fachelstue. Finnelstein and Finnerstein are relatively new mutations and will take several months to work their way into the central mailstream. One organization of Sufi descent has taken to addressing me as a cross-cultural collective under the title "Elinor F. and Su Iavahi Finkelstein." Need I add that all of these in turn have been crossbred with three or four microscopic variations on my address?

These mailing lists are avidly traded back and forth among competitors who don't seem to realize that I am by now a one-woman *Dead Souls* of Gogol. As a result, it is not at all unusual for me to receive four or more copies of a single piece of mail. In fact, as I made my seventeen piles, I found myself dealing out like playing cards, seven copies—all addressed to different me's—of a medical conference publicity brochure, with a "color-density scan of a cancerous stomach" on the front in shimmering tones of gold and turquoise that looked like a cover for an *ARTnews* issue on the Symbolist painters.

I am pursued under "Tenant," "Owner," "Occupant," and "Resident." If I changed my name to Anonymous tomorrow I'm sure my mailers would mail on to Ms. Anony Mouse, or (the Spanish version) Anon y Mous. What to do? My fourteen-year-old daughter, whose own case of C.M.L. is spreading fast since I impulsively sent $15 in her name to the Union of Concerned Scientists eighteen months ago (she is now on more than a dozen lists), suggests making up a stamp, "Addressee Unknown," or even better, she says gleefully, send a check to one cause in the name of the director of another.

I am besieged by exponential clamor, ironically triggered by my own attempts to help. For each $10 I give, I get back $50 in stamps and paper. Forests are being felled by competition for my dollar and end up hauled away by New York sanitation crews. It is a system of grotesque waste. The worst waste of all: even my goodwill is eroding as I become cynical about the salesmen of homeless children, political prisoners, camp-starved youth and victimized whales. I still want to help. But does my help help? ▽

MONEY

Agreements: know your rights

Wising up to contracts, written or not

BY GRETCHEN MORGENSON

If your idea of crisis-avoidance is never having to read or sign another contract in your life, you're in good company. Although a contract is simply an agreement between two parties, almost always involving your money paid for someone else's services rendered—and not necessarily a document that is formally printed and requiring a signature—signing a contract prompts severe fears and loathing in many consumers. Whether you're renewing your lease, joining a health club, or leaving your car in an attended parking lot, you're entering into formal or informal contracts. Do you take the pains to do the "required reading" most lawyers advise? Or do you plead exhaustion, hope for the best, and sign contracts passively?

"While many oral or implied contracts are enforceable by law," says Barbara Berger Opotowsky, president of The Better Business Bureau of Metropolitan New York, Inc., "if you really care about the agreement you're making, put it in writing." But putting it in writing often brings on the language barrier of legal jargon, the unintelligible small print, the threat of being victimized by confusion and pressure. Can a non-lawyer be smart about contracts?

The psychology of contracts—that you feel you may be signing your life away—can be more intimidating than what the contract states. According to Ms. Opotowsky, "Contract forms presented to you are not sacred, try to change a clause if it's important to you."

Before you sign . . .

● Never sign anything until you've read it thoroughly, the advice goes, and Ms. Opotowsky agrees adamantly. "Know what you're signing and you know what you're getting," she says. "If the seller gives you his or her 'word' on something that isn't specified, insist that he or she add it to the contract. You can amend a formal contract in handwriting, if you both initial it.

● "Never sign a contract that has blank spaces in it, and remember to get your own copy of everything you sign.

● "Look for disclaimers in contracts and warranties," continues Ms. Opotowsky. These clauses keep the seller from some responsibility for what he or she might do (*i.e.* "Buyer hereby releases seller from any and all liability. . . ."), or from the responsibility of promising that his or her product will perform as expected. Your right to implied warranties ensures that the toaster you buy will toast, or that you'll be appropriately compensated.

● "Look also for waivers-of-rights clauses," warns Ms. Opotowsky. "For example, waiver of rights to a jury trial." Jurors are generally on the consumer's side in a contract dispute, so think twice about waiving these rights.

● "Check for penalties: finance charges, late payment charges, attorney fees, and repossession provisions," says Ms. Opotowsky.

● "It may sound simplistic, but it's important never to sign a contract under pressure. 'The greatest bargain of the year' will continue to be a bargain long enough for you to think twice about buying it," advises Ms. Opotowsky.

● When applying for credit, check finance charges and methods of computation. Both vary, so proceed carefully.

● Co-signing a contract with a friend? Before you do, know that the seller can come to you first for the money. Unless you are prepared to make the payments, don't co-sign.

● If you're having a major job done—adding onto your home, for example—for which you're signing a contract, call your local Better Business Bureau to find out what the company's customer service record is.

After you've signed . . .

"There are times when provisions in contracts are not enforceable," continues Ms. Opotowsky. "If a contract dispute exists, and you feel you've been treated unfairly, don't be intimidated by the contract language. For example, a seller may keep waivers of liability clauses in contracts even though they're sometimes unenforceable, simply to deter you from exercising your rights in a dispute." Seek legal advice or go to small-claims court to handle it.

● "Door-to-door selling: if someone comes to your home to fix your roof or to sell you encyclopedias, federal regulations give you the right to cancel your order within three days.

● "If you have signed a contract that presents real problems for you, contact the seller as soon as possible to see if you can cancel it. You'll probably have to pay some damages to the seller, but he or she may allow you to avoid the contract," advises Ms. Opotowsky.

If you're looking for legal advice and want to avoid its usually high price, Ms. Opotowsky suggests, "Your local bar association may have legal referral committees which, for a minimal fee, will consult with you, advise.

"Something that many Better Business Bureaus offer is an arbitration program where trained volunteers act to resolve consumer disputes. The arbitrator hears both sides of the dispute, renders a binding decision, and just about everyone pays promptly.

"In some states, consumers have the legal right to have contracts written in plain language," concludes Ms. Opotowsky. In 1975, for example, Citibank in New York City introduced a plain-English consumer-loan agreement. Three years later, New York State law required all agreements of this kind to use "plain English." So assert yourself; ask for lucidity in any contract. ▽

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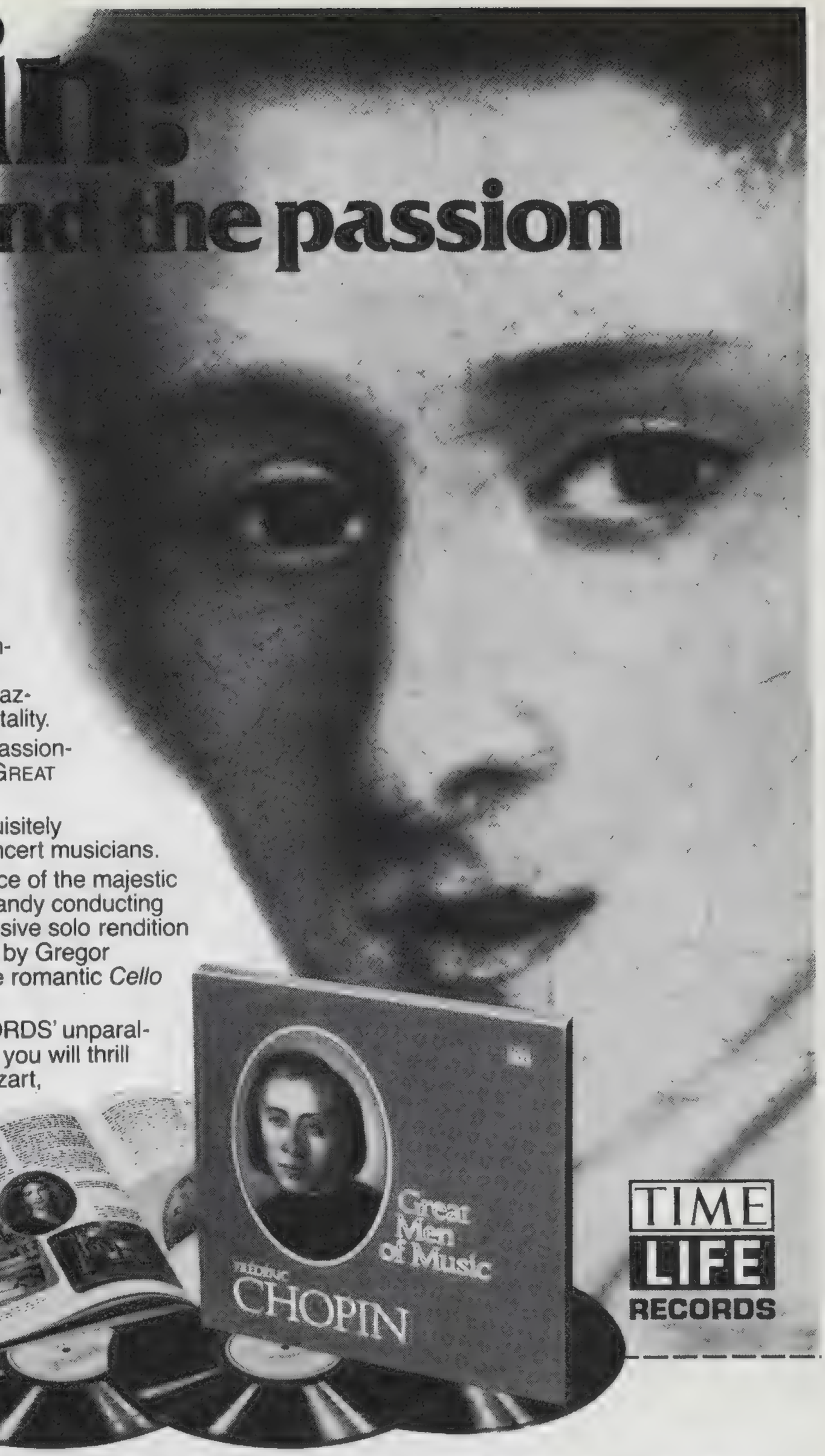
Chopin: the pathos and the passion



Doomed at 17, he grasped for immortality through his music. And triumphed.

At 17, young Frederic Chopin watched helplessly as his beloved sister, Emilya, succumbed to tuberculosis. He knew her tragedy foreshadowed his own, for he had already detected the symptoms.

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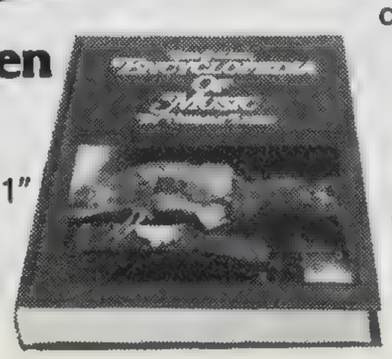

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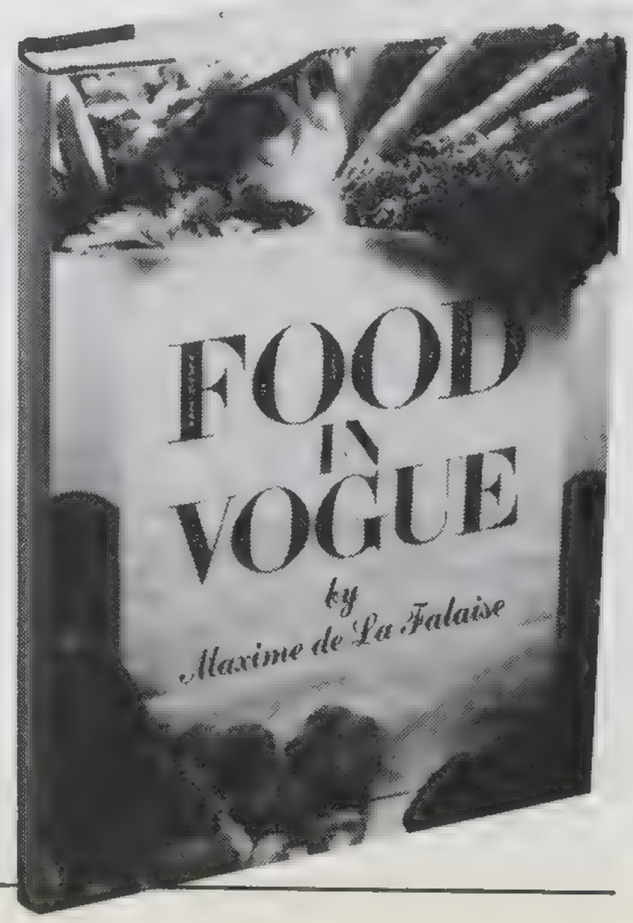

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My dear Diana—

Should Queen Elizabeth pen a welcoming letter to Princess Diana, this, surely, is not what she'd write. But never mind

BY ANDREW BARROW

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
Late Tuesday night

MY DEAR DIANA,

These weeks have been so hectic, it's been impossible to find a quiet moment to chat, so I thought instead I would write you a *short note* to welcome you into the Royal Family.

I am sure you will make Charles very happy; but if you ever find any stresses and strains, please always come directly to *me.* You cannot imagine how tiny royal misunderstandings can turn into mountains of hysteria when entrusted to outsiders. We all lead busy lives but *I* of all can always be found!! You have only to call Sir Philip[1] for an appointment.

I'm sure you won't mind me saying that I hope you won't wait *too long* to start a family. I know it would make C. very happy and be extremely popular with the people (and with his granny). By the way, you probably know that he himself was born here at the palace. I think it would be rather nice if your first son were, too. The Lindo Wing[2] is all very well for Anne, Birgitte[3], and others but not really fitting for the birth of a future King, in my view.

I'm *delighted* you like Highgrove[4]! Charles bought the place entirely off his own bat last year. Of course, it's quite tiny compared with Althorp[5], so we will not descend upon you without proper warning and when we do, we'll be quite happy with a cup of tea in the kitchen!

Have you seen a copy of our annual programme? I'm afraid you'll think we're the most frightful fuddy-duddies as our lives have fallen into such a well-established groove. Anyhow, Christmas is *always* at Windsor and then we go to Sandringham for the New Year and most of January. I've sometimes had the Phillipses[6] with us on New Year's Day so perhaps your pa and step-ma will be able to come over to luncheon some time then. In February, we all come back to London and between then and April we usually do a trip. We tend to have an easy April and then go full steam ahead into May and the Season—Chelsea Flower, etc., then June and the Derby, the Trooping[7], the Garter Ceremony (to which you'll be invited as Charles's wife) and after that, of course, Royal Ascot. We shan't expect you to take part in the early morning gallop up the course your first year but I do hope C. will take you over to Gatcombe[8] for riding lessons soon. July involves a number of investitures (I sometimes sneak a cold and hand events to Philip or Margaret as some are rather trying).

At the end of July, we shut up shop in London and take the *Britannia* up to Balmoral. Charles has liked to skip off to Iceland in August with Tony and Dale[9] but do let's all spend summer together this year! Scotland is divinely peaceful with masses of relations dropping in. When we're all up there, it's also a very good moment to have Patrick[10] come up and do a group for the Christmas Card.

An urgent word about clothes. Always check with Bobo[11] first to see what I'm wearing if we're out together or have State Guests from abroad. Alternatively, perhaps it might be better if you popped your choice of dress on paper for her, well in advance, so that I can choose something that won't clash or match!

Also, I've been meaning to give you some jewellery. As you can imagine I have *absolutely masses* and there are lots of things I *never* wear. We must have a good poke through my jewel box soon, and perhaps we should run through the Household Names sometime again. I don't blame you for getting in a muddle over the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Great Chamberlain but it's awfully important to get them right!! But we'll make it fun and have a kind of quiz one night.

One little favour I have to ask you. Do ask your step-grandmother[12] to send me some of her books. I was ashamed to admit the other night that I never read any of her novels.

Sorry to go rambling on, but one last point. It's awfully stuffy and pompous of us, but I'm afraid you must *curtsy to the ground* whenever you meet me or Charles's granny in public. But we waive this rule at home, unless we have Ollie[13] or one of the older monarchs!

So dear Diana, I do welcome you with all my heart to 'The Firm' and I know I can rely on you to do your bit.

In haste,
Ever yours affectionately,
ELIZABETH R.

---

1 The Rt Hon Sir Philip Moore, the Queen's Private Secretary
2 The private wing of a well-known London hospital where several members of the Royal Family have had their babies
3 Princess Anne and the Duchess of Gloucester
4 Prince Charles's new home in Gloucestershire
5 Diana's old home in Northamptonshire
6 Princess Anne's in-laws
7 The Queen's official birthday
8 Princess Anne's home in Gloucestershire
9 Lord and Lady Tryon, old friends of Prince Charles
10 The Earl of Lichfield, photographer and cousin
11 Margaret Macdonald, the Queen's dresser
12 Romantic novelist Barbara Cartland
13 King Olav of Norway

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Leather:

A New Look, A New Appeal

By Norma Friedman

It's the "fabric" everybody wants . . . the denim of the '80s . . . but luxe!

No matter what you're looking for—a T-shirt, shawl, suit, coat, anything—for any degree of dressing . . . any time of day or night . . . from almost any designer anywhere in the world . . . now you'll find it in leather. And often, in leather, it's the best of its kind!

It's not that leather clothing's new. It followed the fig leaf. Archaeologists turn up bits and pieces worn by the earliest caveman. It's that there's a real leather explosion. A leather takeover. (Wherever you see "leather", also read suède. See "Terms To Know," page 180.)

"Leather's the denim of the '80s . . . but luxe!" says Dawn Mello, executive vice president and director of fashion merchandising of Bergdorf Goodman, which opened a shop for-leather-only in June this year. "We see it as a major trend."

What accounts for this popularity? What's new about leather clothing now? Everything! It looks different. Feels different. Has a whole new attitude. A new appeal. A leather jacket now isn't a bulky brown number to wear in the country when it's cold. It's a delicate apricot suède blouson to wear over a beaded chemise at night . . . an embossed Burgundy leather top to go over a wool skirt, over anything. And a camisole is a wisp of weightless suède no more than three-hundredths of an inch thin.

"Designers aren't looking at leather as a separate entity anymore," says Rick Goldstein, vice president and fashion director of Macy's, New York, whose leather shop opens this summer. "They think of leather as simply another option. A black flannel skirt won't go to a formal party . . . a leather one will."

This new approach to leather had its beginnings—as many important trends do—with Yves Saint Laurent. In one of his first couture collections for Dior, in 1960, Saint Laurent caused a sensation by sending the models out in fur-trimmed alligator blouson jackets. And leather—used innovatively with wit, style—has been part of every collection he's done since. He said, "Every woman should have a 'core wardrobe,' and leather should be part of it. Leather is eternal."

Key to the change: what advanced research and technology have done to leather. It's thinner, softer, almost as supple and weightless as silk. It falls, drapes, sews, is as brilliantly colored as fabric. Does anything fabric can do. It can be beaded, embroidered, painted, perforated, appliquéd, quilted, crocheted. Most of the steps the raw hides go through have improved, from the initial curing through tanning—the chemical process that converts skin into stable, usable material; the splitting and shaving that bring it to the desired thinness; and, perhaps most important, dyeing.

Glorious Color!

No question. The new color possibilities are key to the new leather image. The range now covers the spectrum. From the palest porcelains to the deepest jewel tones. This summer: bright whites, face-powder peaches, apricots. For fall: olive, khaki, the subtlest greens and wines. On the subject of which came first, supply or demand, Robert M. Lollar, technical director of the Tanners Council of America, says "The fact that dyes and dyeing methods have improved is partially in response to the consumer's demand for color." His sum-up of leather's appeal, "It has integrity."

Another irresistible leather attraction: its inherent tactile delight. Donna Karan who with Louis Dell'Olio does the designing for Anne Klein & Company (one-third of their fall collection is leather) says, "Nothing else feels like leather next to your skin. It's the ultimate sensuality! And a marvelous texture contrast with silk, chiffon, tweed, any other fabric." And now, more surface and textural interest is being added to leather's own. Leather can look like corduroy. Be embossed with animal-skin grains—rhinoceros, elephant, alligator. This effect is achieved with etched, engraved, or electroplated plates or rollers, under considerable heat and pressure, and is permanent. More possibilities: leather can be printed or silk-screened in plaids, checks, op-art, the patterns of animal skins. Sparkled leather is the result of "sparkles" sprayed on wet skin and allowed to dry. The metallic leathers—bronze, silver, pewter, gold—so popular in pants, skirts, evening jackets and coats, are the result of applying a thin sheet of plastic myler to leather with heat, then peeling off the plastic.

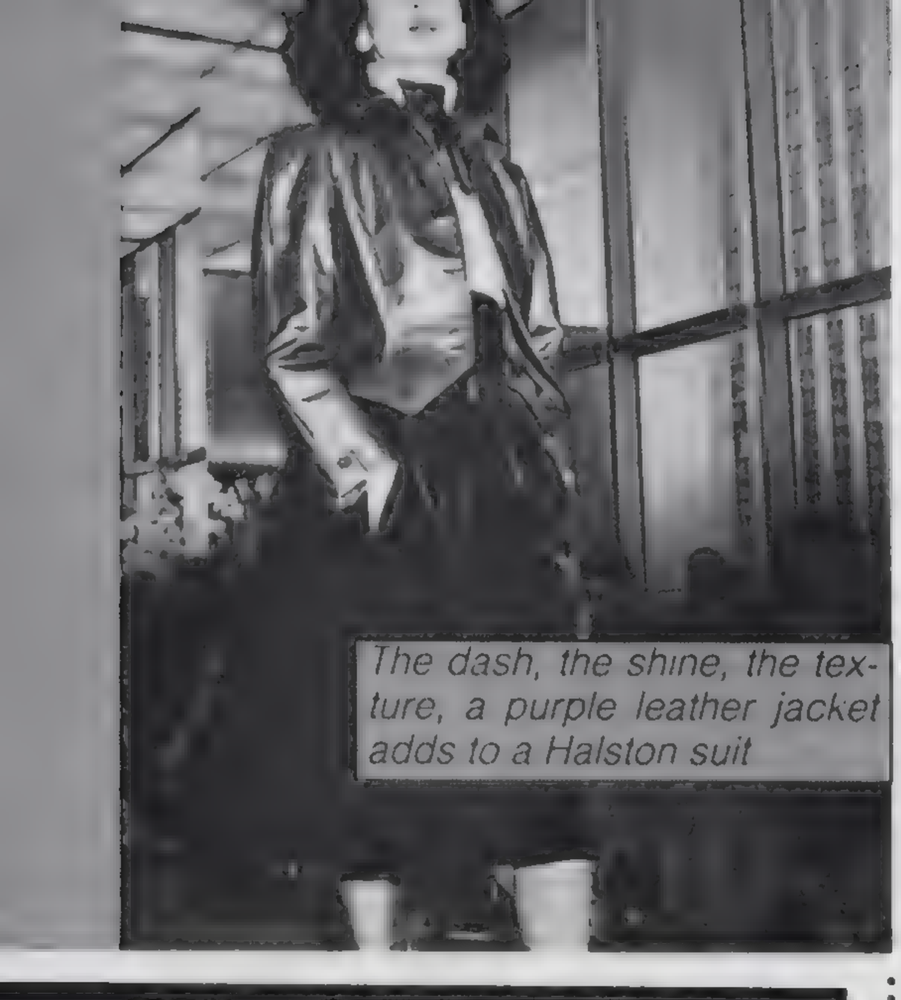
Above: Calvin Klein's long, silky taupe suède skirt. Right: For day/night, anywhere—the snap of Halston's full divided skirt of brown leather.

Your Money's Worth

Another factor in leather's popularity at this point says Ms. Mello, "Women are buying investment clothes, and leather's a good investment." Many of the old caveats *(Continued)*

WEAR/CARE TIPS

- In buying, opt for a size on the loose side. Leather can't be "let out"—the stitches would show. Also, leather doesn't always "slide" easily. You'll need room if you wear layers.
- Use padded or shaped hangers.
- Leather has to breathe. If you need to protect from dust, cover loosely with a cotton sheet. Never cover with plastic or put in airtight bags. It may cause drying-out or fading.
- Store leather in a cool, dry place—not a hot attic or damp basement.
- For surface dirt: Leather with a glossy finish may be touched up with a damp cloth. For suède, use—gently—a very soft bristle brush, dry rubber sponge, dry Turkish towel. Never use anything abrasive.
- If suède is crocking, rub lightly with a dry Turkish towel.
- For at-home shape-ups: stuff leather sleeves with tissue, hang out for a few days.
- If wet from snow or rain, dry leather at room temperature, away from heat.
- If leather is wrinkled, never steam over a hot tub or shower. The skins will shrink. You can use an iron, at its coolest setting, with brown wrapping paper or a paper bag as a press cloth. Move iron constantly, quickly.
- Even if you're not a scarf person, consider wearing a scarf to keep the neckline clean.
- Never pin anything on leather.
- If you have matching leather pieces, clean them all at the same time. If there are buckles, buttons, ornaments, check cleaner on whether they should be removed or covered.



The dash, the shine, the texture, a purple leather jacket adds to a Halston suit

TERMS TO KNOW

Crocking—the rubbing off of coloring, finishing materials or loose fibers from leather onto other materials.
Chamois—the underneath layer of sheepskin that has been oil-tanned and suèded. Very soft and pliable.
Embossing—mechanical process of permanently adding a design or grain effect to the surface of leather.
Hide—by convention, tanners usually refer to the skins of large animals—cows, steer, horses, buffalo, etc.—as "hides." Those of smaller animals—calves, sheep, goats, pigs, etc.—are called "skins." Both terms, and the word "pelt" are used interchangeably.
Leather—the hide of an animal that has been tanned to make a usable material. Leather comes from all over the world, Argentina to New Zealand—including Canada, India, Italy, France, Japan, Mexico, Poland, Spain, South Africa, the USSR, the United States and Yugoslavia.
Pelt—see **Hide**
Skin—see **Hide**
Suède—the term denotes a finish NOT a type of leather. Suèding is a buffing process by which a nap is produced, usually on the flesh side (as opposed to the hair-side or outside) of leather. Most suèdes are made from hair-sheep (very thin-skinned animals whose outer covering is hair-like rather than woolly). Heavier suèdes—those used for Western or outer jackets are usually made from cattle hides.
Shearling—wooled sheep and lamb skins tanned with the wool intact. Generally used for cold-weather outer jackets and coats.
Tanning—the chemical process by which skins are stabilized, kept from rotting.

LEATHER

(Continued from page 179)

and fears turn out to be unfounded, or no longer apply. For starters, leather *isn't* fragile. (Why would European children have worn *lederhosen* all those years?) Leather's natural physical structure is created by millions of tiny, fibrous strands, interwoven and locked together, not unlike a multi-strand cable made of many wires. This gives it great tensile strength. Great flexibility. Makes it virtually tear-proof and puncture-resistant. This dense fiber structure also makes it fairly windproof. Another thing its natural properties make it: seasonless. In cold weather, the millions of tiny air spaces within the matrix of leather fibers provide built-in insulation, curbing the passage of heat from the body. When it's warm—leather breathes and is porous—it allows perspiration on the skin to evaporate.

Another misconception about leather: the cost of upkeep. On a scale with other luxury fabrics, it is *not* high. Leather does best under a kind of benign neglect. "Age is on leather's side," says Calvin Klein. "You don't have to baby it. The more you wear it, the more beautiful it gets. I have a suède shirt I've been wearing for years. It still looks great, and I love it."

Some brave souls say you can wash suède and chamois. Gently, as you might cashmere, in cold water and Woolite. However, the consensus is that cleaning by a specialist is the better part of valor. But not too often! "Once a year, or even every two years is often enough, unless it's so soiled or stained that it's disturbing," advises Marjorie Lehmann, vice president of Leathercraft Process, a New York cleaner. A rough estimate for cleaning a jacket, pants, or shirt: $20 to $30. Most reputable firms will supply estimates and answer care questions without charge.

Is this love affair with leather likely to go on? According to Kal Ruttenstein, Bloomingdale's vice president for fashion direction, "Bloomingdale's is making major projections. We're developing private-label leathers in the United States and Europe. Leather is coming into its own in fashion!"

For more of the best leather looks of the season, see pages 278-285. ▽

Right: Now an ornamental jacket is Lisandro Sarasola's black-taupe suède, metallic stamped, embroidered. Below, left to right: The prettiest, most sinuous dress--sage suède by Calvin Klein.

. . . Could be your one-and-only: John Anthony's grey pearlized leather coat. . . . The ultimate from Fendi, a lavish gold-decorated suède coat.

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ART WORK ALAS - PHOTO MICHEL COMPTE

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MISSONI

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Talking about... Art

Intimate Vuillard sketches...wild explorers' photographs...Kandinsky hoard

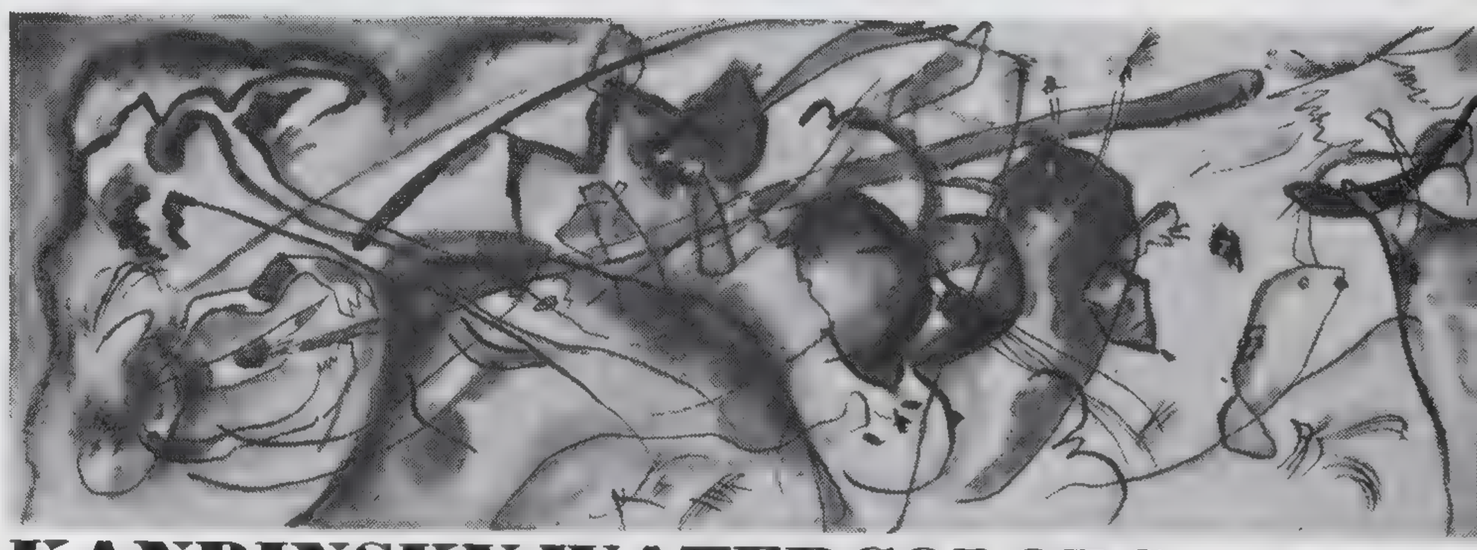
By Barbara Rose

Sixty rarely seen sketches by French Nabi painter Edouard Vuillard are on view at The Dixon Gallery and Gardens in Memphis, Tennessee, from August 9 through September 20 in a show organized by the American Federation of Art. Selected by William S. Lieberman, chairman, Twentieth-Century Art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, these intimate drawings, which sometimes served as the basis for Vuillard's paintings, were really private notes, for Vuillard did not paint from nature. Indeed, his flat, decorative, highly formal style in many ways rejected the accidental elements in Impressionism. Landscapes, portraits, figures (*above,* his 1920 sketch, "Woman Seated"), and interiors—Vuillard's usual subjects—are included.

Once a private home, the Dixon Gallery houses many English antiques and a permanent collection devoted to English and French Impressionist paintings. The surrounding seventeen-acre Tennessee woodland was designed by Mr. Dixon and his sister, landscape architect Hope Crutchfield, in the style of the great English landscape parks, making it ideal for a summer outing.

More art in a garden setting: the Winterthur Museum, which is in the outskirts of Wilmington in Winterthur, Delaware. Originally the country estate of Henry Francis du Pont, Winterthur now houses the greatest collection of American decorative arts (more than fifty thousand objects made between 1640-1840) in a romantic setting of rolling hills and planted gardens. (For information about Winterthur programs, call 302/654-1548.)

THE AMERICAN SCENE The unspoiled natural beauty of the American landscape is the subject of a show at New York's Museum of Modern Art through September 27. Photographs by the so-called explorer-photographers who first recorded the virgin American mountains, plains, and valleys in the nineteenth century and works from the twentieth century are assembled in a show of *American Landscape,* curated by John Szarkowski, MOMA's director of photography. According to Szarkowski, early photographers were "part scientist, part reporter, and part artist." Beginning with the survey photographs of Timothy O'Sullivan, the exhibition includes works by Edward Steichen, Alvin Langdon Coburn, William Clift (his "Landscape #2, New Mexico," *above*).



KANDINSKY WATERCOLORS

When Baroness Hilla Rebay von Ehrenwiesen met Solomon Guggenheim in 1927, she was an abstract painter influenced by Vasily Kandinsky, a pioneer abstractionist. When she became Guggenheim's principal adviser, Kandinsky came to occupy a major place in the collection they formed. Now the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York and the Hilla von Rebay foundation share the Kandinsky wealth by touring a major exhibition of his watercolors. (Above, Kandinsky's "Study for 'Painting with White Border,' " 1913.) At the Cleveland Museum of Art through September 27.

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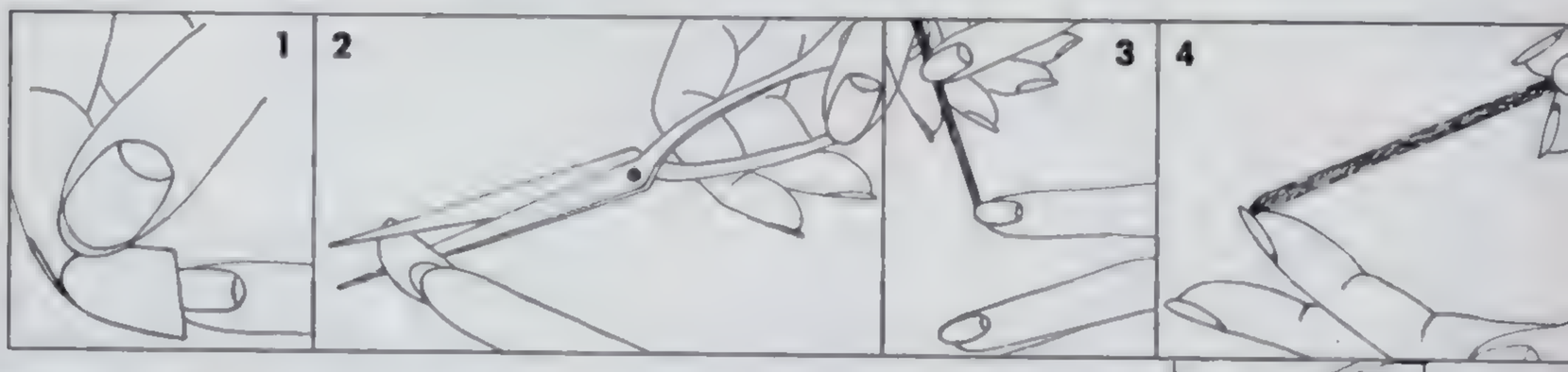
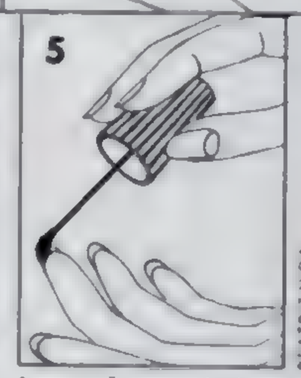
Beauty Now

Focus on hands and feet: gentle treatment, new strategies

Experts say that neglect is the most common hand- and nail-care mistake women make. Preventive care starts with a weekly manicure, daily moisturizing to keep hands, nails, cuticles conditioned, as dryness is the chief cause of splits, hangnails. (Good: Revlon's Professional Hand and Nail Lotion, Dior's new Protective Hand Creme.) Using a nondrying polish remover helps—such as Dior's new Gentle Polish Remover without Acetone. (Andrea polish-remover pads are lifesavers for desk, travel.)

Foot-soothing follow-up to sports like jogging and tennis: Soak your feet in warm water with a little bath oil, remove calluses with a pumice stone. Dry, massage in a heavy-duty moisturizer like Arden's Eight Hour Cream, and wear cotton socks to help it penetrate. (From Maria Niera, manicurist at the Elizabeth Arden Salon, NYC.)





To protect nail growth, prolong the life of a manicure: a fast new nail wrap you can do. Revlon's "Flawless 10" kit's innovation is a self-adhesive tape that eliminates glue. *Above:* 1. Center the tape over nail tip. 2. Trim, leaving a slight overlap. 3. Smooth tape with fingers, tuck edges under with a manicure stick (4). 5. Brush sealer over nail, under tip. Apply polish. . . . Boost for short nails, Revlon's Nail Starter Kit: Fiber-Weave Fortifier brushed on horizontally, then vertically, "locks" into a supportive grid for growth. Porcelain Smooth adds a base for polish.

Condition is the key to well-groomed hands and nails, according to professional hand model Cathy Tolbert. (Those are her hands at work, *right;* for professional reasons, she keeps her nails a little longer than is practical for most women.) That means always washing hands with the mildest soap you can find (Cathy's choices: Dove and Aveeno oatmeal soap). Her favorite hand lotion: a non-greasy *facial* moisturizer that soaks in completely, softens instantly. To keep cuticles and knuckles from discoloring, she massages with half a lemon. Her "secret" treatment for dry hands and cuticles: White's A & D Ointment—inexpensive, super-emollient, laced with vitamins A and D. She adds: Be sure to wash off cuticle and polish remover with soap and water—both can be drying.

Top photo: Pen, Elsa Perem of Tiffany. Details, last pages

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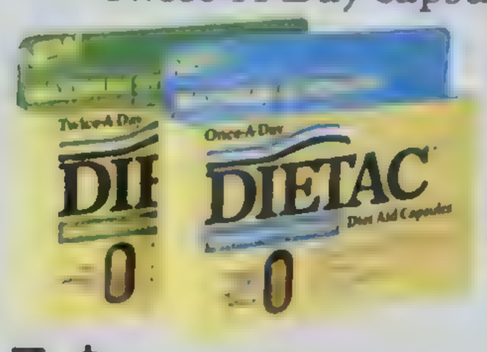

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HEALTH

Traveling well: today it means staying healthy away from home

For smooth sailing, flying, safariing: latest medical tips, services, guides

BY MELVA WEBER

When you plan a trip to a foreign land, you know you must get your health clearances and any immunizations required by your host country. These give you some important protections, but they're not a guarantee of blooming health throughout your travels; nor are they a safeguard against some serious health mishaps that could ruin your trip and affect your well-being after you return. Even a domestic trip may affect your health unless you are prepared for its hazards.

Where to find travel health help
A new clinical specialty, travel medicine, may be your best resource for preventing such illness. Physicians' services especially for travelers are becoming available in more and more cities. At travel medical clinics, doctors and nurses do more than merely give vaccinations; they provide information about health conditions—climate, food, water, infectious hazards—at your destination. If you're traveling from country to country, they can advise on immunizing requirements you'll encounter at each border.

More than just required "shots"
"We know what immunizations are needed, both the required ones and those that can be recommended for specific areas and conditions throughout the world," said Martin S. Wolfe, M.D., who in association with Devra C. Marcus, M.D., and Michael A. Newman, M.D., directs Traveler's Medical Service in Washington, DC. Dr. Wolfe explained: "For example, gamma globulin for protection against hepatitis is often neglected because travelers may feel that if they have the required shots for entry into a country they're safe from prevailing health hazards."

What else a travel medical service can do:
- Suggest health supplies such as decongestants, antacids, and eye drops to keep you comfortable in travel conditions.
- Give detailed and up-to-date advice on malaria prevention, diarrhea prevention and treatment, water purifying treatment.
- Provide emergency supplies such as antibiotics only if you will be out of reach of medical care on your trip.
- Give follow-up tests after you return.

When your own doctor is—and isn't—best . . .
If you have special medical conditions, such as heart and pulmonary problems or diabetes, you definitely should consult your personal physician in preparing for a trip. "I feel strongly that such a patient's own physician knows best and should advise on conditions of travel for that patient," said Dr. Wolfe. But, though a personal doctor may know one's bodily condition very well, he or she may not, for example, know the altitude of Lima, Peru. That's when the travel specialists can consult. "Private doctors call on us for advice, and we give it," said Dr. Wolfe.

Get a medical report to carry with you

What your personal doctor can do for your traveling health:
- Thoroughly check your physical condition.
- Give you most required travel shots. (Yellow fever shots must be obtained at a designated Yellow Fever Vaccination Center, listed by the local health department.)
- Prescribe a supply of any drugs you take regularly, which you will carry with you.
- Provide a medical report, if needed, for you to carry with you should you require another doctor's assistance.
- Supply a reduced-size electrocardiogram or X-ray, if medically indicated.

Whenever you fly: be prepared
Some medical problems may be worsened by air travel. In addition to the automatic cabin oxygen system, airplanes carry first-aid oxygen for administration during flight to individual passengers with heart or lung conditions, severe anemia, and some eye conditions. If you've had abdominal or cataract surgery, or recent pneumothorax (collapsed lung), flying may be a bad idea; ask your doctor. If you have had phlebitis or any impaired circulation in your arms or legs, move about regularly in the plane during long flights, do heel-and-toe exercises, elevate feet, really work at keeping circulation stimulated. If leg-vein clots are a threat to you, it might justify your taking first-class accommo- *(Continued on page 192)*

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(Continued from page 191)

dations with their greater freedom of movement. Of course you'll take an anti-airsickness drug before you fly, if you know that plane travel makes you queasy.

A physician who is in doubt about whether his or her patient should fly may consult the regional medical officer of the airline the patient would use to help make this decision.

In the airport: aid at hand

Passengers who need to avoid overexertion, or who have any disability in walking, can have wheelchair service for boarding and leaving airplanes and for transfers between airlines; to the surgical first-aid supplies required by the Federal Aviation Administration.

When a plane lands with a sick passenger, a pilot radios the tower operator, who in turn alerts medical workers. If necessary, an ambulance awaits the plane with life-support systems at the ready, to transport the patient to the nearest hospital, which itself may be in television contact with the air terminal. For less serious conditions, such as airsickness, patients are taken by wheelchair to the first-aid room where they'll get care and a chance to rest and recover.

Disaster plans are ready when an airplane aloft is in trouble, or if an accident occurs on the field. Fire and rescue equipment will pour in from all surrounding stations to supplement those of the airport, if necessary.

"Check health insurance to be sure it covers you in travel"

arrange this when you buy your ticket.

In major United States airports, medical and first-aid facilities are available to help passengers, airline employees, and anybody who happens to be in the terminal. At Washington National Airport, for example, the first-aid unit is staffed by three nurses during all hours the airport is open—7:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.—seven days a week. A staffed emergency ambulance is on call twenty-four hours a day. A private-practice physician is on call on the airport grounds.

What if you get sick on the plane?

If you are unexpectedly ill when in flight, cabin attendants will be helpful. Ask for assistance, especially if you go into the toilet and feel weak or dizzy. Flight attendants have basic first-aid training on United States airlines. While CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation) training is not yet required, major airlines are moving toward providing this training for all flying employees.

When a passenger becomes seriously ill, it's up to the captain to decide whether the plane must return, make an unscheduled landing, or continue to its destination. If a doctor is on board as a passenger, the pilot may request the physician to make a medical determination of the patient's condition in order to make a decision about landing. But the decision rests with the pilot, who has to consider all the factors of time and location as well as the safety and well-being of all passengers.

Some physicians say they wish airlines would have a doctor or trained paramedic on board large flights, particularly overseas ones; but the reality is that in a medical emergency today one trusts luck that there will be a volunteering doctor among the passengers. Most doctors will give assistance; a survey by *American Medical News* found more than nine out of ten physicians say they will volunteer medical help in an emergency. Those who prefer not to volunteer say their reasons include not having medical supplies to give adequate treatment. They wish airlines would carry a medical kit including drugs and instruments, in addition

What you should do for your own travel health:

- Consult doctor or travel medicine specialist at least a month before departure.
- Carry with you (not in your baggage) the medicines you need, including antimalarial drugs, diarrhea medicine, water-treatment pills, insect repellent. Include flight comfort items: saline solution to keep eyes and nose tissues moist; decongestant spray; antacid pills.
- Remember multivitamins when you're on a prolonged trip to places where you should not eat raw fruits and vegetables.
- Wear a medical identification chain or bracelet if you need it.
- Join IAMAT (International Association for Medical Assistance to Travellers). It provides lists of English-speaking doctors in foreign countries who will treat you at a stipulated fee; gives you safe eating and drinking rules and climate conditions for major cities throughout the world; provides special guidance on malaria risks; charges no fees but accepts donations. United States office is: IAMAT, Suite 5620, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10118.
- Check your health insurance coverage to be sure it covers you in travel. The Blue Cross and Blue Shield health care plans, for example, are in effect wherever you may be. But in another country, you usually have to pay for your medical care as you receive it and file your insurance claim to be reimbursed later, at home.
- Two important guides to have if you're going to travel internationally and if you're going to tropical areas are:

Health Information for International Travel 1980: This is the official manual by the government's Center for Disease Control, part of the Public Health Service. To order it, send $4.50 for Stock no. 017-023-00138-8, Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402.

Health Hints for the Tropics, 8th Edition, is published by The American Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene. Send a dollar to Tropical Medicine and Hygiene News, 3307 Harrell Street, Wheaton MD 20906. ▽

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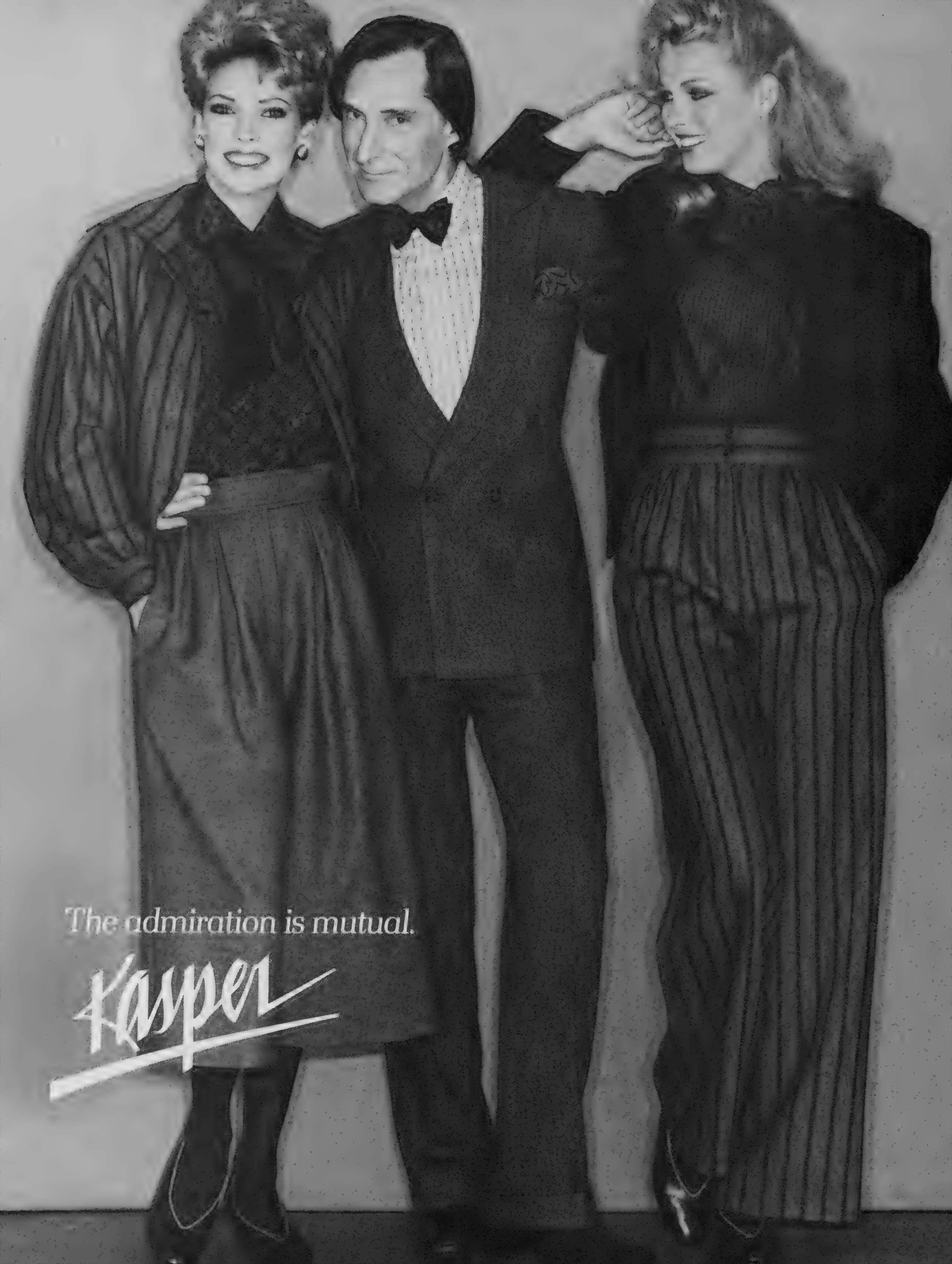
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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **August**

Leo: You're a public-relations pro. **Virgo:** Timing is all. **Libra:** Work before play. **Scorpio:** Diplomacy wins the day. **Sagittarius:** Think twice about money. **Capricorn:** Go with the gamble. **Aquarius:** New lover, new life. **Pisces:** The success story? You! **Aries:** Play the supporting role. **Taurus:** Reach out to friends. **Gemini:** Put love life in order. **Cancer:** Taste life in the fast lane.

MONICA INCISA

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

Facile, quick-witted Mercury aids your "public relations" from the 2nd to the 16th by easing your give and take with others and bringing out the wheeler-dealer in you. Set aside the 4th to wrap up old commitments, the 5th to seek favors. By the 8th, your project should be launched. The support you receive from a loved one on the 12th will help on the 14th when an unexpected situation throws your life off balance. Mercury's move to a new sign will set things right again after the 17th.

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

Now that clever Mercury is in Leo, the sign behind your own, you can start to organize your project: incorporate the unique idea that comes your way on the 4th, firm it up by the 8th, but keep it under wraps. Though everything goes your way on the 12th, be cautious on the 14th and 15th. Start to unveil your plan on the 17th; by the 20th and 21st, you will receive the first favorable responses. Reviews may be mixed on the 29th, but the deck is stacked in your favor.

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

From the 1st to the 18th, previous commitments force you to put your nose to the grindstone and you don't come into your own social, fun-loving self until the 19th. By then, you are more than ready to come out of your cocoon: throw a party on the 24th; jump into a heady new adventure on the 27th. New moon on the 29th will spur you to look for a partner; on the 31st your search will be aided in a most surprising way.

Scorpio

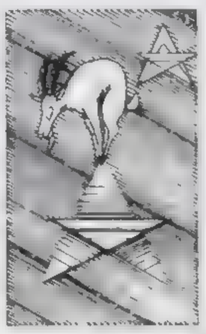
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 21

Your ruler in a water sign, Cancer, will bring out your diplomatic side this month; and, during a trip on the 8th and 9th, you will be able to rekindle the interest of friends and partners in your current project. Full moon on the 15th spurs you to get down to serious business: start to woo powerful people to your side from the 21st to the 24th; shift into high gear from the 26th to the 28th. By the 31st, you will be reaping the rewards of your clever game plan.

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

The dynamic chemistry of free-wheeling Jupiter and conscientious Saturn provides you with just the right frame of mind to reevaluate your financial future during the first five days of the month. This history-making partnership continues to work for you on the 20th when you sign an agreement that will have a significant influence on your future. Expect a cheering message on the 21st. The bonus you deserve may come on the 31st; be prepared to celebrate!



Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

No wonder everything you touch this month turns to gold: generous Jupiter will team up with your ruler, Saturn, for the first time in twenty years and all your projects will expand with dizzying speed. You are normally on the conservative side but, from the 19th on, with your popularity surging, you feel the urge to gamble in both your career and your love life. Look up old friends on the 24th, then make the rest of the month a holiday!

Aquarius

JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

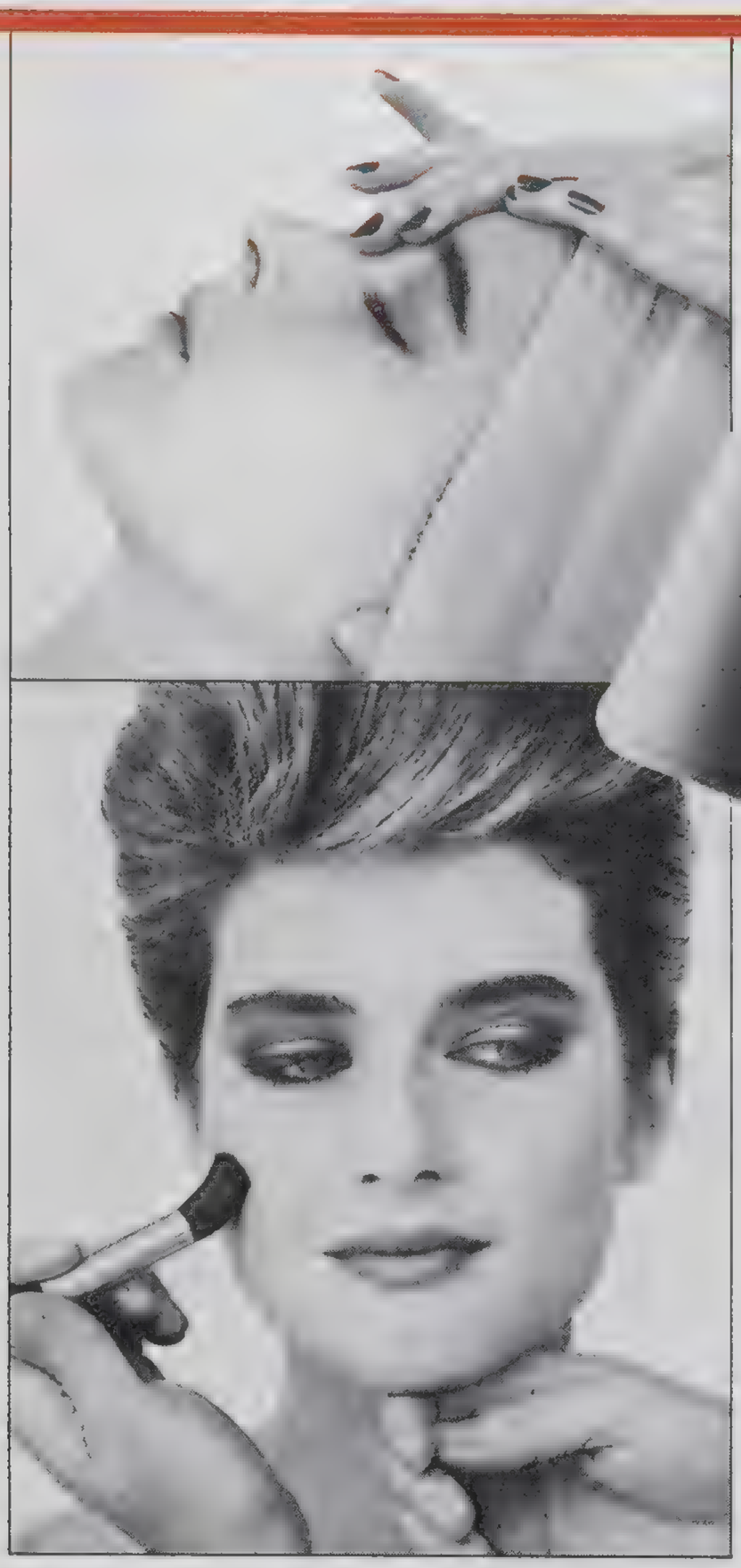
This is your last chance at the brass ring for the time being with your ruler, Uranus, coming to the end of its transit in power-oriented Scorpio. During the first eighteen days of the month, imaginative Venus will come to your rescue with a thrilling new lover and several exciting—and unusual—experiences that will turn your life in an exhilarating new direction. With the energizing power of the full moon on the 15th, it all starts to come together; by the 26th and 27th, you are well on your way to a satisfying new life.

(Continued on page 199)

IT'S RED DOOR TIME!

TIME to kiss summerstyle goodbye! Skin feels new after a 50-minute Face Treatment with our Specialist... looks new after a 30-minute Makeup application with beautiful "Bittersweet" shades of autumn. Hair is full-bodied, freshly colored and styled to enhance the season's hats!

Fashion's first priority is the cape-collared coat with a couture look. Ours, in camel wool by André Laug.



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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 197)

Pisces

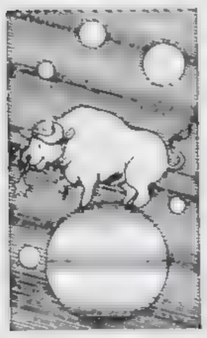
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

The potent chemistry of your ruler, mystical Neptune, and adventurous Pluto stirs you to make headlines between the 11th and the end of the month. The information you receive on the 11th and 12th will convince you that this is the perfect time to go public with your project. By month's end, *you* are the success story!

Aries

MARCH 21–APRIL 19

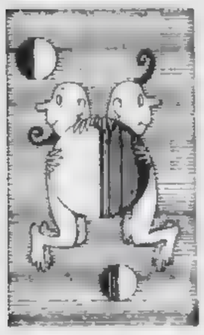
You may feel a bit fragile the first few days of the month with your ruler, Mars, in sensitive Cancer. Let your partner take the lead while you play the supporting role. Use this time to test out new methods of dealing with people, and direct your pitch to a new group. A surprise on the 26th and 27th proves that your new approach works and fires you to break ground in new areas. By the 29th, you are in the driver's seat.



Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

"Routine" is the only word to describe the first two weeks of the month: boredom will be your major problem. But full moon on the 15th will stir you to reach out and plan some pleasant outings with friends. On the 20th, an old friend's invitation opens up a dazzling new world to you. Listen to the career advice that comes your way on the 27th, then put it to work for you on the 29th. Your career and finances will benefit.



Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 20

Your social life absorbs your interest the first sixteen days of the month—and no wonder: on the 5th, you run across an intimate from the past; from the 9th to the 15th, you become involved with a captivating new person. Mid-month, business commitments will send you back to the drawing board, but it all pays off on the 21st. Around the 29th, set your love life in order. By the 31st, you will know you have made the right decision.

Cancer

JUNE 21–JULY 22

The month Mars will spur you to tackle every challenge in sight. You run into a temporary detour in your love life on the 5th. But, by the 8th, you can channel your energies in a new direction. On the 20th and 21st, the tide begins to turn your way in terms of business. If you utilize all your resources on the 26th and 27th, you may pull off a coup on the 29th that makes you realize that life in the fast lane suits you after all.

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More about good eating and food habits, pages 276, 277

JULIA CHILD

CHICKEN SALAD WITH FETA

six servings

4 skinned and boned chicken breasts, halved
1½ to 2 cups chicken stock
2 tablespoons finely diced celery and shallots (or scallions)
1 tablespoon very good olive oil
Thyme, bay leaf, lemon juice, salt, pepper
2 to 3 tablespoons minced fresh parsley
Red and green peppers, finely diced
1 cucumber, peeled, seeded, diced
Romaine lettuce
2 or 3 eggs, hard-boiled
Cherry tomatoes (or ripe regular ones)

Poach chicken breasts for 6-8 minutes (until just springy to the touch) in enough chicken stock to cover them, along with thyme and bay leaf. Let cool in liquid 10-15 minutes. Toss diced celery, half the shallots, red and green peppers, and cucumber in mixing bowl with lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste.

Drain and dice chicken, toss with lemon juice, salt, pepper, and remaining shallots. Shred romaine lettuce, and arrange on flat platter. Over that, spread vegetables; mound chicken in center. Chop eggs finely; toss with minced parsley, salt and pepper. Spread over chicken. Garnish with halved cherry tomatoes or quartered regular ones. Pass homemade mayonnaise separately. Serve with toasted pita-bread triangles; split pita bread in half, cut in large triangles. Sprinkle with salt and Provençal herb seasoning and toast; butter is optional. A flavorful side dish: feta cheese tossed with pepper, soy sauce, and parsley or chives.

CRAIG CLAIBORNE

TARRAGON LOBSTER SALAD

serves six to eight

2 1½-pound live lobsters or 2 cups cubed cooked lobster meat
1 egg yolk
2 teaspoons white-wine vinegar
1 tablespoon imported mustard, such as Dijon or Düsseldorf
1 tablespoon tomato paste
Salt if desired, freshly ground pepper
⅛ teaspoon cayenne or Tabasco sauce
¾ cup olive oil
Juice of ¼ lemon
1 teaspoon chopped tarragon or ½ teaspoon dried, chopped
¾ cup cubed seeded tomatoes
6 to 12 leaves crisp romaine lettuce
2 teaspoons cognac
Optional: ½ cup cubed *foie gras*

If live lobsters are used, drop them into vigorously boiling water and cover. Cook 10 minutes and remove from heat. Let stand about 15 minutes. Drain and let cool.

When lobsters cool, crack and remove meat from claws and tail. Set aside any red coral. Refrigerate until ready to use.

For light mayonnaise, place yolk in mixing bowl; add vinegar, mustard, tomato paste, salt, pepper to taste, and cayenne. Gradually add oil while beating vigorously with wire whisk. Beat in lemon juice, tarragon, cognac.

Add lobster (*foie gras*, if desired) and tomatoes to mayonnaise, and fold in with rubber spatula. This may be done in advance and refrigerated for an hour or so.

To serve: stack romaine lettuce leaves and cut into fine shreds, using a heavy sharp knife. Add to salad and fold in. Serve immediately.

JAMES BEARD

BREAST OF DUCK SALAD WITH TRANSPARENT NOODLES

four servings

1 pound mushrooms
3 shallots, finely chopped
½ cup each olive oil and wine vinegar
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
1 teaspoon each, salt and freshly ground black pepper
3 ounces transparent noodles
2 heads Boston lettuce (optional)
2 heads Bibb lettuce
2 bunches scallions, shredded
4 to 6 beets, cooked, peeled, and sliced
1 whole cooked duck breast, cut into julienne strips
¼ pound raw sugar snap peas

Vinaigrette
1 teaspoon coarse (kosher) salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
3 tablespoons wine vinegar
6 tablespoons olive oil

Garnish
Crisp duck skin and chopped parsley

Put noodles in bowl, cover with cold water, and allow to soak for *(Continued on page 202)*

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FOOD EXPERTS' SALADS

(Continued from page 200)

1 to 2 hours. Drain. Put back in bowl, cover with boiling water and soak for 30 to 45 minutes. Drain.

Clean mushrooms by wiping with damp paper towel. Remove stems; put caps in bowl with shallots, olive oil, vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper. Toss well; cover, marinate for 1 hour or longer. Then taste for seasoning.

Arrange lettuce leaves attractively on large round or oval platter. Top with marinated mushrooms, noodles, scallions, beets, duck breast, and raw sugar snap peas.

For vinaigrette, mix the salt, pepper, Dijon mustard, and vinegar in bowl. Add oil and blend well with fork.

Spoon vinaigrette over salad and garnish with strips of duck skin that have been cooked in 2 to 3 inches hot oil in a skillet until very crisp and drained well; add chopped parsley.

Note: The secret of a composed salad is the way it's put together. Arrange your ingredients with an eye to color and texture.

ARTHUR GOLD and ROBERT FIZDALE

SALMON-SHRIMP SALAD WITH ARUGULA DRESSING

four to six servings

1-pound slice fresh salmon (about 1-inch thick)
1 lemon
1 teaspoon capers, drained
2 tablespoons chopped chives
½ pound uncooked shrimp
Pinch or 2 cayenne pepper
¾ pound fresh string beans (thin young beans, if available)
2 scallions, white part only, thinly sliced
1 pound lima beans
1 cucumber
1 pound ripe red tomatoes (or 12 cherry tomatoes)
Optional: strips of sweet red pepper

Arugula Dressing
1 cup finely chopped arugula, packed down
6 tablespoons wine vinegar
10 tablespoons olive oil
½ cup Clamato juice
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
1 to 2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
Pinch of sugar
1 to 2 tablespoons low-fat yogurt

Steam or poach salmon for about 8 minutes. Test by cutting through center. It is done as soon as inside has turned pale pink. When cool enough to handle, separate the salmon into large flakes, carefully discarding the skin and bones. Sprinkle generously with lemon juice. Mix with capers and chives. Marinate fish in a small bowl in 1/4 cup of the dressing, mixing it gently with your hands.

Cook shrimp in simmering water for 2-3 minutes, just till shrimp turn pink. Drain and peel. Marinate in 1/4 cup of dressing with pinch or 2 of cayenne; put in cool place (not refrigerator, which tends to toughen shrimp).

Trim string beans and boil in salted water until tender but still crisp and bright green (5 to 10 minutes). Put into sieve at once and run cold water over them. Drain and dry well on paper towels. Marinate with sliced scallions in 1/4 cup of dressing, stirring occasionally.

Shell lima beans. Boil in salted water until tender, but still firm (15 to 20 minutes). Drain and dry on paper towels. Marinate in 1/4 cup of dressing, tossing occasionally.

Peel and trim ends of cucumber, cut in half lengthwise, scoop out seeds. Cut in 1/4-inch slices, marinate in 3 tablespoons of dressing.

Peel tomatoes and cut into 1/4-inch slices. Marinate in 3 tablespoons of dressing. (If using cherry tomatoes, halve them vertically.)

Arrange overlapping slices of tomatoes in center of platter. Mound salmon in center, leaving border of tomatoes. Arrange shrimp in circle around tomatoes, with lima beans as "base" around platter. Arrange string beans in four separate clusters "tied" with red-pepper strips laid across each bundle. Alternate with four rows of cucumber half-circles. Some shrimp can be laid across cucumbers. (If using cherry tomatoes, they can be placed around outside of platter or around salmon mound.)

Note: If any of marinating ingredients seem to be sitting in too much dressing, drain some dressing off before arranging platter. ▽

The line women fall for

Schrader Sport
by EMIL De JOHN

available at MACY'S California

Prime time for great vintages

Holding a fine wine: how long is too long?—plus some good American buys

BY MARTIN GERSH

For reasons I shall fully explain, I have come to believe that in superb vintage years (always the longest-lived), such as 1945, 1961, and 1970, *fine* French red wines invariably reach their full potential within the first ten to fifteen years of life; and the *greatest* require about twenty years to arrive at the same state. If you wish to experience these matchless wines at their best, I therefore urge you to drink them during the five to ten years succeeding that apex of development—as I always do when circumstances allow it.

Through enterprise and good fortune, during the last ten years I have purchased many exceptional older and well-cared-for French red wines, such as Ausone and Latour 1937, Cheval Blanc 1940 and 1943, Musigny 1942, Clos de Vougeot 1947, Grands Échézeaux, Lafite, Latour, and Margaux 1949, Latour 1950, Cheval Blanc and Mouton-Rothschild 1952, Cheval Blanc, Lafite, La Mission-Haut-Brion, and Richebourg 1953, Haut-Brion and La Mission-Haut-Brion 1955, and Pétrus 1957, among others. Not one of those bottles remains today. Throughout the period we were enjoying them, my wife and I agreed that the wines that were between twenty and thirty years of age put forth a remarkably undiminished degree of thrust, freshness and exuberance—vibrant qualities the even older examples, wonderful though they were, could no longer quite match.

Certain other highly revealing wine adventures have also contributed to my present view: a series of dinners given in the mid-1970s by a devoted collector of fine wines; and an extensive preview tasting staged prior to a much-publicized wine auction.

At the dinners, many first-quality ten- to twenty-year-old French red wines were served; and all were in perfect condition. Comparatively youthful wines comprised the overwhelming majority on those occasions, but there were some notable exceptions: Châteaux Desmirail 1929, Mouton-Rothschild 1934, Margaux 1937, and Mouton-Rothschild 1943—all four emphatically "over the hill" when we drank them.

Investing in wines often leads to the regrettable assumption that they increase not only in monetary value but in excellence for an almost unlimited period of time. During the preview tasting for the wine auction, our party of four sampled more than thirty great bottles from famous vintages, ranging from twelve to forty-five years of age. Much to our sorrow, only a small minority of the wines tasted appeared to have any genuine vitality left—and those were all considerably less than thirty years old. Notwithstanding their possible historic or sentimental interest, the remainder offered little or no drinking pleasure.

Analysis of these experiences has led me to formulate two principles which I adhere to quite passionately: (1) I shall never allow any French red wine in my possession—even from the greatest of vintages—to attain thirty years of age. (2) The ultimate destiny of every wine should be that it be enjoyed while at the summit of its glory, *before* its turning point and the inevitable process of decline has begun.

RECOMMENDATIONS

U.S.A.

● *GEYSER PEAK CHARDONNAY 1978*

An engagingly forthright and youthful white wine possessing fine density and an attractive sweet finish to its taste, Geyser Peak 1978, from Sonoma County, California, represents an excellent wine value at $6–$7.50. *Required aeration time: Refrigerate for three hours, then aerate for thirty minutes. (Important note: Always remember to recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)*

● *CHATEAU ST. JEAN CHARDONNAY 1977 (WILDWOOD VINEYARDS),* ● *CHATEAU ST. JEAN CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1976 (WILDWOOD VINEYARDS), and* ● *CHATEAU ST. JEAN CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1976 (LAUREL GLEN VINEYARDS)*

At a dinner given by very good friends, my wife and I, with one other couple, were served this delectable trio of Sonoma Valley, California, wines. Right from the outset, all three Chateau St. Jean wines, young but very drinkable, exhibited a multitude of virtues—including creamy texture and a fine fusion of taste elements, added to distinctive grace and polish.

The 1977 Chardonnay had a beguiling originality that did not bring to mind any other white wine that I know. Of middle tonality, its taste was marked by a rich, mellow fruitiness—a perfect foil for the delicately saline flavor of the Scotch salmon accompanying it at the start of our meal.

We all observed with interest that the two 1976 St. Jean Cabernets differed from one another significantly. The Wildwood Vineyards example was a deep and ample red wine, reminding me of the great Pomerol, Château Trotanoy; whereas the Laurel Glen Vineyards Cabernet, of good size yet not huge, was suave and exceptionally charming. Deceptively simple and perfect veal scallops, in a transparent-textured wine sauce, served with wild rice, enhanced the delights of both bottles.

Viewed as a totality, the Chateau St. Jean ensemble unquestionably represents winemaking of a very high order. I recommend all three bottles enthusiastically—the 1977 Chardonnay at about $20, and the two 1976 Cabernets at about $15 each. *Required aeration time (the same for all three wines): fifteen to twenty minutes. Before aerating the Chardonnay, give it two hours of refrigeration.*

● *LOUIS M. MARTINI CABERNET SAUVIGNON PRIVATE RESERVE 1974*

This very pretty California Mountain red wine is subtle, delicate and very fruity—again interestingly reminiscent of fine French Pomerols, whose graciousness derives from the Merlot grape. The wine should continue along its present delightful course for at least two years longer. Highly recommended at $10–$12. *Required aeration time: five to ten minutes.*

INTERNATIONAL COMPARISONS

● *ROBERT MONDAVI CABERNET SAUVIGNON RESERVE 1974 and* ● *CHÂTEAU PÉTRUS 1971*

A short time ago, my wife and I drank a Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve 1974, and found it to be an exceptionally fine wine. Its characteristics were so outstanding that I would have recommended the California red wine wholeheartedly—at a price of $20 or $25. Instead, the bottle cost about $36, which I did not feel could be justified in view of these facts: (1) I had recently bought a number of outstanding French Bordeaux, such as 1971s of Châteaux Certan-de-May, La Tour-Haut-Brion, Montrose and Vieux Château Certan, all for well under $20; and (2) I had purchased and enjoyed other noteworthy California Cabernets, including the very fine Silver Oak 1975, for between $7 and $16.

Accordingly, I did not then recommend the Mondavi wine, but my decision made me uneasy—so uneasy, that I subsequently put the wine to the ultimate test by comparing it with the supremely great Château Pétrus 1971.

At the comparison tasting, we found Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve 1974 and Château Pétrus 1971 to be well-matched wines, distinguished by grandeur, impressively deep taste, and rare fascination. However, we agreed that Pétrus 1971 proved the greater of the two, since its complexity and the extra measure of personality it possesses went a small but significant degree beyond those of the admittedly remarkable Mondavi wine.

Where does all this leave me, in terms of Robert Mondavi's Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve 1974? With this conclusion: in today's mad market, where acknowledged First Growth French wines like Pétrus, from recent good vintages, currently sell for sums *far above* the Mondavi's $36, this superb American wine, a true work of art, clearly merits its price—and is therefore recommended to all of you who want an extraordinary wine experience from a product of our own culture.

As for Château Pétrus 1971, the wine is total perfection in the bottle, and is recommended up to $60. *Required aeration time (the same for both wines): fifteen minutes.* ▽

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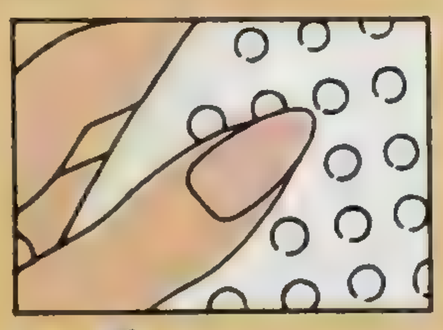

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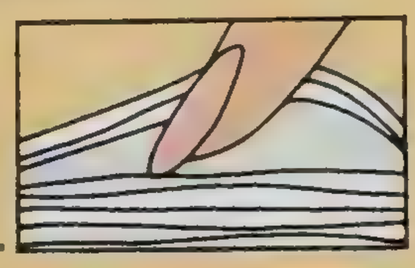

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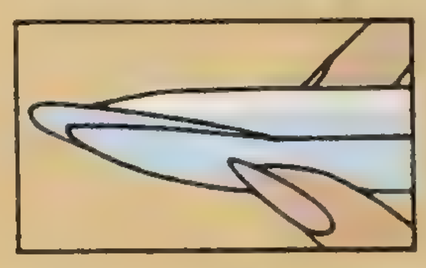

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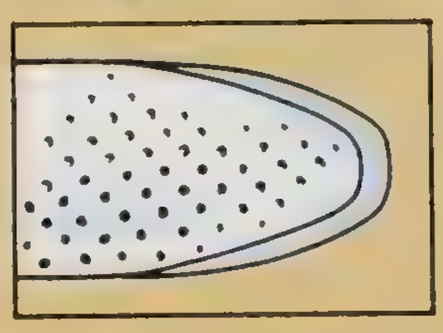

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Hair Now

Healthier hair—by stylist or by mail...
plus advice from a star model's new book

Vogue's first black cover model, veteran superstar model—and still starring—married and a mother, Beverly Johnson's now the author of a beauty book, out in October, excerpted here

verall beauty and health advice crams *Beverly Johnson's Guide to a Life of Beauty* (Times Books)—on diet, fitness, childbirth, makeup, and skin care—most of which applies to all women. The section below on hair texture and styling—from the chapter called "Your Beautiful Hair"—zeroes in more on black women's concerns. (That's Beverly, in two different hair styles for Vogue, *above*.)

The Natural

Although styles change from season to season, the "natural" is still one many women like.

At the salon: While the natural requires fewer trips to the salon than most styles, it does need repeated trims and expert shaping. Your natural should be shaped to complement your bone structure and features. I like the neat, close-cropped style, and that means a trim every three or five weeks.

Because this style is so tightly curled, scalp oils don't always reach hair ends, even when hair is cut short. Conditioning is a must; how often depends on your hair, but you won't have to worry about compensating for the use of chemicals (for relaxing, etc.)—a definite advantage to this look.

At home: If you want to add variety—change styles without undergoing any chemical processes—you can grow a longer natural and achieve a loose curl, when you want it, with a hot-comb/curling-iron technique known as thermal pressing. Your stylist can show you how this technique can be adapted to your hair's needs. The basic method is: after shampooing and rinsing, *(Continued on page 213)*

Beverly Johnson's Guide to a Life of Beauty, Copyright © 1981 by Beverly Johnson; to be published in October by Times Books

TOPKNOTS, ponytails, and cornrows are cool summer styles—"but wearing them for extended periods of time can lead to permanent hair loss," says Hillard H. Pearlstein, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology, Mount Sinai School of Medicine, NYC. "Tension caused by pulling your hair up or back too tightly can cause it to fall out and not be replaced. Cornrowing is the most extreme, because it stresses every hair on your head." His advice: If you wear this style, don't wear it for more than one week.

Hair mail

The terms "dry," "oily," and "normal" oversimplify hair problems, as two conditions can exist simultaneously. The new Le Salon Hair System considers this when deciding which of its products will do the most for the health—and good looks—of your hair . . . and will advise by mail. More info, write: Le Salon, 16 W. 57th St., NYC 10019.

Among the prettiest hair ornaments we've seen: handmade 24k-gold-plated combs to wear singly—or in pairs—tucked in to frame a chignon. Designed by Robert Lee Morris for the Kansai fall collection in four styles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City. Combs at right range from about $90 to $140. Details, stores, next to last pages.

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HAIR NOW

(Continued from page 208)

dry your hair with a blow dryer and brush to get out as much curl as you can. Then use the hot comb to press more curl out, section by section. Now curl each section with the curling iron, pinning the curls as you do them. When your hair is all curled and cool, remove the pins for your comb-out.

Relaxed Hair

With all the advances in hair relaxers, many different textures and styles are possible: your hair can be completely straightened and set on rollers anytime you want curl; it can be straightened at the crown and back, leaving a frame of curls around your forehead and at ends, or it can be "selectively relaxed"—relaxed only a little so that the fuller texture remains, but the tightness of the curl is loosened to allow variety in styling. With selective relaxing, you can use hair gel to style your hair in waves, curls, or in a natural.

Many salons have begun using permanent wave lotions on black hair to loosen the curl into gentle waves, but this can only be done on hair that hasn't been relaxed.

At the salon: I would never recommend your trying any of these relaxing techniques at home. Only a professional can properly administer the chemicals and monitor your hair's relaxation.

The conditioning of your hair is important to discuss with your stylist. What he or she does at the salon will involve preparations not available for home use; they require expertise for proper application. But he can suggest to you ways to wash, condition, and limit the use of electric hair appliances on relaxed hair at home.

At home: The combination of rollers and a hood dryer is the best method for setting relaxed hair. It's much less drying than first blowing the hair and then using electric rollers. Never sleep with rollers in your hair, as this causes pulling and breakage. Ask your stylist about special setting lotions.

Beverly Johnson's best hair ideas: gentle care, great versatility

Braiding

There are definite advantages to braiding. It doesn't involve the use of any chemicals; it can be done over the whole head, or only on certain areas; its look can vary from one large braid or a hundred smaller ones; it gives you instant drama, but is easily taken out when you tire of it. What's also great about braids is that you can have this look whether or not your hair has been straightened.

At the salon: The most exclusive salons in New York have stylists who only braid hair! Their work is the most innovative as well as the most expensive. I've had extensions and gold beads added to my hair for length and decoration. I've also seen beautiful work with shells, beads, and other ornaments creatively sewn into the hair.

At home: Because the braids can get fuzzy easily, your at-home care has to be extra gentle. Shampoo should be patted on gently and rinsed out with help from your hands—easiest in the shower. Conditioner or rinse is applied and rinsed off in the same way. Blot hair gently with a towel and tie a cotton scarf around your head to keep the braided hair from getting fuzzy as it dries naturally.

Wigs

Wigs are great for evening allure or a change in hairstyle that doesn't involve any permanent change to your own hair.

When you choose a wig, be sure that the cap fits securely, but not tightly. It should have a wide mesh lining to let scalp breathe. A tight cap can cause breakage at the hairline. To further protect your own hair, braid it loosely before putting the wig on.

For a very believable look, I like wigs in a shade closest to your hair color. That way you can free some of your own hair at the hairline and brush it back into the wig—no one will be able to see where the wig starts. You can have your stylist trim the wig while you're wearing it, to tailor it to your bone structure.

I don't think you should wear a wig every day. And by all means, never sleep with your wig on. Follow manufacturers' care instructions for long wig durability. ▽

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Health

Birth-control option for some…your iodine requirements revised…wedding rings that radiate…garlic's goodness in your blood

By Melva Weber

CERVICAL CAP: FIT FOR YOU?

If the current surge of interest is an indication, the cervical cap may turn out to become a leading contraceptive device. Made of rubber or plastic, it's a small thimble- or bell-shaped cover that fits snugly over the cervix, may be used with or without spermicidal foam or gel, and can be left in place longer than a diaphragm, as much as a week at a time. It's inexpensive: about $6.

The problems: cervical caps are made virtually exclusively by Lamberts Ltd., of London, England. They can't be used by all women, take skillful fitting instruction, have not been approved for marketing by the Food and Drug Administration.

Washington Post writer Sandy Rovner, who has thoroughly researched the caps, reports that a number of women's clinics in this country have developed fitting instruction. Doctors may prescribe cervical caps under FDA investigational protocols which give the requirements for research and informed consent of patients. The National Institutes of Health (NIH) are now conducting safety and efficacy studies of the caps. For information about the caps, send $2.50 to National Women's Health Network, 224 7th Street SE, Washington DC 20003.

GARLIC AS MEDICINE

A favorite seasoning, garlic now has been found to be an effective, though short-lasting, blood-clot preventive. Pharmacologist David J. Boullin, in Oxford, England, decided to test garlic—credited with health-giving qualities as a food—as an anticoagulant. Three healthy volunteers each ate garlic cloves amounting to about one-third of an ounce. Blood samples were tested for platelet-shape changes that precede clotting and for platelet clumping that leads to forming of clots. Dr. Boullin, reporting in *The Lancet,* says the anticlotting action almost certainly was due to an oil found in garlic.

HANDY DOCTOR DIRECTORY

Finding the right personal physician isn't always easy, especially when you're new in an area. Recently, there has been a trend toward local physicians directories, usually compiled by consumer organizations, giving useful facts, not "blatant" advertising, about physicians in the area who have submitted information about themselves and their practices. Generally included: physician's name, office address, and full identification citing specialty ratings, educational background, certifications, hospital and group-practice affiliations, the medical procedures offered, their office hours, and fees.

Health Research Group (HRG), a public-interest organization, can tell you if a physicians directory is available in your area, and how to get one if there is. Write Health Research Group, 200 P Street NW, Washington DC 20036.

AID FOR ALLERGIES

All fourteen million Americans who suffer from allergies may someday get treatment for the condition itself, rather than just symptomatic relief. At Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions, an immunology team headed by Kimishige Ishizaka, M.D., Ph.D., has discovered a pair of body substances—he calls them immunoglobulin E (IgE, a fluid body protein) binding factors—that can control the formation of IgE antibodies, molecules that set off the allergic reactions by inducing the excessive release of histamine from IgE cells. If binding factors can be manipulated to suppress the antibodies—found only in the blood of allergy sufferers—the reaction possibly could be stopped at its source. The research team hopes to isolate the suppressive factor in humans and to develop it in tissue culture. "It could be an important advance," said Dr. Ishizaka. If not, it's a step toward understanding allergy.

MORE IODINE THAN YOU NEED

To ward off goiter, a disease of enlarged thyroid glands, many of us were taught to eat extra iodine in saltwater foods and iodized salt. Recent research indicates we now probably get more iodine than necessary.

The Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council recommends a daily iodine allowance of 150 micrograms for adults and adolescents, with an added twenty-five micrograms during pregnancy, fifty while breast feeding. Latest diet studies show adult iodine intakes of four and one-half times the recommended amount. Use of iodized salt will add about three hundred micrograms of iodine each day.

Though on the decrease, the biggest source of extra iodine is dairy products, according to the Total Diet Study of the Food and Drug Administration. Chemicals called iodophors are used to disinfect milk machinery and cows' udders before milking. Cattle consume iodized salt and feed.

Other sources, writes Flora Taylor in *FDA Consumer,* may include food dye Red No. 3, or erythrosine, in cereals, cake mixes, canned fruits, vitamin pill coatings. Experts aren't sure whether the iodine in red dye is absorbed by the body. Cereal and bread sources account for more iodine; some dough conditioners could add almost a day's allotment in an ounce of bread.

A study group of the American Medical Association has stated that intakes of up to two thousand micrograms per day in healthy adults have not been found harmful; but added information is needed to establish a safe level. Asthma medications taken by pregnant women, providing 12,000 micrograms of iodine daily, have been reported to cause goiters in their babies.

The FDA's Bureau of Foods has cut off approval of new iodine compounds for use in foods. And *The Journal of the American Medical Association* has alerted physicians to health problems that may arise from too much iodine in the diet.

WHAT MAKES A "RADIANT" BRIDE

Remember when "wedding ring rash" was suspected as a symptom of unhappiness with marriage? This year, the real answer has emerged—radioactive-contaminated gold. In cases reported to the New York State Health Department, skin lesions that wouldn't respond to treatment, and even one cancer of the finger, were traced to gold jewelry that emitted radiation. Experts believe the "hot" gold came from reclaimed radon seeds made of 24-karat gold used in radiation therapy, which, though spent, still carried active radon "daughters." Doctors who suspect radioactivity in dermatitis may ask for evaluation from state radiation control or nuclear-medicine laboratories.

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Making a grand-slam movie: the astonishing Louis Malle

How France's bold-stroke director played his cards—to win—in "Atlantic City"

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Born in 1932, French director Louis Malle is a sleek darter who slips through the meshes of every net. Unlike Ingmar Bergman, who impales his characters on crucifixes of despair, or Federico Fellini, who places spinning balls on the noses of *his* misfit harlequins, Malle doesn't operate from any fixed point of view about life under God's all-encompassing gaze. He is unpin-downable in style and temperament and subject matter; he nips every corner of the strike zone.

Since his apprenticeship with Jacques Cousteau *(The Silent World)* and Robert Bresson *(A Man Escaped)*, Malle has careened from the lapping eroticism of *The Lovers* to the flash of *Zazie dans le Metro,* from the discreet-charm-of-the-bourgeoisie slyness of *Murmur of the Heart* to the moral seriousness of *Lacombe, Lucien.* Malle has even made an ambitious stab in the documentary field with a seven-film series entitled *Phantom India.* He has paid a price for his eclectic ramblings, however; to some critics, Malle is a trifling dabbler, a name unworthy of being mentioned in the same breath with (here comes the litany) Godard, Fellini, Truffaut. Will Malle's reputation be elevated to world-class status by the success of his latest effort, *Atlantic City?*

Not bloody likely, as Eliza Doolittle might say. Though *Atlantic City* is a droll, observant, keen-witted work, it isn't an expression of directorial will-to-power; Malle isn't using the camera to carve his face on a mountain slope. In *Pretty Baby,* his first American film (1977), Malle's reticence tended to be drag-weight—the movie needed a shot of pizzazz. Life inside a New Orleans brothel seemed like a droopy pantomine, with silk-scantied whores yawning and scratching themselves in the humid tedium. Propped up amid all these ripe-fleshed odalisques were a serious-browed photographer (Keith Carradine) and his nymphet twinkie (Brooke Shields), their hair damp with mildew.

The leap forward in *Atlantic City* is its script by playwright John Guare. Unlike *Pretty Baby*'s stingy-worded script, which entombed its characters in the quiet, Guare's work is full of witty modish chatter and jokes that peek out of their holes like mischievous hares. In an echo, perhaps, of *Pretty Baby, Atlantic City* begins in rapt voyeurism: a numbers runner (Burt Lancaster) peeks through the blinds at his neighbor (Susan Sarandon) as she lingeringly, ritualistically scrubs her bare breasts and arms with squirts of lemon juice. Upstairs, lumping up a cluttered bed, is a mobster's complaining widow (Kate Reid), whom Lancaster patiently runs errands for. Without making a lot of symbolic to-do about it, Malle and Guare show that these women (one a doddering ruin, the other a fresh-faced cutie) represent Atlantic City in transition. Kate Reid is Atlantic City's flaking, crumbling past, Susan Sarandon its up-and-at-'em future.

Part of *Atlantic City*'s appeal is its salt-tanged sense of place. Some directors carry their homeland within them—you feel Bergman could make Key West look icebound and remote—but Malle moves through foreign locales with familiar ease. He adapts to new terrain, sheds old skins. Where the New Orleans of *Pretty Baby* had a damp, clinging leafiness, Malle's *Atlantic City* is a bare-girder, newly carpeted Monopoly-board kingdom edged by a spread of sickly grey water. ("The Atlantic was something then," says Lancaster, peering out at the horizon, his voice weighty with nostalgia and import. It's one of the film's best jokes.) The tackiness and avarice of this new boom-town are taken in stride, not held aloft as illustrations of the Horrors of Capitalism. A lesser director might have given every puking wino and bag lady a damning close-up.

One of the charges against Malle over the years is that he takes too many things in stride. Mother-son incest in *Murmur of the Heart,* pedophilia in *Pretty Baby*—critics have accused Malle of skimming over these subjects with trendy thoughtlessness. In *Atlantic City,* a dual homicide has become the nub of contention. Menaced by two loutish thugs who are after a packet of cocaine, Lancaster blows the pair away with a concealed gun; later, he smacks his hands together with triumphant glee. A British critic complained in *The Illustrated London News:* "Some people object to the realism of [Sam] Peckinpah violence on the screen. I object far more to the bloodless violence that Malle gives us; a violence in which killing people has neither moral nor physical consequences. No one suffers guilt or remorse, and the bodies simply crash on to the Atlantic City boardwalk like guardsmen fainting in the heat."

After John Lennon's death and President Reagan's near-assassination, it's easy to see why some critics would suffer qualms over *Atlantic City*'s casual gunplay—gunplay that suggests a few well-aimed shots can erase all troublesome obstacles. The mistake, however, is to regard *Atlantic City* as a slice-of-life drama; it's really a gambler's reverie, a buoyant fantasy in which the final spin of the dice comes up "seven." Everything eventually tallies for Lancaster's small-time operator: he makes a financial score, regains his swellegant style (white suits, spiffy shoes), and wins from Miss Sarandon an opportunity to run his hands tenderly over her breasts. Ordering drinks and chatting with cronies, Lancaster is so insinuating his tongue seems coated with cat fur. By the end of *Atlantic City,* his character has finally satisfied his taste for life at the creamy top.

If there's an underlying thread in Malle's work, it may be his unawed appreciation of women. In Fellini's films, the women are often flesh-smothering creatures descending upon the hero with an ominous waddle, their breasts bursting out of their blouses. In Fassbinder's films, the women tend to be glum narcissists gazing into turbid pools. But the women in Malle's *oeuvre* don't come snap-snap out of any mythic cookie-cutter. Brigitte Bardot's tomboyish rambunctiousness in *Viva Maria!,* Lea Massari's flirtatious poise in *Murmur of the Heart,* Jeanne Moreau's opaque allure in *The Lovers*—each performance displays women from a different angle of the prism. In *Atlantic City,* Susan Sarandon's ablutions are recorded with hushed reverence, as if she were a goddess sprucing up for an evening with Zeus. She soon emerges not as a naiad immortal, however, but as a hard-working rookie from Canada hoping to make it as a casino dealer. She's rough around the edges: "Teach me stuff," she asks Lancaster, admiring the unselfconscious flair with which he orders wine in a posh restaurant. Louis Malle may place women on a pedestal, but he doesn't keep them there long; he knows that life with all its traps and confusions is where the truly interesting "stuff" is.

Ornate and firmly built, *Atlantic City* is one of Louis Malle's most pleasing sand castles, one of which will withstand the foaming tide. What lies ahead? Well, Malle has never been one to leave behind telltale clues. His sleeve is full of surprises. ▽

"Malle doesn't operate from any fixed point of view about life. If there's an underlying thread in his work, it may be his unawed appreciation of women"

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Tortilla surprises

Mexican fast food goes international: easiest party treats, snacks—ever!

BY SONIA UVEZIAN

Looking for a quick party dish for hot summer days or nights? Something different for lunch or a snack? Tortillas are the answer. And now those basically Mexican corn or whole-wheat flour "shells" have gone international, thanks to award-winning cookbook writer Sonia Uvezian who has adapted some of the specialities of different countries. Bonus: you prepare the components—the tortillas and their toppings or fillings, ahead of time (even freeze them)—your guests assemble them right at the table.

DOMINICAN CHICKEN TACOS

six servings

Vegetable oil
6 corn taco shells (recipe follows)
or 6 packaged taco shells
Dominican Chicken (recipe follows)
1½ cups shredded romaine lettuce
2 small tomatoes, seeded and chopped
1 large avocado, peeled and cubed
½ cup pimento-stuffed olives, sliced
6 radishes, trimmed and sliced

Fill each taco shell with portion of chicken. Top chicken with some of lettuce, and top lettuce with some of tomatoes, avocados, olives, and radishes. Serve at once.

Corn Taco Shells

In a medium-sized, heavy skillet, heat about ½ inch flavorless vegetable oil over medium-high heat until almost smoking. Hold a corn tortilla (about 6 inches in diameter) with tongs, dip it into the hot oil on both sides to soften it. Fold it in half and, holding edges slightly apart with tongs, fry it briefly on each side until golden and crisp. Drain on paper towels. Repeat with remaining tortillas. (If made ahead, place on baking sheet and reheat in a preheated 350° oven about 5 minutes.)

Dominican Chicken

2 pounds chicken breasts, skinned, boned, cut into 2-inch pieces
4 large onions, thinly sliced
4 medium garlic cloves
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon crushed dried oregano
Cayenne pepper to taste
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
¼ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar

Dry chicken pieces with paper towels. In heavy casserole combine chicken, onions, garlic, bay leaf. Sprinkle with oregano, cayenne pepper, salt and pepper. Mix well. Pour oil and vinegar evenly over chicken and onion mixture. Cover and simmer gently about 45 minutes or until chicken is tender, stirring onions and turning chicken over in juices several times during cooking. If onions are very watery, partially uncover casserole for last 15 minutes to reduce sauce. Remove from heat and cool to room temperature. Remove and discard bay leaf. Transfer chicken and onion to a serving dish, cover, and chill.

SPICY TORTILLA TORTES

four servings as main course
eight servings as snack

10 whole-wheat flour tortillas (about 8 inches in diameter)
1 pound sharp cheddar cheese, shredded
1 can (7 ounces) peeled and diced green chilies, drained
⅔ cup thinly sliced scallions (include 2 inches of the green tops)
½ cup pimento-stuffed olives, sliced
Mexican seasoning
1 tablespoon butter, melted

Place 1 tortilla on lightly greased, rimmed baking pan. Sprinkle with cheese and about 1 tablespoon each of chilies, scallions, and olives. Lightly dust with Mexican seasoning. Cover with tortillas and continue layering until you have used 4 tortillas. Top stack with 1 more tortilla and brush it with some of the melted butter. Build another torte with remaining 5 tortillas and fillings. Bake, uncovered, in preheated 400° oven about 30 minutes or until lightly browned. Cut into wedges and serve at once.

CRABMEAT ENCHILADAS

eight servings

Flavorless vegetable oil
16 corn tortillas (about 6 inches in diameter)
Enchilada Sauce (recipe, page 220)
Crabmeat Filling (recipe, page 220)
1 cup sour cream
1 bunch scallions, thinly sliced (include 2 inches of green tops)

In small, heavy skillet heat about 1/4-inch oil over moderate heat. Dip 1 tortilla at a time into hot oil for few seconds to soften it, then dip it into Enchilada *(Continued on page 220)*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This fall, Sonia Uvezian's newest cookbook, "The Complete International Sandwich Book," will be published by Stein and Day.*

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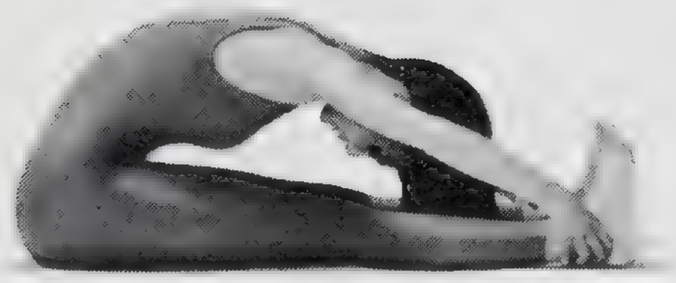

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BEEF BURRITOS

six burritos

You can make this excellent burrito with either beef or chicken or with an assortment of meats, including beef, chicken, and chorizo sausages.

6 whole-wheat tortillas (about 8-inches diameter)
1 pound beef top round or sirloin, trimmed of fat and sliced on the diagonal 3/8-inch thick into strips about 3-inches long
¼ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon salt
1 medium clove garlic, finely chopped
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon olive oil
2 ounces Monterey Jack cheese, shredded
1 small mild red onion, cut crosswise into thin slices and separated into rings
Guacamole (recipe, page 223)
Tomato Relish (recipe, page 223)

Lay tortillas one at a time in ungreased large, heavy skillet set over medium-high heat. Heat, turning once, until softened and hot, about 15 seconds on each side. Stack at once in dampened kitchen towel placed in pan, then keep warm in a preheated 200° oven.

Sprinkle beef with cumin, salt, garlic, rubbing them in with your fingertips. In heavy skillet heat butter and oil over moderate heat. Add steak strips in single layer and sauté quickly, turning once, until browned on both sides. Transfer to heated dish and place on a warmer at table. Place cheese, onion, Guacamole, and Tomato Relish in bowls. Present tortillas in napkin-lined basket.

Invite each diner to assemble his or her own burrito by topping a tortilla with layers of meat, cheese, onion, Guacamole, and Tomato Relish and then rolling it around filling, folding over one end slightly to prevent drips.

Note: Sautéed sausage slices may be offered along with the meat. To prepare, cut 1/2 pound Mexican or Spanish chorizo sausages on the diagonal into 1/4-inch-thick slices. Cook in heavy skillet brushed with olive oil until lightly browned on both sides. Transfer to heated dish and place on warmer at the table. *(Continued on page 223)*

TORTILLA SURPRISES

(Continued from page 218)

Sauce. Stack tortillas on a plate as you finish dipping them.

Spoon some of Crabmeat Filling down center of each tortilla, fold one side over filling, and roll up into a cylinder. Arrange enchiladas, seam sides down and slightly apart, in a 9-by-13 inch ovenproof baking and serving dish. Reheat remaining Enchilada Sauce and ladle over enchiladas. Bake, uncovered, in a preheated 350° oven 20 minutes or until cheese in filling is melted and sauce is bubbly. Top each enchilada with dollop of sour cream and sprinkle with some of sliced scallions. Serve at once.

Enchilada Sauce

6 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons all-purpose flour
3 cans (10 ounces each) mild red chili enchilada sauce
2¼ cups chicken broth
¼ teaspoon crushed dried oregano
½ teaspoon cumin

In large, heavy skillet melt butter over low heat. Add flour and cook about 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove pan from heat and let cool about 1 minute. Stir in enchilada sauce and chicken broth. Return pan to heat and bring sauce to simmer while stirring with wire whisk. Add oregano, cumin, and simmer gently, stirring frequently, 5 to 8 minutes or until sauce is thickened. Remove from heat and set aside, covered.

Crabmeat Filling

1 pound crabmeat, picked over and flaked
1 pound Monterey Jack cheese, coarsely grated
1 bunch scallions, thinly sliced, including 2 inches of the green tops

In a mixing bowl combine crabmeat, cheese, and scallions. Mix until blended.

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TORTILLA SURPRISES

(Continued from page 220)

Variations

For a lighter (and equally delicious) kind of filling, chicken alone, or mixed with beef, is a delightful new twist.
Chicken Burritos:
Substitute 1½ pounds chicken breasts, skinned, boned, and sliced into 1/2-inch-wide strips, for the beef.

Chicken and Beef Burritos:
Use 1/2 pound beef and 1 pound chicken breasts, skinned, boned, and sliced into 1/2-inch-wide strips, rather than beef alone.

Guacamole

1 large avocado
2 tablespoons freshly squeezed and strained lemon or lime juice
2 tablespoons finely chopped scallions (include 2 inches of the green tops)
1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh coriander (optional)
1 small clove garlic, crushed
Salt and chili powder to taste

Halve and pit avocado. Peel off skin. Place avocado flesh in bowl and mash with fork. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Taste and adjust seasoning.

Tomato Relish

1 large tomato, peeled, seeded, finely chopped
½ cup finely chopped scallions (include 2 inches of the green tops)
2 tablespoons seeded and chopped canned peeled green chilies
Salt to taste

Combine all ingredients in bowl. Toss gently but thoroughly. Cover and chill.

BREAKFAST BURRITO

one serving

This interesting version of the burrito provides a pleasing change of pace from the usual bacon and cheese omelet.

1 whole-wheat tortilla (about 8-inch diameter)
2 eggs
2 teaspoons water
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
1 tablespoon butter
1 slice bacon, cooked crisp and crumpled
2 teaspoons finely chopped scallion, including some of the green top
2 teaspoons canned, peeled, and diced green chilies
½ cup coarsely grated cheddar or Monterey Jack cheese

Heat heavy skillet or pancake griddle over moderate heat. Pour in tortilla and turn over several times until hot and pliable. Keep hot.

In small bowl beat together eggs, water, and salt and pepper until yolks and whites of eggs are blended. In 7-inch omelet pan or skillet heat butter over high heat and swirl around in the pan. Pour in egg mixture and reduce heat to moderate. Run a thin spatula under egg mixture as soon as it begins to set and lift to allow uncooked portion to flow underneath. When mixture no longer flows freely, remove from heat and sprinkle evenly with bacon, scallion, green chilies, and cheese.

Slide unfolded omelet onto tortilla. Fold in ends, then roll up like jelly roll to enclose omelet. Serve at once to eat out of hand.

PEKING-STYLE CHICKEN BURRITOS

four servings

This recipe, an adaptation of the renowned Peking duck, is an example of the burrito's ability to go international.

2 chickens (about 2½ pounds each), split lengthwise
4 quarts water
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
1 tablespoon brown sugar
2 teaspoons soy sauce
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
12 flour tortillas (about 7 inches in diameter)
12 Scallion Flowers (recipe follows)
Plum Sauce (recipe follows)
1 bunch fresh coriander or watercress, stemmed (optional)

Wash chickens. In large pot bring water to boil over high heat. Remove from heat and plunge chickens into water. Let stand 1 minute, then remove chickens from water and dry thoroughly inside and out with paper towels.

In small bowl stir together vinegar, sugar, soy sauce, cinnamon, ginger, and pepper until ingredients are well combined. Brush chickens all over with mixture and put them in large bowl. Cover and refrigerate about 5 hours. Place chickens, skin sides up and slightly apart, on rack in roasting pan. Bake in preheated 400° oven about 45 minutes or until chickens are cooked through and skin is richly browned and crisp.

Meanwhile, stack the tortillas and wrap them in aluminum foil. Put in oven with chickens for about last 15 minutes.

Transfer chickens onto heated serving platters. Serve tortillas in napkin-lined basket to keep them warm. At table pass small dishes of Scallion Flowers, Plum Sauce, and sprigs of coriander or watercress, if desired.

Spread tortilla flat on a plate, dip a scallion in sauce, and brush tortilla with it. Carve off pieces of chicken and place in middle of tortilla along with scallion and some coriander or watercress sprigs, if used. Fold tortilla edge up over filling, then fold in sides and roll up to enclose filling. Pick up with your fingers to eat.

Scallion Flowers

Trim off roots and green tops of scallions, leaving 3-inch lengths. Make 4 intersecting cuts 1-inch deep in both ends of scallions and drop them into ice water. Refrigerate until ends curl into flower shapes. Drain well on paper towels before using.

Plum Sauce

about one and one-half cups

1 cup plum preserves
½ cup chutney, finely chopped
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
1 tablespoon sugar

Combine all ingredients in small saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until heated through. Serve hot or cold. ▽

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Cities can be human, too

A city planner who counts on our caring

BY ANNA QUINDLEN

Raquel Ramati talks about streets and neighborhoods the way some women talk about their husbands or children. She seems ready at any moment to proudly produce photographs. In fact she has, in a big, bright book called *How To Save Your Own Street,* a testimonial to her conviction that where we live is a critical part of who we are. Miss Ramati has gained a national reputation for innovative urban planning and preservation during her six years as director of New York's City Urban Design Group. "Our homes have become smaller; and, more and more, the street becomes the living room of our environment. That's why the title of the book—I wanted people to make the connection between saving their streets and saving themselves."

Miss Ramati, who can scarcely stroll through New York without passing an area she has affected, has poured her expertise into the book, a step-by-step guide to organizing community forces, raising money, and working with government to revitalize and preserve streets and neighborhoods. For examples, she draws on three of her own New York City projects; but her scenarios are suitable for areas everywhere.

"There is a movement back into the urban environment," Miss Ramati said. "That doesn't necessarily mean a large city, but perhaps a city of five thousand that is revitalizing its main street. Even in New York, each area is distinct, really like a small town in itself. If you give ten dollars to your block association you will have more interest in the neighborhood than if the government pours in millions. And government programs and priorities change—you can't depend on them."

Miss Ramati learned that lesson of necessity in 1974, when she joined the Urban Design Group, a collection of architects within the Department of City Planning charged with finding fresh approaches to preserve neighborhoods and with shaping new construction in New York. With the job came the fiscal crisis, and Miss Ramati found herself looking for low-cost or privately financed ways to change the face of the city. She was instrumental in the passage of zoning incentives that persuaded developers to include open spaces, arcades, plazas, benches, and trees in their plans for new buildings. And she master-minded a plan for Little Italy, rallying the community with little more than a collection of colorful banners hung over the narrow streets, a few new sidewalk cafés, and her own passion for the neighborhood. Her staggeringly simple, inexpensive revitalization scheme has spiraled into an overhaul of the entire area. ("So many people were convinced that the area had something to offer that, within several years, thirty new restaurants opened," she says.)

"I do have a feeling that I have done some good things," said Miss Ramati. "There is now a building at Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City that has a big open space around it and a new subway entrance, and I know I had something to do with it. I think my contribution has been to bring common sense to how things are done and to emphasize the human scale of the city."

Some of that emphasis, Miss Ramati suspects, may be a function of her gender, while her initial interest in city planning and her accented English both come from her native Israel. "In Israel, there is this enormous caring for the environment, for your neighbors, your community," said Miss Ramati, who served in the Israeli army before coming to the United States and enrolling in Pratt Institute as the sole woman specializing in urban design. "Now about 25 percent of the architecture students are women," she added. "I don't like to stereotype, but I do think a woman architect is not reluctant to tackle a small-scale situation with as much vigor as she would bring to a large-scale one. I get a lot of pleasure out of seeing trees or open spaces that I know I had a hand in; and perhaps they may have more day-to-day impact on someone than a skyscraper. That's something the book tries to say."

The book is related to Miss Ramati's preservation work in more ways than one. After working on it for three years with the expectation that the volume would be published by a small academic publishing house, she found herself involved in trying to save the old Little Italy police headquarters with Jacqueline Onassis. Mrs. Onassis, an editor at Doubleday, asked Miss Ramati to accompany her on a trip to Israel as an Israeli interested in landscape and architecture. "On the plane, I mentioned the book and Mrs. Onassis said that the subject was very close to her heart," Miss Ramati said.

Now that the project is finished, Miss Ramati has other concerns, some equally passionate. Her urban-design work continues; and, recently, she acquired a second passion. The only things that compete with the schematic drawings of pet projects in her office are photographs of a blond baby with an incandescent smile. Just over two years ago, Miss Ramati became a single parent; the pictures are of Danielle. "There is a great advantage to having a child when you're older and want it very much. It doesn't make you less interested in your profession—I think it intensifies everything in your life.

"It's like my work. I don't find it hard to be doing so many things at once—dealing with developers, community people, political people, architects. It's not hard to be a mother if you love your child. It's not hard to work in your neighborhood if you love your street." ▽

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By Richard Alleman

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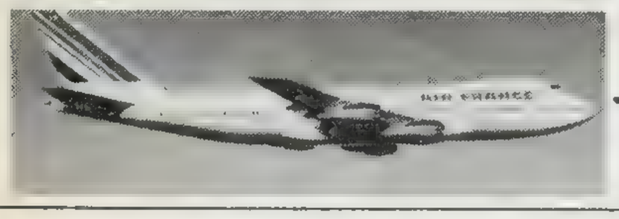
On the Caribbean's most exotic isle—Haiti—two great off-season buys: First, at Port-au-Prince's secluded Habitation Leclerc, a whole week costs just $459 per person now through December 14. This low rate includes breakfasts, dinners, cocktail parties. . . : For those short on time, Club Med introduces a four-day/three-night holiday at its beach-side Haitian compound. Rates range from $165 to $195 (depending on dates), include all meals, sports; to October 22. See page 230.

From Sir Freddie Laker—the man who revolutionized low-fare flying between the U.S. and Britain—a new series of tours with prices that seem too low to be true! Examples: six days in London for $399 . . . eighteen days in East Africa and the Seychelles starting at $1899. Laker Vacations include air fare, hotels, sight-seeing, breakfasts, often other meals. See page 230.



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ART-SAIL The October 31 Caribbean sail of Norwegian American Cruises' ship *Sagafjord* will also be a two-week seminar on collecting antiques and art. On board, five experts from Sotheby Parke Bernet will discuss topics ranging from how to spot a fake to estate planning. Prices: from $1870 to $4710 per person sharing accommodations aboard the *Sagafjord*—recently glamorized with a $20-million face-lift that included adding a new deck of "penthouse" staterooms.

Philadelphia Revival

To experience the fresh vitality of one of America's most historic cities, Philadelphia's landmark Bellevue Stratford Hotel (its marble-columned lobby, *right*) is not only newly resplendent after a $25-million restoration, it's offering an enticing two-day/one-night stay plan. This "Splendid Diversion" weekend package allows visitors to check in anytime on Saturday and check out as late as 6:00 Sunday afternoon; $95 per couple includes parking, deluxe room, bottle of champagne, gargantuan buffet brunch on Sunday. See page 230.

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TRAVEL

China without jet lag—the new Beijing connection

Vogue's travel editor flies U.S.A.-China . . . the easy way

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

In Beijing's Tiananmen Square, loving grandfather wheels two charges in home-crafted carriage

My Pan Am ticket read New York-Tokyo-Beijing (Peking), which added up to eighteen-and-a-half hours of flying time across thirteen time zones. Overwhelmed at the thought of this extraordinarily long trip—and panting to avoid jet lag once I reached Beijing, I chose a two-day stopover at Narita, Japan, where the New Tokyo International Airport is located. My plan—which added nothing to the cost of my air fare but is an option often overlooked by travelers anxious to reach Beijing—worked. I arrived in Beijing fresh. I also "discovered" a little-known patch of Japan.

The fourteen-hour Pan Am nonstop flight from New York's JFK to Tokyo took off at noon—a comfortable, civilized hour. The seats in Clipper Class (the section between First Class and Economy) were like the wide seats you expect to find in First Class. (On Pan Am's fleet of wide-body planes, First Class seats are now luxurious Sleeperettes.) After takeoff, drinks, peanuts, a charming navy-and-white printed sack with Japanese nibbles, earphones, and plane slippers—all standard Clipper Class perks—were distributed. Next, the lunch cart rolled out.

After lunch, the afternoon became an orgy of movies: three films, one right after another. On the flight west, the sun seemed to be at a constant high-noon intensity; window shades were drawn. Eye-savers—actually an afterthought as I was leaving my Manhattan apartment—were the eye drops I casually threw into my tote bag. They proved indispensable. During movie credits, tea, sandwiches, and my favorite pound cake were offered. As on ocean liners, a wall map traced the route of our flight, listed altitudes and cruising speed. Imagine, traveling ten miles a minute!

Feeling surprisingly chipper, I paced around the plane and picked up some useful tips from a flight attendant. To minimize jet lag on arriving in Tokyo, he suggested that I force myself to stay awake at least until ten P.M., Tokyo time. "Try watching TV, have dinner, but don't take to bed immediately."

Arrival time in Tokyo was three-fifty in the afternoon, Japan time; it was two in the morning by my body time. Formalities were swift: my suitcase appeared promptly, carts were plentiful, the airport spacious. Signs led me to the shuttle bus of the Narita Prince Hotel, where I was to stay. Seven minutes later, I had checked in, changed money, and was settled in room 610.

My room was full of bonuses for a tired traveler. The bathroom had practically everything: a blow-dryer, shower caps, throwaway razor, toothbrush and paste, several kinds of soap—including a sweet little container with Shiseido honey soap. Two pairs of plastic slippers were in the cupboard along with a shoe horn, large clothes brush, skirt and pants hangers. The mini-bar was stocked. A bureau drawer left slightly open intrigued me; inside, I found a neatly folded Japanese cotton kimono (called a *yukata*) with a note stating that it was hotel property but could be bought for 3000 yen, about $15. (Evidently, even VIP guests occupying the grand suites would go off with the *yukatas;* the hotel used to lose hundreds of them each year.) An appealing service, the hotel's overnight color-film processing: films left at seven-thirty in the evening are ready for pick-up at eight-thirty the next morning.

To avoid the temptation of taking to bed at five in the afternoon, tea in the hotel's rooftop lounge seemed a wise alternative. Alas, the lounge was a bar. No tea! I compromised with hot fresh lemonade.

From the rooftop bar, I looked out on a big wide sky—and down on the hotel's two tennis courts and good-sized swimming pool. I could also see the network of elevated expressways, the tracks of the trains that travel from the airport to Tokyo in *(Continued on page 230)*

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CHINA

(Continued from page 229)

an hour. At dusk, there was a sliver of a moon and the winking lights of planes landing and taking off. In the former farm land where the New Tokyo airport is now situated, the Emperor of Japan used to have a Thoroughbred-horse farm. Around the Narita Prince Hotel, the green ground cover was fields of peanuts.

To further delay bedtime, I decided to dine at the hotel's spacious, windowed French-cuisine dining room rather than in the *tatami*-floored cubicles of the Japanese restaurant. After being cooped up in a plane, I found high ceilings and spaciousness more appealing. A beige baby grand tinkled gently; food was hot and good and the service was pleasant. Each time the waiter served me, he apologized for keeping me waiting—which he had not.

Of course, I availed myself of the traditional Japanese hotel service that includes a staff of masseurs or masseuses on evening duty. At nine-thirty on the dot, a masseur arrived and left his shoes outside my door. No disconcerting small talk: he spoke no English. Only when my water-filled tummy rumbled, he would say, "Gracious noises." Having signed the massage chit before the treatment, I dozed off—and enjoyed an uninterrupted night's sleep. The next day, I had no inkling of jet lag. It was fortunate, as Narita turned out to be a series of nonstop enchantments, beginning with a brilliant sunny spring day.

Around Narita, there were excellent roads, serene rolling country, majestic almost black cedars. Stands of tall, feathery bamboo made whispering sounds like the rustling of silk taffeta. The first morning, I drove to Sogo Reido, nine miles from Narita. Sogo Reido is the sanctuary dedicated to Sogo Sakura, a seventeenth-century village elder who informed the Shōgun of injustices in the village and who was subsequently executed with his wife and four children. Joss sticks perfumed the air of the temple grounds. Supplications to the dieties were written on bits of white paper and tied to the branches of shrubs and trees.

For me, the highlight of Sogo Reido was its museum and series of life-size wax figures that depicted the martyred life of Sogo: tender, heartbreaking scenes of Sogo on his way to jail . . . Sogo in a snow scene. . . and, in springtime, with flowering cherry blossoms. In the background, tiny mechanical farmers actually *worked* in the fields, horse-drawn carts moved across the scene, boats sailed on a river.

The idea of seeing a nearby goldfish farm (something I had never thought about) spiked my interest. At the fish farm, schools of goldfish, carp, and exotic striped and colored fish filled the outdoor tanks and ponds of a huge meadow. Prices ranged from twenty-five cents to $25 per fish. At one large tank where people were allowed to fish, a father was teaching his four-year-old son the art of angling. The mother, carrying a small fry on her back papoose-style, watched.

To visit downtown Narita—five miles from my airport hotel—I rode the hotel's free shuttle bus. Heading toward the middle of bustling downtown, we passed a golf driving range under a gigantic green net. At a small outdoor market, each dozen of inexpensive blue-and-white china dishes was ribbon-tied. The modern Daiei supermarket had an Olympic-size indoor pool, four rooftop practice tennis courts, ball machines, and even rentable rackets and shoes. Among the treats in the food department: strawberries the size of Ping-Pong balls.

Many centuries before the airport was built, Narita was known for its Shinshoji Temple—one of the most famed Buddhist temples in Japan. Each year, it draws millions of pilgrims. Along the narrow, shop-lined street leading to the temple, branches of brilliant-pink plastic flowers with silver tinsel leaves decorated the cigar-brown wooden buildings.

I reached the temple in time for the daily ceremony. Entering in my stocking feet, I was surprised at the softness of the *tatami*—padded to make kneeling easier. Facing the ninth-century figure of Fudo-Myoo (the god of fire), the chief priest in gold brocaded vestments performed the ritual lighting of a flame on the high altar.

Charcoal-grey stones—the basic element of every Japanese garden—edged the walks and stairs of these vast temple grounds. The tender care of the trees was touching. One heavy pine branch rested on a solid wooden lattice as if on a crutch. I never did find out why the trunks, branches, and even the tiniest twigs of some gigantic trees were wrapped with pale yellow raffia. I did learn, however, about the inscriptions on the cinder-block-sized stones of a high wall: each stone bore the name of a benefactor as well as the amount of his donation.

I never dreamt that I would become hooked on sumo wrestling. It happened accidentally over tea while watching TV in the hotel lounge. I was first intrigued by the close-up shots of gigantic baby-smooth bodies with Buddha-round bellies, surprisingly small buttocks, and women's breasts. In contrast to the fighters' bare skin (they wore only satin loin-

Glossy entrance ticket, above, for Sogo Reido Wax Museum near Narita, Japan

cloths), the referee was covered from head to toe in a brocaded robe and wore a stiff shiny black hat.

Sumo blends muscle, lightning action, style . . . plus betting. On entering the ring, each wrestler goes to his corner and throws fistfuls of "purification" salt over his shoulder. The effect is that of a small snowstorm. Meanwhile, a little man is constantly combing the sand of the circular ring, taking care not to cover up the two white lines where the wrestlers will face one another.

Once in position, the sumo wrestlers bend their knees, rise, bend again. Then, they alternate raising their legs sideways with bouncing up and down on their haunches and patting their buttocks. The attack is sudden. The two mounds of flesh tangle and then there is the sound of a thump as one falls to the ground. Actually, the bout lasts only a few minutes. After it is over, not a single hair of the fighters' knotted lacquered coiffures is out of place.

The next morning—before my afternoon flight from Narita to Beijing—I pampered myself with a stroll in a nearby botanical garden. Afterwards, the transfer from the hotel to the airport went like clockwork. When I had checked in at the Narita Prince, they had noted not only the date of my departure but also the time, airline, and flight number. The lobby had a television screen like those in airports that display arrivals and departures. I saw that my Pan Am Flight 15 to Beijing was on time. Relaxed and eager to embark on my Chinese adventure, I left the hotel followed by smiles and bowing.

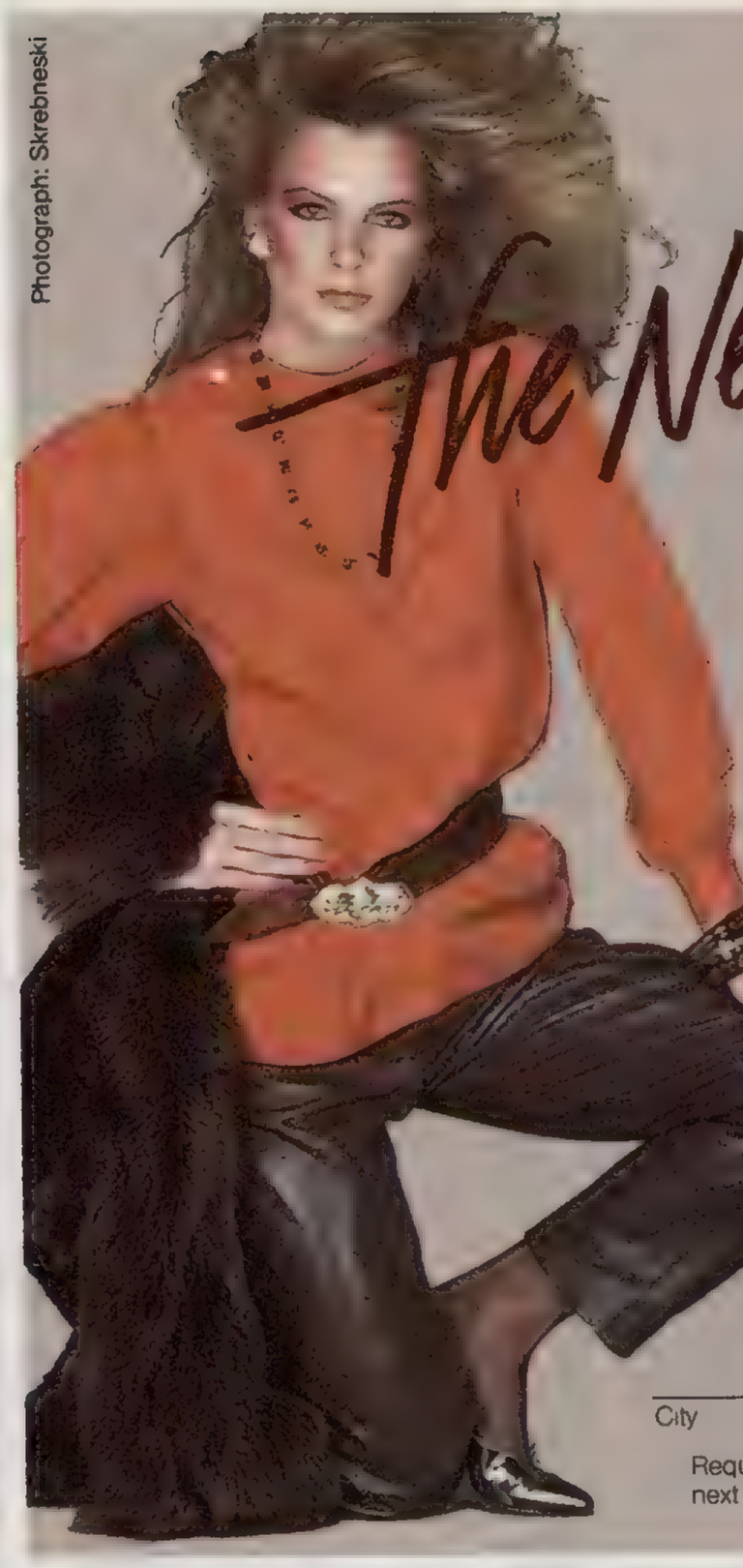
Security at the Tokyo airport is tight. At the gate, a guard checks each passenger's passport. Once inside the terminal, formalities are a breeze. At Pan Am's Clipper Club, I joined the group from Lotus Tours—the travel agency that had arranged our visit to China together with Pan Am. (Pan Am is the only American carrier flying directly into Mainland China.) Soon, I again found myself on a familiar Pan Am 747SP for the four-hour flight to Beijing.

My five-day stay in Beijing still haunts me. The sky was concrete grey above concrete-grey buildings. Hordes of blue-uniformed humanity—surprisingly well shod—packed the sidewalks, stood five-deep in bookstores and department stores, jammed the one-hundred-acre Tiananmen Square, filed through the Forbidden City—a series of courtyards and palaces with poetic names such as Palace of Earthly Tranquility and filled with fabulous jade, gold, and ivory treasures. My heart went out to pairs of lovers who, in spite of the chilly April night, found moments of privacy sitting on a windswept stone wall overlooking the North Lake.

Beijing held many surprises for me. Between the shops in the Beijing Hotel (where I stayed) and the Friendship Store, I found tapes, film, Scotch, toothpaste, instant coffee, American cigarettes, Chinese ivories, jade, silks, rugs, cashmere sweaters. The catch: Imported items may be bought only with tourist currency, a scrip—called "funny money" by the Chinese—that you buy with dollars at the hotel branch of the Bank of China.

The lobby of the Beijing Hotel is like a setting for *Scheherazade*—with fat, round, gilt columns copied after those in the Forbidden City; Chinese lanterns with long yellow-silk tassels; broad red-carpeted stairs.

On the upper floors of the hotel, the first things you see getting *(Continued on page 233)*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CHINA

(Continued from page 231)

off the elevator are an ironing board and an electric iron under a fluorescent lamp. My double room (everybody shares) combined modern and vintage "grandmother" periods. On the desk: a green dial telephone, a silk plissé lampshade on a black and white crystal base, an inkwell and pens. A color television stood next to an armchair with filet lace antimacassar. Standard fixtures on the table included a chrome jug for ice water, a huge Art Deco vacuum bottle with hot water for brewing tea, two charming china mugs with lids, tea bags of China tea, and a cloisonné ashtray.

Vogue's travel editor, with her driver, visits I.M. Pei's future Beijing resort—Fragrant Hill

Cupboards had masses of large wooden coat hangers shaped like the ribs of dinosaurs—and I loved the huge linen laundry bag printed with my room number and with "laundry bag" spelled out in Chinese, English, and French. Over the tub, there was a retractable clothesline. The bathroom also had a tiny cake of soap on the washbasin, a pile of rather thin bath towels, even an extra roll of toilet tissues. All the essentials were on hand. Lights, however, were not meant for reading!

The dial telephone in my room worked, and I assumed local calls to be free as no charges ever appeared on my hotel bill. One morning, I telephoned a young Chinese-American woman whom I had met in New York and who was now a student at the Beijing Language Institute. Because of her knowledge of Chinese and of Beijing, our afternoon was fascinating.

Hopping a taxi—plentiful, metered, and drivers give receipts—we headed for Fragrant Hill, fifteen miles out of town, to scout the new hotel designed by China-born American architect I.M. Pei. Commenting on the endless walls we passed, my young friend said, "Walls are a reflection of the still-closed Chinese society." At any building site, instead of piling bricks helterskelter, the Chinese build temporary walls, often in a herringbone design. *(Continued on page 234)*

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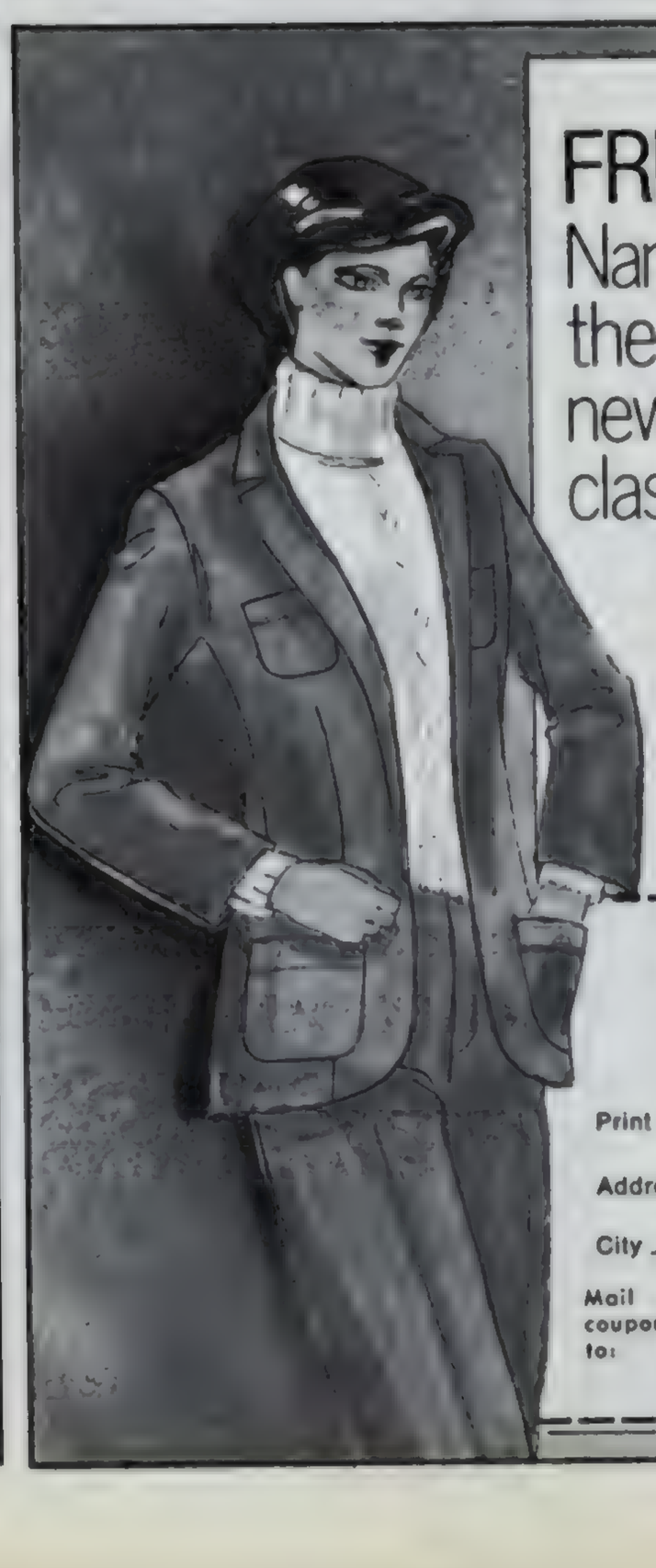

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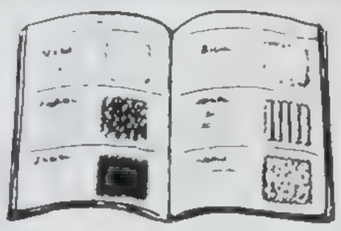

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CHINA

(Continued from page 233)

We stopped at the bird market—where birds are generally traded rather than sold. We saw fat geese, lots of pigeons, and unusually small canaries in charming bamboo cages. At the zoo, we watched huge pandas frolic and tumble in their open pits, and, around the corner, saw the lesser pandas, small creatures the color and size of baby red foxes.

"Now, we are in the brain center of Beijing," announced my friend, as we drove around the Beijing University grounds, the concrete buildings still bearing scars of the Cultural Revolution. Soon, we passed the drab grey Friendship Hotel; it was the size of a small city. Farther along, several side streets led to a militarized zone with signs reading, "Out of bounds for foreigners without special permits," in Chinese, Russian, and English.

The scenery changed as we entered wooded Fragrant Hill Park. Far off, a pink pagoda in a jade-green valley stood above a haze of pink flowering plum trees—a premonition of spring. Hectic construction was in progress at the I.M. Pei Fragrant Hill project. I walked by the intricate bamboo scaffolding, through vast courtyards. I watched great trees being transplanted and the maneuvers of swinging cranes and tractors. A woman in pigtails was at the bright-pink wheel of one tractor.

What a delight it will be to stay at the peaceful Fragrant Hill resort—spread in pine forests overlooking gentle, rounded hills. It is scheduled to open in the fall of '82 when the foliage turns New England bright. All 325 rooms will overlook Chinese gardens—and tiles and stucco *à la Chinoise* will cover the walls.

On the forty-minute drive back to town, Beijing's somber buildings seemed even grimmer. "The severe style of architecture matches the harsh living inside," said my wise student companion. Back at the Beijing Hotel, the scene was very different in the lobby café—Café of Broken Dreams. Here, tourists drop by to catch their breath over drinks, good Chinese beer, or—my special—orange pop. Huddled over the tables, people make deals. I heard English, French, Chinese, Spanish, Arabic, German, and languages I could not identify. From ten in the morning until midnight when the café closes, the place had an intriguing whodunit fascination.

Meal hours in China baffled me. Dinner ended at eight-thirty . . . period! Whether dining at the hotel or at a top city restaurant, come eight-thirty, the staff somehow made you understand that it was time to leave. (Among their tactics: opening doors to let cold air chill the dining room.)

On the morning of the sixth day in China, we left Beijing for home. On the way to the airport, I imprinted more memories: a skyline of cranes above a mammoth housing project, a needle-straight road lined with birches, men and women with picks and shovels working in brown worn-out fields.

Aboard the Pan Am 747SP, I felt thoroughly at home. For the return flight, I traveled in First Class. My Sleeperette seat felt heavenly and luxurious; it cozied my back and my feet seemed to float. Cuddled in a sky-blue blanket, I could still hear the sounds of Beijing echoing in my ears: the tinkle of thousands of bicycle bells, the click-click of abacuses. As if in a dream, I saw the rooftops of the Forbidden City, the span of its endless red walls, and, always, the crowds in blue. Was my Beijing experience a dream—or a dream come true? ▽

TOUR TIPS For starters, put yourself in the hands of a reliable travel agency specializing in the Far East. New York-based Lotus Tours—working hand-in-glove with Pan Am—did it for me. To secure my Chinese visa, I simply gave Lotus my passport, two passport photos; filled out and signed a visa form which they provided. They took care of the rest. Lotus also reserved my room at the Narita Prince Hotel in Japan and arranged my Japanese visa for my two-day stopover there.

A Lotus tour agent escorted the group from New York to China and back. In addition, on arrival at the Beijing airport, the group was met by Miss Yuan Bin and Mr. Wang Kang, two English-fluent guides provided by the China International Travel Service. Both guides accompanied us on our sight-seeing tours, patiently answered our group's barrage of questions.

Lotus has come up with a new quickie tour to the Chinese mainland that includes hotel rooms, meals, airport transfers, sight-seeing tours. Three days in Shanghai with an optional trip to Suzhou (Soochow) and three days in Beijing cost $695. The Pan Am round-trip group fare—New York-Beijing-Shanghai—is around $1300.

In China, visitors have total freedom to go off on their own around the cities and to explore the nearby countryside. And, indeed, I did.

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VOGUE'S View

AUGUST '81

New names, new ventures...
a "model" summer wedding
...working woman's handbag

Edited by June Weir

New ventures

Carolina Herrera and Donald Pliner launch fashion firms with personal style

Carolina Herrera, Caracas-born beauty, is better known as an international socialite than as a working woman. But, she is out to prove her merits as a fashion designer; and, from her first collection recently shown in New York, she is well on her way to success.

"It's my own style," says Carolina about her fifty-piece collection of simple shapes with extravagant details. "It's a reflection of my thinking. I love to mix fabrics. I don't like prints. I find color very exciting." Then, she zeroes in on the way American women like to dress for work. "It's much more practical than Europeans. Here, if you go out from the office to dinner, you want clothes that move from day to evening without changing." Her answer: beautiful silk blouses worn under meticulously tailored suits. But it's her restaurant dresses with dramatic sleeves that truly sum up Carolina's style. "I like pure lines with just one extravagant detail, especially big sleeves."

Carolina Herrera, *center,* steps into a new career as fashion designer with two of her models

Donald J. Pliner, California retailer turned designer/manufacture., is the mastermind behind a new sixty-five-piece collection carrying his own label. No newcomer to the fashion scene, Donald opened the Right Bank Clothing Company in Beverly Hills in March 1971. From the first, he did things his way, giving rich hippies and starlets clothes, accessories, and shoes that allowed an individual to emerge rather than to be a designer's echo. As Donald sees it, "I learned through my experience as a retailer that today's customer is more demanding and selective. I believe women dress with purpose and direction, making a statement about their personality. It's important that clothes be simple, comfortable, versatile and reflect the image you want to project. When you wear the right clothes, you feel more confident."

In his first collection, Donald concentrates on making a statement. His entire line was shown in white—even though other colors are available. He takes simple shapes—the blouson, easy trousers, the Chesterfield, the baby doll—and shows how each piece achieves a totally different look in cotton, suède, angora, and Lurex. His personal approach is underscored by his logo: his Irish setter, "Babydoll." *("View" continued on page 240)*

Donald J. Pliner enters a new phase of his career under his own label with classic pieces

PAUL AMATO

Photograph: Steven Meisel Production: Keeble/Cavaco Art Direction: SchaefferBoehm

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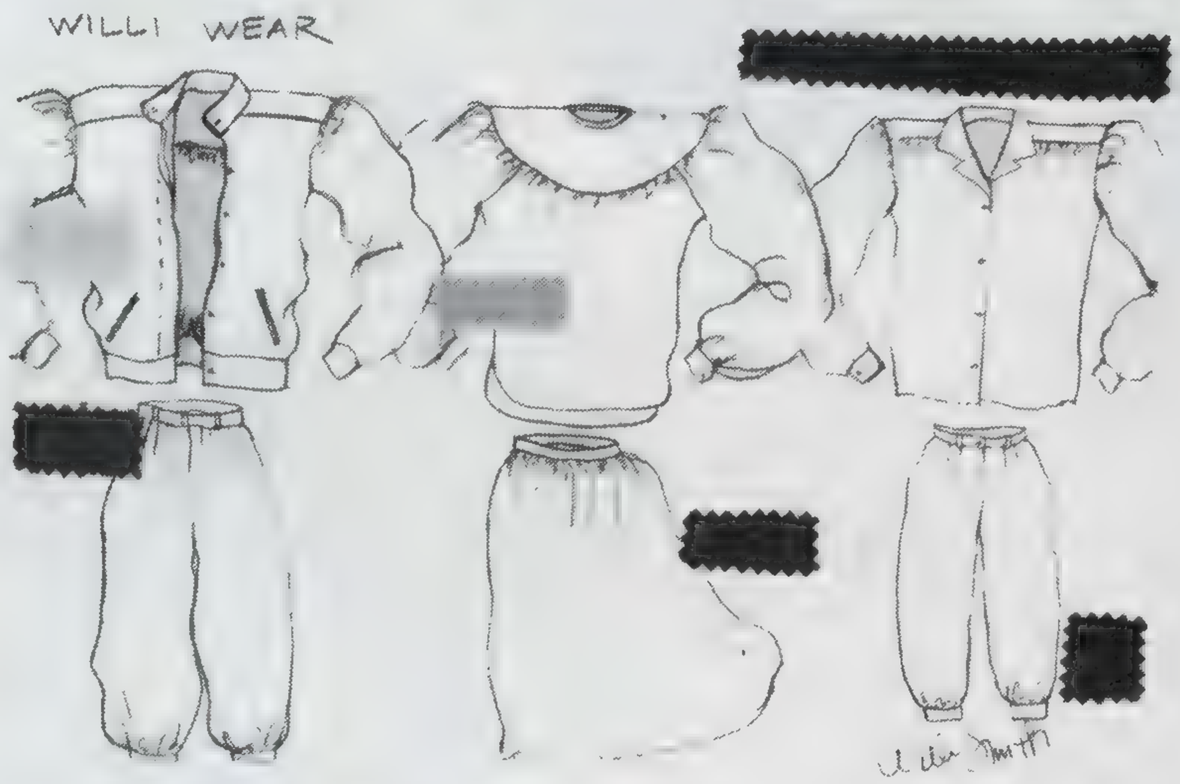
VOGUE'S

View

FLEXIBLE PIECES



American designer Willi Smith is the source many young women look to for clothes that offer fashion—and versatility—at a price

Willi Smith travels around the country talking to his customers to discover what young businesswomen need and want from their clothes. He finds today's women are more relaxed in their thinking about what to wear. "Yet women are demanding more from their clothes. They want pieces that are flexible." As women become much more involved in their careers, their communities, and their families—clothes are not their number-one priority. They want to look well turned-out for their various activities but have less time to shop, more need to plan ahead what they will buy and how to get value for their money. They admit prices are one of their major concerns.

Based on this need for flexible clothes, Willi Smith sketches six pieces totaling $350 that can be moved around—put together in many ways to give you many different looks.

"In talking with my customer, I find she's looking for something different. She has her classic sweaters, traditional trousers, and basic blazers. These are fine and they still work. Now, she's looking for 'add-tos'—pieces that update her current clothes. She wants more choices and, definitely, more fashion.

"I advise: experiment and play with what's in your wardrobe. Then, think of adding new pieces that give attitude/style. Try the new pants in one of the offbeat or fuller shapes. Think about a new blouson jacket to play up softness. Add a dirndl skirt and a feminine, big-sleeved blouse in a chamois cloth, pulled together with an exotic silk scarf. Remember, even a shirt looks newer this fall in a pattern, especially stripes." *("View" continued on page 244)*

ALL COTTON *"It's an old idea to have only hot wools in the stores in August. It's the major complaint of customers," points out Willi Smith. "Most people spend their lives indoors, don't need heavy clothing." For fall, Willi has come up with a wardrobe of all-cotton separates in everything from corduroy, canvas, and twill to waterproof poplin and glazed cottons in Covent Garden prints.*

A mini-wardrobe with multi-looks at minimal prices from Willi Smith. *Left to right: The ecru corduroy blouson ($72) over Berber-striped cotton-sateen blouse ($44) and Willi's 'Dutch Boy' trousers in black corduroy ($55); the chamois-cloth dirndl skirt ($75) and matching Edwardian shirt ($48); the bronze gabardine fencing pants ($46) with the ecru blouson and striped shirt.*

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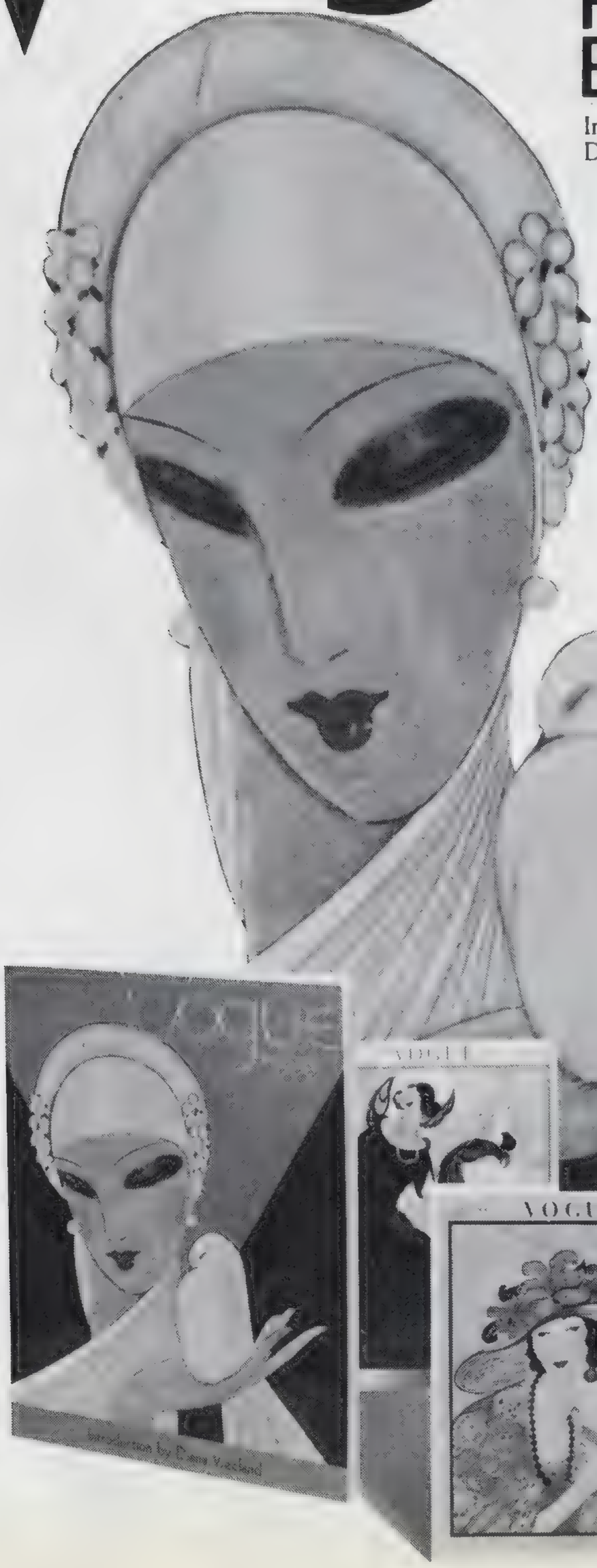

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VOGUE'S

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ENCHANTING SPRING WEDDING

Perry Ellis—casual untraditional designer—outfits a wedding party. The results: simple, yet unabashedly romantic—no lace, beads, cut-outs . . . just pure Perry charm

Perry Ellis, with model Lisa Ryall

Bouquet in hand, Nancy heads for church

ERIC BOMAN

All smiles: bridesmaid Kim Alexis

The girls in Perry's summer dresses

PAUL AMATO

Bridesmaid Kelly Emberg being fitted at Perry's

It was the kind of wedding most young girls have dreamed of. "Like something out of a storybook romance," as Perry Ellis describes it. On May 9, when cover girl Nancy Donahue wed top male model Jeff Aquilon, *left,* much of the New York fashion world—who make a living creating fantasy—watched. They were all completely charmed.

Part of the enchantment: the wedding party itself. Eight of Nancy and Jeff's brothers and sisters were involved in the party. Two of Nancy's modeling friends—Kim Alexis and Kelly Emberg—were bridesmaids. Perry Ellis designed clothes for all of them. Beautiful, romantic, country-wedding dresses that made no concessions to traditional bridal styles. Nancy's gown (Perry's first wedding dress): cream-colored jacquard striped silk taffeta with huge sleeves, a tiny wrapped waist, voluminous skirt. The blouses and mid-calf-length pants the bridesmaids wore were of the same fabric, in a golden color, embroidered with tiny green and purple flowers.

More of the charm: The Donahue house was bedecked for festivity with a large yellow and white tent set up on the lawn. At five in the morning, flowers were driven up from Mädderlake—one of New York's top florists—fresh enough to look as though they'd been picked in Nancy's garden. Astilbe, Queen Anne's lace, the palest pink tiger lilies—all grown outdoors, all arranged in romantic bouquets. The weather? What all May days promise to be—sunny and mild, with a slight breeze. *("View" continued on page 246)*

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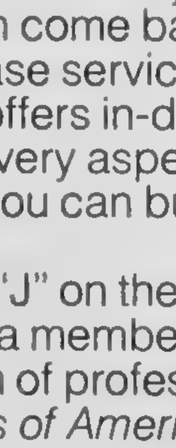

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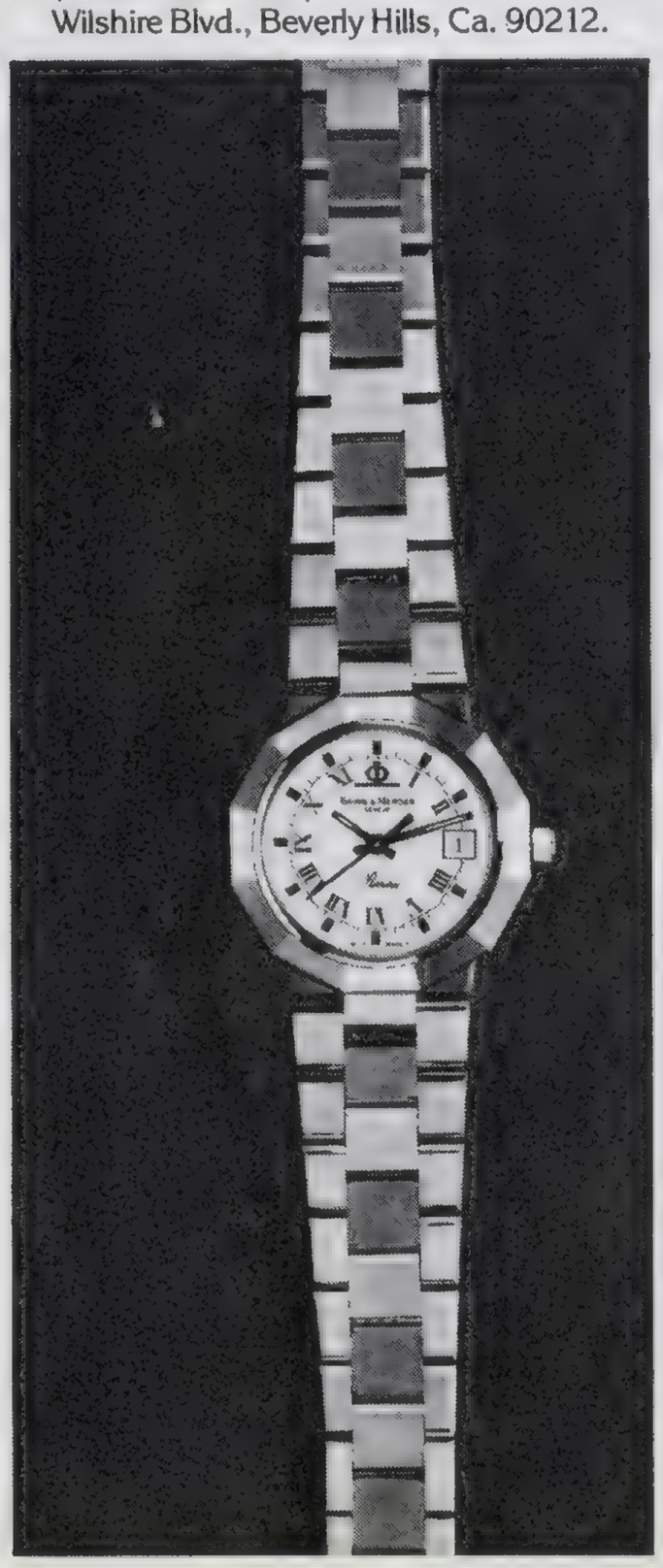

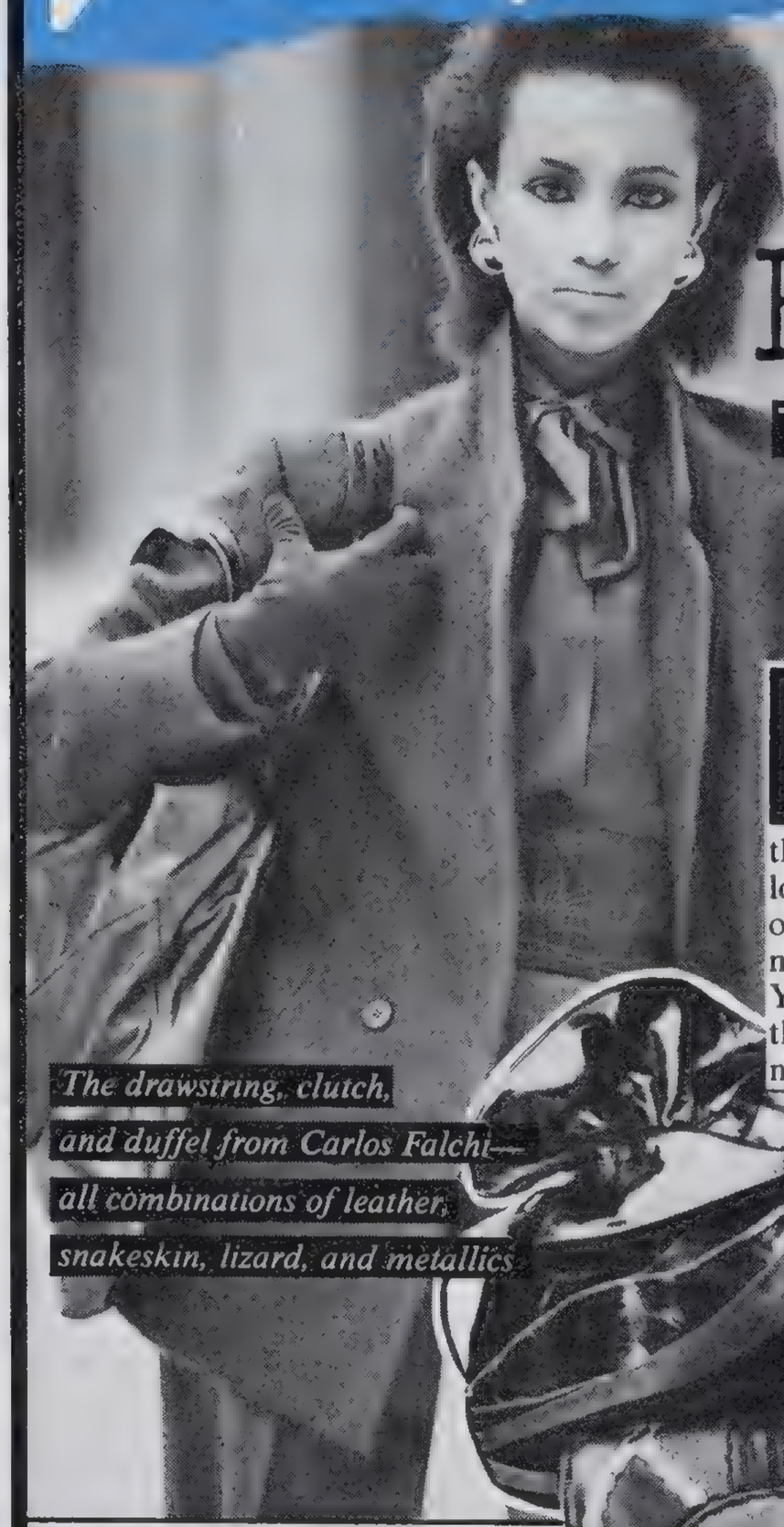

WORKING HANDBAGS

Today, women want handbags that move, look right—for business, dining out

The drawstring, clutch, and duffel from Carlos Falchi—all combinations of leather, snakeskin, lizard, and metallics.

Top to bottom: wine leather portfolio from Celine; Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards clutch, in navy leather and lizard; wine napa leather shoulder bag with gold pinstripe, Barbara Bolan.

SANDRA HATALEY

Many American businesswomen say one of their biggest accessory problems is finding a handbag that works at the office, then goes on to dinner looking feminine and attractive. One solution, of course, is a man-tailored briefcase, but many businesswomen find this too masculine. Yet, they want to arrive at appointments with their manila folders and documents looking neat, clean, and organized. They also need to have personal accessories—such as keycases, charge cards, pens, wallets, makeup—on hand.

STEPHEN CASTAGNETO

Vogue believes there are workable solutions—options to the briefcase that offer function, flexibility, and fashion. For the woman who needs lots of space, there is the tote. It comes in a wide range of leathers, fabrics, and sizes, is comfortable to carry and more stylish than a briefcase. Totes are often loosely constructed, though; and, if you're not careful, important papers could get crushed under the weight of books, magazines—other things in your bag. The solution: wonderful plasticized folders and envelopes that slip inside your tote, keep papers crisp. They come in a wide variety of colors and sizes today, are available at most stationery stores. More stylish options: thin, firm, leather portfolios (many have built-in compartments for storing folders). The advantage of a portfolio—it can be tucked inside a tote for storage or carried on its own.

For the businesswoman who does not have work to carry with her to appointments or to take home, the best buy for fall is a clutch handbag. It's bigger, more constructed, and often comes with a detachable shoulder strap.

No matter which handbag you choose, remember: you don't have to worry about mixing two or more leathers or colors—they no longer need to match.

("View" continued on page 248)

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VOGUE'S

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THE NEW *lingerie*

Lingerie, today, is more feminine, more luxurious than ever before. To thank: young women designers

Above, left: Sami's bias cut black/gold ribbon teddy, $120; Samantha Robbins, above

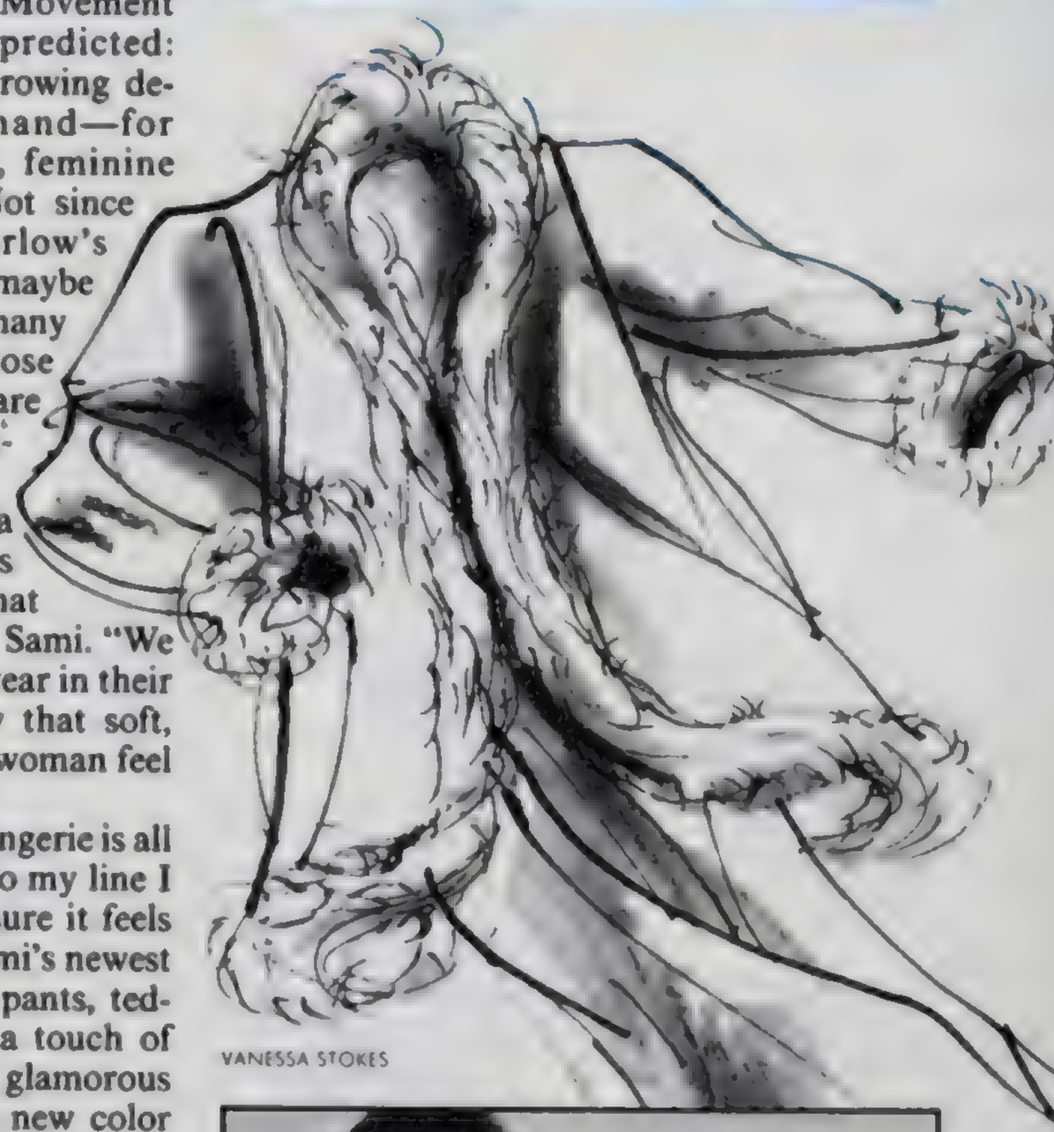
One offshoot of the Women's Movement nobody predicted: women's growing desire—demand—for soft, sexy, feminine lingerie. Not since Jean Harlow's day (and, maybe not then) have there been so many beautiful "underthings" to choose from. The new lingerie designers are often women. Two of the best: Samantha Robbins, Loré Caulfield.

"Lingerie is so personal, such a reflection of the way a woman feels about her body—about herself—that I think women design it best," says Sami. "We understand what women want to wear in their most private moments. We know that soft, pretty lingerie can help a working woman feel feminine all day long."

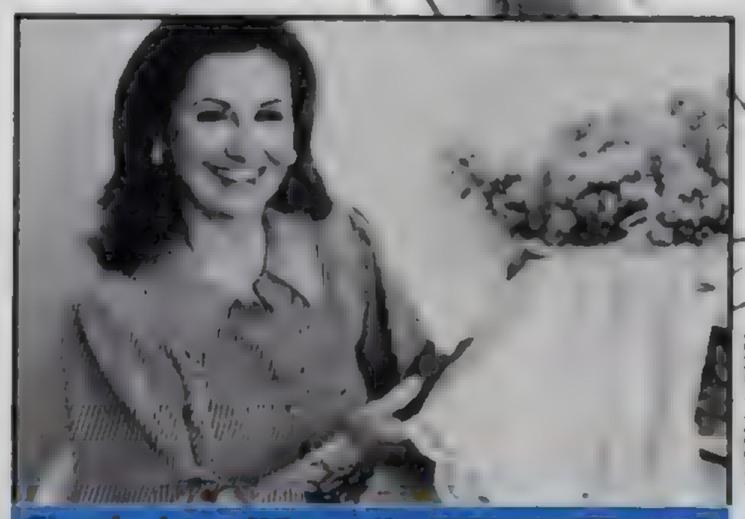
Femininity—it's what this new lingerie is all about. "Before I add a new piece to my line I try it out," says Sami, "to make sure it feels good against the skin." Some of Sami's newest pieces: super-sheer camisoles, tap pants, teddies—of silk charmeuse, chiffon, a touch of Lurex; luxurious lamé kimonos; glamorous silk flannel evening pyjamas. Her new color palette: mink, eggplant, mauve, bronze.

Seven years ago, Loré Caulfield wanted to "treat" herself to some real silk lingerie, but couldn't find any in the stores. "I had my dressmaker make some silk panties for me," she says. "My friends loved them and wanted to buy them. Before I knew it, Loré was launched." Today, Loré is widely recognized for her '30s style glamour, fine detailed workmanship (hand-sewn elastics, delicate French seams), and beautiful colors. "Everyone thinks men love black lingerie," she says, "but they prefer pastels—peach, ivory, tearose, mint green—and red. Men adore red."

("View" continued on page 250)



VANESSA STOKES



ANDREA ALBERTS

Sketch above: White silk charmeuse fingertip jacket with maribou trim, $210; matching gown, $250. By Loré Caulfield, photo above.

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VOGUE'S

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PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

Best leathers, furs, new takes on jeans... chic turnouts for night...black leather: what's replaced it... when designers have fun

What's coming? A new silver standard, maybe. After so much designer attention to gold and gold-threaded everything, silver dressing is showing up, sneakily, as another, maybe newer, option: mirrored silver replacing gold evening pieces at Halston Made-To-Order, silver T-shirts at Ron Leal or Andre van Pier. . . . Some of the best looking accessories, now: They've got a metallic glint but not out-and-out shininess; they're leathers with an iridescent sheen—like Calvin Klein's bronze wrap belt, that gives off gleams of everything from gold and khaki to purple—or they're pearlized, milky leathers—like Maud Frizon's slate-grey pearlized tote bag. New graphite greys with a sheen, not a knockout shine, may be taking the place of black leathers this season: in short or soft and crushable boots, sometimes with metallic, they're as serviceable but fresher-looking.

In a fur season when you don't think, first, of "color"—there are colored furs but not, primarily, colors that pop out at you—one of the most attractive trends, now, is for new-looking rich mahogany coloring: glints of deepest reddish-browns in mahogany mink at Christian Dior; in tweeded rust and purple-dyed fox from Oscar de la Renta for Wagner Fur; in Finnish raccoon from Ripa for Goldin-Feldman. Some of the richest red-browns come from natural, unplugged beaver: at Maximilian, with the ease and toggle-closings of a long stadium coat; as Ralph Lauren works it, in a Santa Fe jacket—3/4 length, with a shawl collar and the look of a big, hairy bear. . . . With all the richness in clothes this season—richness in textures and colors, in layerings and ornamentation—do casual clothes exist? "They exist," said one fashion-show goer. "They're just under everything!" . . . This summer's scrub-suit fad has evidently taken its toll: some hospital laundries find half their scrub-suit supply disappearing.

"Casual clothes exist this season. They're just under everything"

Tired of jeans talk? Designer jeans may hardly be hot news, now; but designer jeans thinking is still turning up some pretty delightful pieces: denim knickers at Bis (California); Calvin Klein Jeans's denim jogger and his new Calvin-shaped jeans skirt: longer, softer, attractive easy dressing. . . . One of the all-time great weather-beaters? Classic Burberry trench raincoat (for men and women), with a zip-out fur lining. The lining, new in mink, comes with a detachable collar; Burberrys will also do the lining in your requested fur choice. . . . When New York-based Bloomingdale's opens its "Ireland, That Special Place" promotion next month, expect to see some new "Irishmen"'s clothes there: the store's not only importing clothes and special household products from Ireland but also commissioning some never-seen-before, only-for-Bloomie's Irish-inspired pieces from, among others, American designers Perry Ellis, Carol Horn, Calvin Klein, and Ralph Lauren.

Something new: From Andre van Pier now there's "washable leather." Imported from Italy and new in the U.S., this is real (not Ultrasuede) leather that's been specially treated with mineral oils to allow for hand-washing and gets used by Van Pier for pants, shirts, and T-shirt dressing. . . . Real wit: From Geoffrey Beene, a purple "African" coat made of cloth woven with stylized figures of women in great-looking get-ups; when you look more closely, you realize those women are "dressed" in styles from Beene's fall-winter collection.

This fall may well go down as the ultimate duck season; those feathered figures are turning up on scarves and skirts at Ralph Lauren, as printed crêpe de Chine at Gloria Sachs, as whimsical collages from Perry Ellis; in Italy, beautiful pheasants decorated clothes at Soprani and Basile. The status game bird of the year? It's a plump, bathtub-duck-shaped figure: Barry Kieselstein-Cord's duck belt buckle . . . in sterling silver for about $405 or $540 (for the larger buckle); in 18k gold, in both sizes, for thousands of dollars. Prices vary with the up-and-down turns of the gold market. . . . One of the snappiest turn-outs anywhere? Yves Saint Laurent's black charmeuse "warm-up" pants and graphite metallic turtleneck: at night, it's cool chic, just enough, and a standout. . . . If you're a Nipon fan, there's a new Albert Nipon by Night Collection. Full-scale short-and-long evening dressing, retailing for about $500–$1200, the collection arrives in stores this month. . . . What's a "modern Renaissance look"? It's Zandra Rhodes, working with all stops out; she's put a quilted-and-laced black-and-gold bodice with an under panier, an over panier, and the broadest skirt to make a dress that England's Queen Elizabeth I would have felt at home in. For women who might have the desire to strip down the seemingly endless tiers to different combinations, Zandra Rhodes has written up special instructions to use as a how-to-dress guideline.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

Revillon

The ultimate in luxury... from our new alligator collection.

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JONES NEW YORK

WHAT TO WEAR WITH WHAT IN A SEASON OF CHANGE—

A GUIDE TO THE BEST NEW ACCESSORIES

Nothing reflects the changes in fashion this fall faster—or more accurately—than the change in accessories. There are differences up and down the line: even the most familiar things have a slightly unfamiliar, slightly unexpected character. This issue is all about those differences—and what your options are now. . . .

A good starting point—a strong focus of interest this season—the waist. And the news: wonderful belts—much wider, much softer, crushable. Belts that wrap and fasten and define. Belts that control the fullness of softer, looser clothes—dresses, skirts, coats. Belts at their most appealing in new deep-colored burnished leathers and pearlized metallics, or in suède, in snakeskin. Another option, a belt that's an ornamental mix-of-textures: multi-strands of beads held by a unique buckle; silk cording wrapped around shells and semiprecious stones; a wide sash of woven silk ribbon.

Equally strong in impact: the new necklaces. For day, long strands of beads worn in beautiful mixes—gold with color—or lariats of graduated beads. The biggest difference: in chokers that sit high on the neck. Chokers that combine the offbeat with the luxurious for interesting new effects: strands of carved brass beads twisted around lacquered-and-colored pinecones . . . multi-strands of gold filigree beads with crystal . . . silk cording wrapped in gold thread, holding a smoothly carved stone.

As ornamental as any necklace—to wear the same way—new scarves and mufflers. A scarf flashed with metallic shine, or in an allover metallic print, or metallic leather combined with suède. And from scarves, it's a fast jump to all the big wonderful shawls and oversized squares that add finish to a look for day, late day, even for the biggest evening—everything from Lurex-threaded challis prints to a chiffon square appliquéd with gold lamé and edged in black fox!

The indispensable accessory—always—a handbag. And this fall, a very inviting, very well-thought-out choice of options. Strictly day bags in luxurious leathers, luxurious handbag colors—the deepest, richest browns and wine-reds . . . in new envelope shapes—not square, stiff, hard-to-handle but a smaller, softer bag. And there are new working portfolios—legal-sized, perfectly organized; and new working totes to use with an envelope or to use on their own in surprise metallic finishes—slate-grey, gunmetal.

The biggest change—in a new in-between bag designed for day-into-evening dressing—smaller, ornamental, and very very charming. There's a brilliant green snakeskin shoulderbag, gathered at the top; a shoulderbag in woven raspberry suède-and-lizard on a longer braided silk cord; a wine silk envelope with gilded Paisley; a beautiful suède envelope with snakeskin and gold.

Not to be overlooked as an accessory: makeup. Makeup colors and textures are never isolated from the mainstream of fashion: the same words apply. This fall, the same wonderful, burnished, shimmered textures in eye color, lip color, in all the new colors—khakis, earthy shades, a pretty pink. And the accessory idea continues: the smart way to think of makeup color—as a movable, separate piece to work differently on different parts of the face for different moments of the day.

The connecting link this fall: texture. In accessories, in makeup, and in clothes, it's the attention paid—as never before—to rich, warm textures that distinguishes the season. Texture has become an integral part of the very design of fashion and not merely a description of its surface appearance. More important: the way textures are combined—the burnished metallic textures of accessories played against other warm textures. And there's the combination of textures within a "look": suède with challis and silk, velvet with tweed, leather with velvet—there's always a contrast. In these new combinations, a different way to dress for day and the possibility of a new day-into-evening dressing. When you start with a suit of pearlized metallic leather or one with an embroidered velvet jacket over a silk chiffon print blouse and challis skirt, you start to have the kinds of clothes that work from an office to a restaurant, from a business meeting to a business drink; the kinds of clothes that truly meet an ever-increasing demand.

In answer to the what-to-wear-over-everything question: terrific new coats. Coats on a new scale—longer at every length (which means a longer 3/4 and longer 7/8 coat as well as a longer full-length coat), roomier. Coats in fur, in leather, in fabric—everything from ciré to alpaca to angora. Coats with a raciness and dash that come from a different—bigger—scale and from more: these are coats that come complete with toned-in pieces to give a total look. And it isn't only a coat—one of the delights of the season is in the new variety of coverings—capes, ponchos, serapes, giant shawls.

What all of these changes provide: more options. But with that comes a necessary rethinking. When clothes are often as ornamental as accessories, and accessories are very often very ornamental, it takes a little know-how and a lot of discretion to pull off a look that really works. It's no longer a question of adding a narrow gold belt to grey flannels and feeling you've made a big change. Not only is that belt a very different proposition now, but those grey flannels have become long knickers . . . or wide mid-calf culottes . . . or over-the-knee pants in suède . . . or a pair of pants this fall—different in shape as well as length—is something more. And it's something that demands, as it zeros in on legs and feet—new textures and colors in stockings. **One change leads to another and everything is something with "more."**

And in a season with more, there's a new fashion formula to keep in mind: you don't want to add something very ornamental without first taking something else away. Example: a beautiful gold-threaded shawl becomes excessive added to a bicolor leather jacket which goes over a silk print blouse and challis skirt. Take away the jacket, and you balance the look. You don't add a dazzling lamé print muffler to a suède dress when the waist of that dress is being held by a wide metallic belt and the wrist by a wide gunmetal cuff. **The idea is not how much more you can get away with, but how much you can get out of a little more.**

Something else to keep in mind: while the emphasis is on a more ornamental way of dressing, there still exists the option to dress in a calmer, cooler way. There still exist, even in accessories, classics—only now they are classics-plus: a narrow lizard belt in wonderful, surprise colors with a witty silver buckle . . . a choker that's a flat, sculptured brass disc . . . an envelope bag or flat pump in rich brown colorings. These are all accessories that have a little more without having too much more, and they are perfect with the "classics" you already own. And those clothes—whether grey flannels, or tweed trousers, or a wool herringbone suit—will still be part of your dressing this season. A new accessory is, as it always has been, the perfect updater. The only thing to avoid: adding the most "extravagant" new accessory to the simplest pieces: the widest bronze belt is too much—too bulky—for narrow-falling trousers and a silk shirt. On the other hand, the other options—that beaded choker, that soft suède bag flashed with gold, that challis shawl pinstriped in gold—can turn the whole look around.

If this is a season that can be characterized as one of change, it's also clearly one of choice. The strength of fashion is in the number of new options, the variety. The delight, the modernity of fashion: in your ability to pick and choose only those options that appeal to you and your own style of dressing. And the best of those options—in fashion, in accessories—is what starts on the next page. . .

NEW

LOOK-MAKERS

THE NEW ACCESSORY ACTION...

...the accessories that make all the difference this fall—that's the story on these fourteen pages. A story of new metallics; of deepened color; of inventive, highly ornamental textures. Of new bags, belts, necklaces, and more. A story of wonderful, movable pieces—action-packed, filled with surprises! Starting here with the new "hold" on softness: a wider, crushier belt. A metallic belt. Above: Calvin Klein's chain-fastened waist-wrap in pearlized ruby leather. A belt that controls the fullness of softer, easier clothes and adds a certain finish. A belt that hits tweeds, wools, suede—whatever textures you're wearing for day (and later!) with just enough shine, enough color. From Calvin Klein Belts, about $85. Saks Fifth Avenue. Here, with his crimson/rose striped wool dress and fringed blanket shawl: The earrings and cuff, Robert Lee Morris, available at Artwear, NYC. More warm Calvin Klein color—and shine—in makeup: his Plum Gold lip color, Gold Dust eye shadow, Brushed Gold blush for all-over skin "lights." All men's clothes, these pages, from DeNoyer, NYC. These two pages: Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberta Favo. Fashion details, stores, next to last pages of this issue.

Marco Glaviano

EYE-CATCHING...

and very persuasive—the effect of one accessory when it's ornamental enough, strong enough to turn a look on its own. Here, the season's new longer metallic mufflers. To add to anything low-key. To take a look from day to late day to evening. These, 22" x 59", in black-and-gold lamé print, from Calvin Klein Scarves. Each about $205. Saks Fifth Avenue; John Wanamaker; Kaufmann's; Saks-Jandel; Rich's; Frost Bros. . . .The ornamental bikini: Sami's print in black, gold, silver. Of silk/metallic. About $44. Under Statement, Great Neck NY; Body Language, Greenvale NY; Underneath It All, Cincinnati OH; Fleur de Paris, New Orleans; Sabrina Boutique of Houston. . . .The invisible ornamentation—a more gentle persuader—fragrance. Here, Revlon's Scoundrel Perfume Body Silk. Earrings, Marie-luisa Stern for Stigi. Cuff, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear. Stores, last pages. Hair, Sean for Garren at The Plaza.

Marco Glaviano

NEW LOOK-MAKERS/THE ACCESSORY ACTION

STRIKING—THE LOOK, THE IMPACT

. . . of a new bag—softer, smaller, ornamental: Lisandro Sarasola's metallic-stamped suède envelope clutch; hand-stenciled with gold, a bronze leather tassel. A bag that moves easily between the world of day dressing and something later. About $255. Bloomingdale's; Hattie; Jere Scott Ltd. at Stanley Korshak; Capriccio, Scottsdale; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. The key accessory here with Perry Ellis' short, shaped sheared-beaver jacket and full pants in wide-wale corduroy; the waist held by a beautiful silver-heart-buckled belt. Jacket, Perry Ellis for Alixandre, about $3950. September at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin, Chicago; Robinson's, Beverly Hills. The belt—lizard with sterling—by Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Perry Ellis knit gloves. Ken Begun earrings. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Fashion details, stores, last pages.

Marco Glaviano

THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE

. . .texture! Texture combined with new design in a shoe, a necklace, in all good accessories this fall. It's a difference you not only see . . . but feel. A shoe with texture on texture, color on color, and the kind of presence that works day to night: Geoffrey Beene's gunmetal pump, a design of colored leather and snakeskin, copper edging! About $148. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Arnold's Shoe Salon, Beachwood OH. Marshall Field's. Panty stockings, Hanes Hosiery. About $4. Lord & Taylor; Higbee's; Hudson's. And a glimpse of Sami's gold-and-black chiffon teddy. . . . Object lesson, opposite—a necklace that combines an interesting mix of objects, layer after layer: Arthur Koby's one-of-a-kind multi-strand choker of silk-wrapped fluted bronze and brass beads with pinecones and pinenuts. Wonderful contrast—and enrichment—for deep colors, warm textures: Calvin Klein's brown leather jacket, curry wool serape. Necklace, about $450. Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Victor Carranza earrings. Sheer, light texture in makeup—and wonderful color, from Charles of the Ritz: Earth, Wind & Fire eye shadows; Stormy Cinnamon on the mouth; Cinnaberry Thunder for nails. Hair, Sean for Garren at The Plaza. Details, stores, see next to last pages this issue.

Marco Glaviano

Burgundy/bronze leather waist wrap, Ruza for Elegant, $55

Morris Moskowitz' *perfect* portfolio, $380

Yves Saint Laurent's long, tasseled, strand necklace, $110

The suede/velvet mix in Saint Laurent Rive Gauche gloves, $90

ACCESSORIES THAT MOVE

between day and night . . . in toned-down metallics, deep colors, wonderful textures, and ornamental mixes of everything. . . . This season: accessories that "live up" to the clothes that go with them. Above: Color with texture interest in a charming deep-green snakeskin shoulderbag, gathered at the top—a wonderful bag for day into evening dressing, about $550, by Bottega Veneta, NYC and Beverly Hills. Here, with a short jacket, striped in brown, pink, green, and maroon, about $338, by Albert Nipon Collectibles. Late September at Bloomingdale's. More

Suede/bronze patterned muffler by Jerry Kott, $340

Shawls: with [illegible] shine, by Echo Scarf[illegible] $19 . . . and plaid, Ungaro Scarves, $275

M&J Savitt's beaded lapis-and-gold lariat, $1430

More beads: deep garnet with gold, by Patricia von Musulin, $825

Green lizard "in-between" bag by Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, $525

Deep color, texture—the leather shoulderbag. Handbag by Enny, $125

Barry Kieselstein-Cord's new gold duck-buckle belt, $480

Metallic plus color plus pattern: Calvin Klein belt [illegible] $95

added color: A Burgundy suède glove ornamented with a black velvet cuff, about $90, by Saint Laurent Rive Gauche . . . "gold" heart ear-clip edged with navy enamel by Mary McFadden Jewels, about $65 . . . and iridescent aviator sunglasses from Cebe by Private Eyes, about $35. Details, stores, last pages. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Tyen of Paris.

Marco Glaviano

Sandra Hataley

All prices approximate. Details, stores last pages.

WHAT TO WEAR

NEW LOOK-MAKERS/THE ACCESSORY ACTION

Marco Glaviano

WITH BLACK

. . . something metallic, but something discreet. This is the moment to go for a little more, not to go for broke. A perfect balance, opposite: Sonia Rykiel's wonderful knitting-in-black and touches of gold—her longer, neck-tied pullover and soft pleated skirt over the skinniest "warm-ups" With an easy, man-sized cardigan and gold pinstriped shawl. A little more: her nailhead-studded belt . . . knockout bronze pumps. The turnout in wool/angora knit. Cardigan, about $286; pullover, about $205; skirt, about $260; pants, about $175; wool/lurex shawl, about $50. Saks-Jandel; Bullocks Wilshire; Liberty House of Hawaii; Creeds, Canada. Pullover, skirt, pants, and shawl at Marshall Field's. Pullover, skirt, and pants at Bloomingdale's. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Shoes, Chloé. . . . Modern sweaterdressing at its best, this page, at Chloé: Karl Lagerfeld's new gaucho pants in black wool and his longer black ribbed knit pullover with a big white collar. The only "shine" you need—sensational metallic boots. Gauchos, of Wurmser wool, about $475; sweater of wool/acrylic knit, about $350. Late August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Walter Steiger boots. Terrafirma earrings. Concord Mariner watch at Tiffany. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Tyen of Paris. Details, see next to last pages.

Rafael Sanchez ribbon/brass "sash," $175

Glove-leather cummerbund,
Krasne Two, $85

With everything: Paisley-gilded
wine leather bag, Barbara Bolan, $220

Smaller Burgundy "lizard"
shoulderbag, Lou Taylor II, $70

Multicolor bead choker,
DeBare Saunders for Laguna, $185

Heavy gold filigree/crystal choker,
Arthur Koby, $850

Hammered cuffs, Ellen Designs for
Robert Originals, $33 each

Textured cuff: sand-blasted
gold metal, Monet, $25

Sandra Hataley

THE ALLURE...

of unique ornamentation at night—all degrees, from discreet metallic touches to all-out dazzle . . . This page: Real news this fall—day into evening dressing! Here, Emanuel Ungaro's Paisley blouse and soft challis skirt, worn with his wonderful raspberry plaid wool shawl. Shawl, $190. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Dayton's. With it, the perfect bag in woven lizard-and-suede also in raspberry. Bottega Veneta, $520. Bottega Veneta NYC and Beverly Hills. Earrings, DeBare Saunders, $25.

Opposite, above: A "working" tote in a newer, deeper metallic—pearlized slate grey, by Maud Frizon. $250. Maud Frizon, NYC; Mr. Jay, Millburn, NJ. To slip inside—a new, smaller clutch, now in a luxurious, deep sable-brown nappa leather. Bottega Veneta, $245. Bottega Veneta NYC and Beverly Hills. Gunmetal-grey earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals, $28. Piaget watch. Sage-green wool pants, blouse and wool-blend jacket, all by John Anthony. Below, a soft gunmetal leather saddlebag, gold-stitched—in the perfect size. Maud Frizon, $375. Maud Frizon, NYC; Mr. Jay, Millburn, NJ. Satin-y wider cuff, Mark Spirito, $170. Suede top, leather pants and sash, all Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. All prices approximate. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Tyen of Paris. Stores, details, last pages.

Marco Glaviano

NEW LOOK-MAKERS/ THE ACCESSORY ACTION

Dazzle at night: Alex & Lee shell/cording belt, $960

Ornamented gunmetal leather/braid bag, Emanuel Ungaro, $225

Extraordinary!—Alex & Lee hand-painted "orchid" choker, $3000

14k-gold/diamond clip-ons, DeBare Saunders for Dalow, $1450

NEW LOOK-MAKERS

MAKEUP... KEY A

CCESSORY IDEA!

The new look-makers in makeup are the ones that move—with the easy versatility of the best fashion accessories—not only around a busy schedule but around the face as well. (Today, many products are thoroughly tested so that they may be worn safely anywhere on the face.) These are the new multi-purpose products that can go from creating a subtle look for day...to an embellished "transitional" face for the evenings that evolve out of office hours...to the drama and dash of a full-scale look at night. On these eight pages are three makeup ideas—pink shimmer, earth tones, and metallic—each worked specifically for those three key moments of a woman's day. Depending on where each color is used, how much is used—and with what other makeup—very different effects can be achieved with a single product. The versatility of pink shimmer starts at left, with the "something extra" of pink highlighter touched to eyes and lips already lightly made up for day—and coming across simply as very healthy, extremely pretty. (Pink shimmer moves on, next page....)

The pink shimmer *at left* is Ralph Lauren's Creme Highlighter in Lilac, with Neutral lips, Chestnut eyeshadow, Sandstone blusher. Ralph Lauren shirt, jacket; watch, British Khaki by Robert Lighton. Details, stores, last pages. Pink-shimmer options: Elizabeth Arden's Shimmerdust Highlighter in Pinkgold; Countess Isserlyn's Luna Highlighter Pencil in Moonlit Rose; Payot's Pink Gleamer eyestick. Here, and next two pages: makeup, Vincent Nasso; hair, Bob Fink for Pipino-Buccheri.

Andrea Blanch

Late-day
pink - shimmer
embellishments
are a deeper pink
on mouth, on cheeks

Andrea Blanch

An all-out night look
most women can wear:
pink-shimmer lighting
a darkly outlined eye...

The transition
from day to a "small"
evening, *left,*
simply means enhancing
the makeup shown
on the preceding page
by adding some pink
shimmer to cheeks,
much more to the lips.
Ralph Lauren's
Burgundy shadow
"heightens" the eyes.
Ken Begun earrings.
Pen by Elsa Peretti
of Tiffany (that's
one way to signal
your telephone number
to the next table).
Night starts,
right, with freshly
applied makeup—
almost iridescent
pink-shimmered cheeks
and mouth. Emphasis
on eyes—pink shimmer
from inner eye
to center of lid,
highlighting browbone.
Makeup from L'Oréal—
eyes, lips, and nails
all in Mauved.
Details, last pages.

Earth tones at night:
a strong khaki-green
(the new "neutral") eye
played to a soft,
glossed mouth

Khaki shadow at night
(above), smoothed
to a point on upper lid,
applied close to lower
lashes, lining eye rim;
cheek and lips left pale.
For day, *right*,
more emphasis
on the mouth than
the eye, where khaki
is used sparingly.
Again, very little

Makeup by Vincent Nasso;
hair by Stephane Lempire for
John Sahag

Andrea Blanch

For day, play down
the khaki and let
a terra-cotta mouth
give your looks a lift

For after-six hours,
up the color, the impact:
extra khaki on eyes,
an earthy russet added to lips

cheek color. Late-day *(inset, right)*, more color helps to light up your looks —khaki and russet (and a little cheek color) are added to basic day. Peruvian Green shadow *(inset)* and Incan Fire lips *(above)* from Almay's new "Lost Colors of the Incas." Another great khaki: Estée Lauder's Forest Fawn Automatic eyeshadow; great earthy-tone: Lancôme's Tea Leaf lipstick. Judyth van Amringe earrings *(opposite)*; gold toothpick by Tiffany *(above)*. Details, last pages.

For an impact-making appearance—along with Andy Warhol (who has recently added modeling to his list of accomplishments)—the gold pencil that can deliver gilding for day *(inset, below)*, the perfect highlight for the "transition time" between work and play *(left)*. Then, all-out glamour at night *(right)*, when two golds are used—one dark, blended over brow to hairline; the other, lighter to accentuate cheekbone. Last touch: more gold pencil to outline a rich dark mouth. Eye pencils, Golden Face Accent, Terra Cotta Moisture-Silk lip color by Frances Denney. Another great "gold": Alexandra de Markoff's Countess Isserlyn Luna 3 highlighter.

Makeup by Alberta Fava; hair by John Sahag. *Opposite:* Beaded jacket by Oscar de la Renta. Earrings, DeBare Saunders for Laguna. *Inset:* Victor Carranza earrings. Details, stores, last pages.

Around the clock
(and around the face)
with gold—
instant plus for lips,
eyes, cheekbones

Gold moves
into its own at night,
adding brilliance
and a look of energy
to the face...

NEW LOOK-MAKERS/MAKEUP

EAT LIGHT!

BY DOROTHY SCHEFER

The last days of summer—with their bounty of fresh fruits, off-the-vine vegetables, and raw salads—don't signal the end to eating light, fresh, healthful food. It's the way we should be eating all year long. That's the difference—and the change—in eating today. It has to do with a conscious effort to get the most nutrients from the lowest number of calories. It's the thinking—the nutritional philosophy—of everyone . . . from doctors to great chefs.

"Nutrition plays an extremely important role in maintaining health," says George Christakis, M.D., chief of the nutrition division and department of epidemiology and public health at the University of Miami School of Medicine. Yet, in a recent study that profiled exercise, health, and nutrition habits of the U.S. population, almost three-quarters of the women claimed they were dissatisfied with their personal eating habits; and three-quarters of *all* the people polled were not able to identify correctly the six basic food groups—the basis of healthful eating today.

"The first step to proper eating is not to have unrealistic expectations of what food can do for you," says Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., professor of medicine and chief of nutrition at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "Food cannot prevent aging. It cannot prevent all diseases—but it may diminish the likelihood of your getting certain illnesses. You cannot expect all your ills to be cured by nutrition." But, eating well is one of the best steps we can take in preventive medicine.

Andrea Blanch

Doctors and experts agree that the dietary guidelines to follow are those set up in 1980 by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services. "Some experts say they go too far," adds Dr. Rivlin, "I think they don't go far enough."

DIETARY GUIDELINES

- Eat a variety of foods.
- Maintain ideal weight.
- Avoid too much fat, saturated fat, and cholesterol.
- Eat enough foods that have complex carbohydrates and fiber.
- Avoid too much sugar.
- Avoid too much sodium.
- If you drink alcoholic beverages, do so in moderation.

It's no accident that **variety in food** comes before weight control—although the two are closely linked. In a study of six hundred obese women, *one-third* were assessed nutritionally deficient, suggesting that we must learn to curb our intake of high-calorie, low-nutrient foods. "It's clear," says Dr. Rivlin, "that some nutritionally deficient people—who do not get a complete amino-acid intake, for example—are the ones not eating a variety of foods."

The six food groups—red meat/fish/poultry, dairy, whole grains, vegetables, fruits, fats—should all be chosen from daily. "If you eat fourteen lunches and dinners each week," says Dr. Christakis, "divide them equally among lean red meat, poultry, and fish—that means four to five servings of each per week, in *four- to six-ounce portions.*" Americans may be consuming more protein than we need, the excess of which is stored in the body as fat. And "we are discovering," adds Dr. Rivlin, "that diets high in protein may increase the loss of calcium from the body, and may possibly accelerate the development of osteoporosis, although these findings are controversial."

There is also some controversy among experts today about what constitutes **"ideal" weight.** Standards vary. What that indicates, says Dr. Rivlin, is that we may be basing present ideas about overweight on standards developed some years ago. But whichever standards are used, a substantial portion of the U.S. population is above ideal weight. "The important goal is to prevent overweight—still Americans' leading ailment."

The trend today is to an ideal weight on the lean side. Some doctors suggest that ideal weight is weight at age twenty-five—which should be maintained through your lifetime. At the Hoffmann LaRoche Fitness III symposium (focusing on health, exercise, nutrition), held in New York City in May, Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., *(Continued on page 353)*

The "new nutrition" means eating light, fresh food in moderation, and in balance . . . Here, guidelines to eating well—and staying at a healthy weight—plus diet-wise menus from four food pros . . .

SALAD DAYS

FOUR LIGHT SUMMER MEALS FROM HEALTH-CONSCIOUS FOOD PROS

Does the science of nutrition compromise the pleasures of eating? Our four food experts said the answer is no. Here, their one-dish salad meals that represent the trend toward thoughtful eating—each made with a key texture or flavor "surprise" —arugula, which our model is nibbling at left, feta cheese, tarragon (a good flavor substitute for salt), and transparent noodles, lower in calories than other pastas (recipes begin on page 200).

New York Times food editor Craig Claiborne, who for the last few years has been under doctor's orders to diet—his recipes can be found in *Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet* (with Pierre Franey; Times Books), says "My blood pressure dropped, along with twenty pounds"—a weight loss he's been able to maintain. "I eat well—but moderately . . ." —precisely today's new nutritional philosophy.

CRAIG CLAIBORNE

LOBSTER SALAD WITH TARRAGON
CRUSTY LOAF OF FRENCH BREAD
ASSORTED CHEESES
LIGHT DRY WHITE BURGUNDY

"The important thing we all have learned," says James Beard, who has shed forty pounds in the last eighteen months, "is to make cooking utterly simple. The more you learn to improvise—without compromising taste, texture, or sensual appeal—the better off you will be . . . No matter what I eat now, I take half the portion I used to."

JAMES BEARD

BREAST OF DUCK SALAD
WITH TRANSPARENT NOODLES
TOASTED THIN RYE BREAD
FRESH STRAWBERRIES WITH
RASPBERRY PURÉE
SANGRÍA

Learn to use cooking methods that don't rob food of nutritional value—or add extra calories. Preferred methods: broiling, baking, poaching; never frying. Use modest amounts of salad oils; go "heavier" on wine vinegar. Instead of using pure olive oil for cooking, salad dressings: mix half olive, half safflower oil, for example, for equal portions of mono- and polyunsaturated fats. Sprinkle less salt at the table; watch out for hidden sources, such as bottled waters. Use lighter sauces, served on the side, says Julia Child: "Pass mayonnaise separately, so guests have the option to avoid it."

JULIA CHILD

CHICKEN SALAD WITH
FETA CHEESE
PITA TOAST TRIANGLES
CHILLED
CALIFORNIA FRENCH COLOMBARD
OR CHENIN BLANC

One of the easiest ways to cut down on sugar is to eat fewer desserts. When baking cakes and cookies, choose the lowest in sugar. Or serve fresh fruit. A tasty alternative, say Robert Gold and Arthur Fizdale, is to serve their "instant sherbet." (Peel and pit 4 very ripe peaches. Cut them up coarsely over heavy foil to catch their juice. Wrap them in foil; freeze for 3 to 4 hours. Without defrosting, put frozen peaches into a food processor with the steel blade. Blend 30 to 60 seconds. A teaspoon of Kirsch can be added. Serve immediately with a squeeze of lemon.)

ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

SALMON AND SHRIMP SALAD
THINLY SLICED DARK BREAD
CHILLED WHITE MUSCADET
OR CHABLIS
"INSTANT" PEACH SHERBET

LEATHE and every

Denis Piel

R... thing changes!

Biggest change in a season of change . . . from every designer, leather for every kind of dressing: leather as "fabric"—soft, thin, weightless—wonderful to look at, to wear. No matter if it's for day, for evening; a single piece or a complete "look"—this year the newest, most attractive version is always in leather! Leather dyed beautiful colors, handled beautiful ways. Always it adds an extra dimension . . . of luxury, texture, excitement. Case in point: the clothes on these pages. They have nothing to do with outdoors. With rough-and-tumble. They have to do with a level of real dressing that's very modern, manageable . . . flattering! . . . Something different happens to an ornamental jacket when it's leather—Lisandro Sarasola's black-and-taupe suède—metallic stamped, embroidered, edged in bronze leather. You'd wear it season after season, for years. Here, it's worn with black velvet culottes. Jacket, abut $850. Bloomingdale's; Claire Pearone; Stanley Korshak; L.S. Ayres; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Details, last pages. These eight pages: Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Our thanks to the National Gallery in Washington, DC, for permitting us to photograph these pages in the magnif-icent new East Building.

LEATHER... and everything changes!

It's always had luxe.
What's new:
the unexpected
irresistible charm

One of the most attractive ways to go from day to dinner, season to season—"put together" Emanuel Ungaro's special way, *this page*. His long, side-buttoned jacket of blue and Burgundy leather with a wool challis skirt, ruffled Paisley silk blouse. Jacket about $1350. Skirt about $695. Blouse about $750. Late September at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, Houston; Balliet's; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . As soft, as fluid as his silks. . . Calvin Klein's two-piece leather dress, *opposite*. A dropped shoulder; full, cuffed sleeves on the blouse; a long, easy skirt. It could be the base of a whole new way of dressing. One way, with the plaid, leather-piped blanket jacket you see on the ottoman. Blouse about $550. Skirt about $550. Jacket, about $330. Late August at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; Halle's; Neiman-Marcus. Fashion details, next to last pages.

...it's the key element in every degree of dressing .. day and night

Another new way with leather: embossing—on the front, the cuffs of Oscar de la Renta's curved Burgundy jacket with a silver button-and-chain closing, *this page*. Decorative enough o go its own way. But it starts with a long, easy wool challis skirt and soft blouse, each a different stripe . . . a nothing-to-think-about total "look" to take you from day to restaurant dinner. Suit, about $1970. Mid-September at Altman's; Kane's, Chicago; Swanson's on the Plaza; Balliet's; Sakowitz; John Hogan, Southern California. . . .

And, in the other new proportion—small, short, narrow—John Anthony's pearlized pewter leather skirt, *opposite*, with the texture contrast of his long grey angora sweater-jacket. The impact's unmistakable. But it's low-key. Understated. As "dressed" as many women want to be when the evening isn't "big." Sweater, skirt, and silk blouse, not shown, about $1250. September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach; Frost Bros. Details, last pages.

Denis Piel

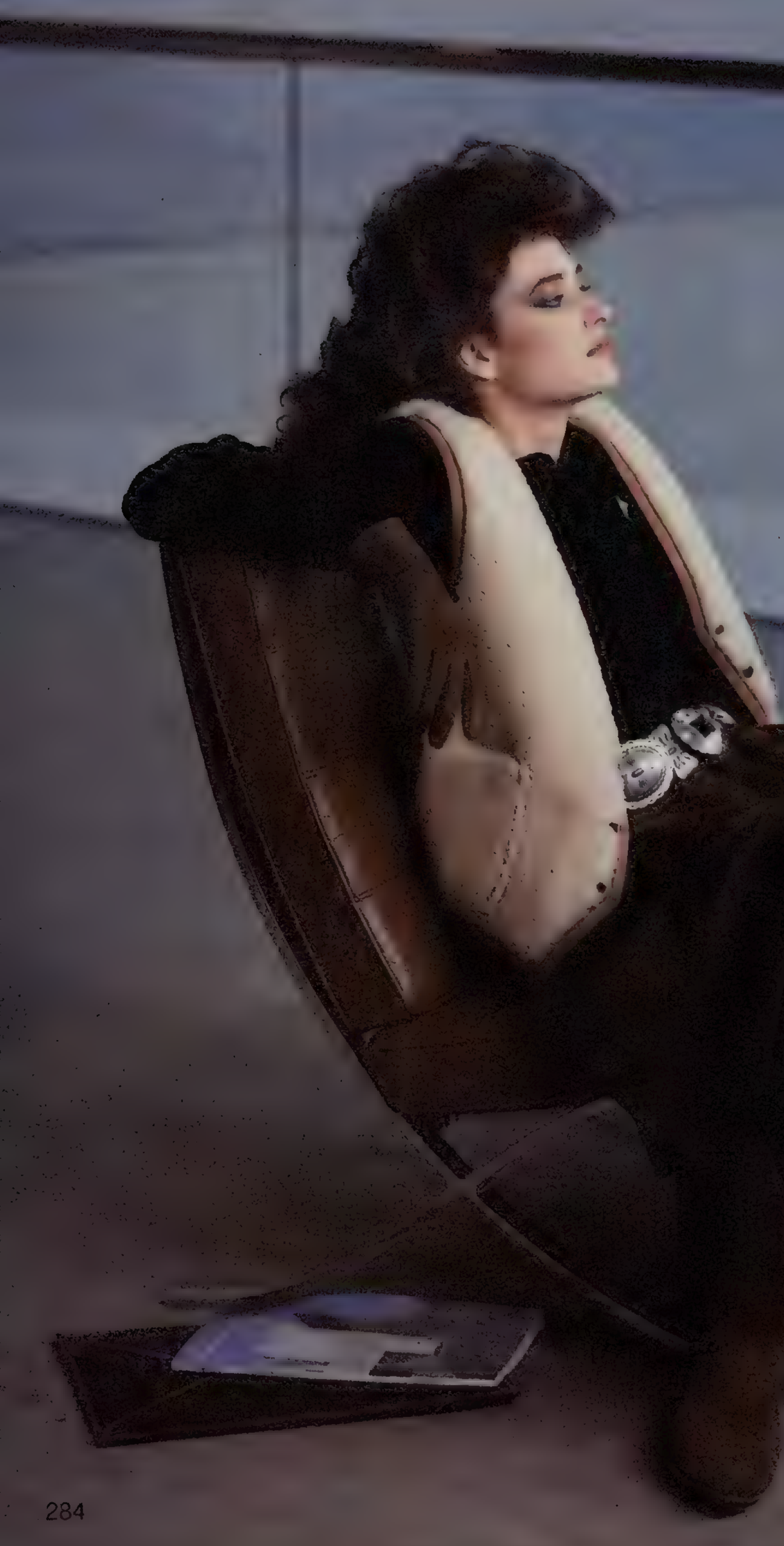
LEATHER... and everything changes!

LEATHER...and everything changes!

...it softens
the look...
or sharpens it

From Ralph Lauren, who gives leather—everything—a more casual attitude, *this page,* the softness of a long, tiered "prairie" skirt in cinnamon suède (about $1250) with a little shearling vest (about $298), over a classic black cotton T-shirt (about $32). Barney's, NYC; Kaufmann's; The Polo Shop, Washington, DC; Ralph Lauren, Tampa; Sakowitz . . .

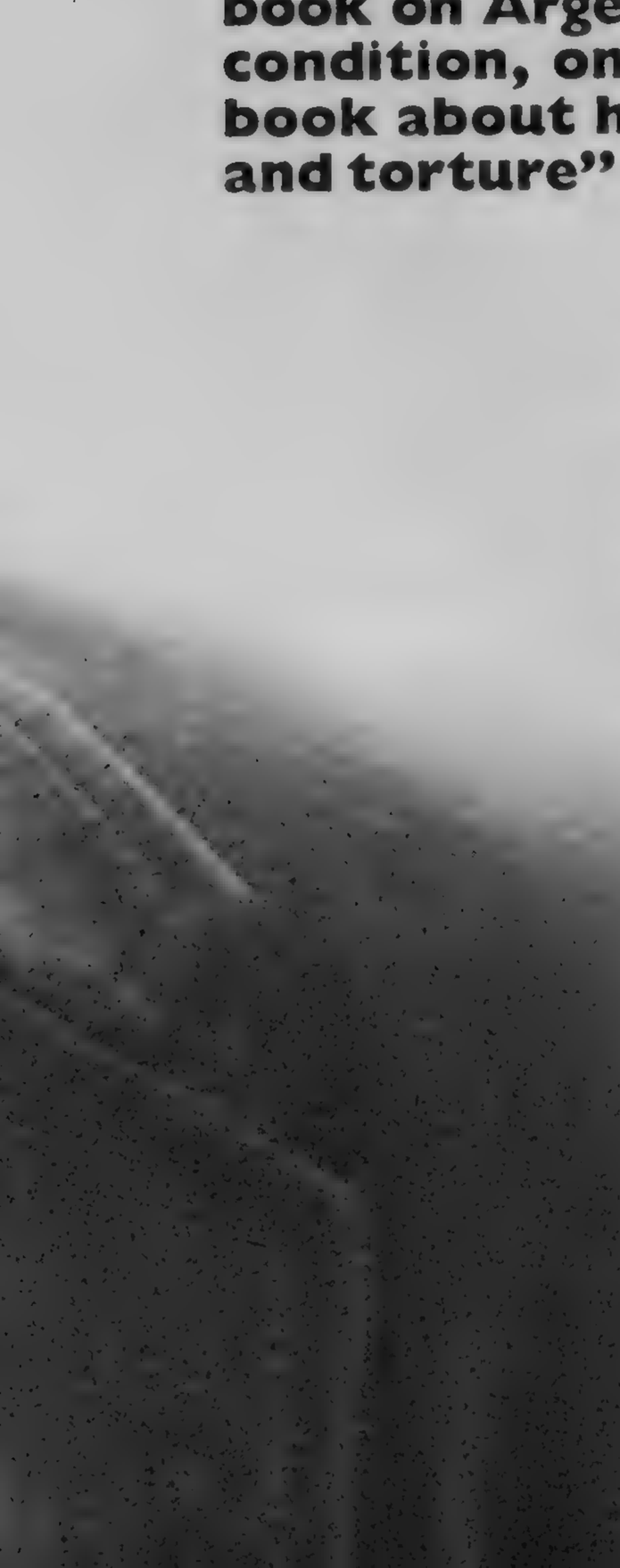
No question. In the Halston collection, the leathers were standouts! One of the best examples,



the terrific dinner suit, *opposite*—the shine, the impact his small, shaped jacket has in purple metallic leather with a full black cotton velvet skirt; the white satin-faced organza blouse and little necktie, which were a signature look. Turnout, about $1080. Late September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; John Baldwin; Lillie Rubin-South & West; all Halston Boutiques. Details, last pages.

TIMERMAN: A

CRY FROM HELL



"I am really surprised at the reaction to my book. I thought, a book on Argentina, on human rights—people are so tired...But people look at it not as a book on Argentina but on the human condition, on the way people are, a book about horror, tenderness, love and torture" — *Jacobo Timerman*

We are spared a lot in this country. Our relatives do not "disappear." We may criticize the government in print or on a street corner; we will not be tortured. Secure in our freedom, we step willingly into the political nightmares of other citizens of other countries. We collect memories of foreign hells, recurring nightmares that begin usually with a man of character resisting tyranny. He is trapped, ultimately, by the tyrant. Imprisoned, tortured, he somehow survives, long enough at least to let the world know what's going on. It is curious that we want, as well as need, to know, and the reason is that these records are not so much horror tales as songs of triumph.

In Jacobo Timerman's stay in the special hell reserved for dissidents in Argentina, you see it very clearly—the triumph of character over despair. A man treated inhumanely remains human. A man forced to stare right into the eyes of human evil comes back sane. You could not ask for a better guide through hell.

Timerman, of course, is the Argentine newspaper publisher-editor who got into trouble a few years ago for not being sensible. While other liberals under the rightist military government observed the sensible, life-saving rules of silence, Timerman tried to save some of the thousands of people who were "disappearing," plucked off by terrorists of the right and left. He editorialized for human rights, particularly for the right to trial. The political situation, he writes in his book, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number* (Alfred A. Knopf), was "a struggle between civilization and barbarism."

Sensible Argentines say Timerman exaggerates, that "you're safe if you stay out of politics." It was during torture sessions that Timerman realized he offended the state not only by being political but by being Jewish. Swastikas decorated the torture cells. The most capricious cruelty was meted out with a paranoid anti-Semitism. "I was never able to prove to my interrogators that Zbigniew Brzezinski was not a Jew or the head of a Latin American Jewish conspiracy."

After thirty months, Timerman was finally shunted to an airport and from there to Israel where he now lives and works as a journalist. He wrote his book in one explosive week, in what must have been a white heat of concentration—the book is a short but massive effort at communication: a warning. Nazism is not dead. The silence that hopes to placate tyrants encourages tyranny. The new American policy of "quiet diplomacy," with its official distinction between leftist and rightist dictatorial governments—labeling the first, "totalitarian" and the second, "authoritarian"—means that cruelties condemned in communist countries are tolerated in anti-communist countries: we do not want to "embarrass our allies." This last point has returned Timerman, now fifty-eight, to controversy. Advocates of the new policy have campaigned to discredit him, and so he is caught between conservative maligners and liberal defenders.

Timerman, who was in New York City recently, is tall, stocky, bull-chested. He says that something in him, he doesn't know what, was destroyed during his prison years. It was not his fighting spirit—that, clearly, he is still exercising. What he does lack is arrogance, the sheen of achievement, the swagger of confidence you would expect in a man of his stature. He has been violated—invulnerability, perhaps, has been tortured out of him.

He gives Socratic interviews. Asked if he understands cruelty, Timerman answers, "Very easily . . . but tell me: what are your ideas of the human condition? Do you think human beings are basically good? No? Well, this is our problem. Torturers are people as we are. Einstein is also somebody who was as we. So we must have faith and go on."

But was he not especially horrified by the *playfulness* of some of the cruelty inflicted on him? (A voice outside his cell door whispers: "Who's there?" "Timerman," he answers softly. On the other side, a burst of laughter.)

"Torturers are professionals," he says evenly. "Every professional has fun with his work."

But how does he remain optimistic about Argentina's future? In his epilogue, he offers the conviction—or is it a prayer?—that Argentina "will succeed in overcoming the paranoids of every extreme. . . . And it will learn to be happy."

"I am a religious man," he answers. "I believe that we are here to build up a good society. In another five hundred years, everything will be settled. Just wait and see. Five hundred years. It's not so much." —AMY GROSS

Duane Michals

RUSSIA OBSERV

She was a graduate student in English at Harvard, where she met her husband, Tom Fallows. He was a Ph.D. candidate in Russian history. "We fell in love very quickly," she says. "He was about to go off to Russia for a year and had a space open for a 'spouse.' He said, 'come with me.'" Russia had always gripped her in an uncanny way. "Tied by no claims of blood or tradition," she writes, "I felt...an obscure attraction to this country...its violent, highly colored folklore, its music, through which ran a similar vein of extravagance...." As students in Moscow, both twenty-five, Lee and Fallows penetrated a Russia closed to the journalists and diplomats cordoned off in elite foreigners' ghettos. For ten months, they lived in the real Russia—regular people, ordinary days. Lee, watching it all, writing it down in her "Russian Journal" (to be published next month by Random House), is a spectacular observer. Piercingly intelligent, she is strikingly able to contain contradictions. Her eye is both innocent and world-wise. If many books on the U.S.S.R. offer an aerial view, Lee's is like a street map—it's that close, immediate, human-scaled.

Annie Leibovitz

ED—THE REAL LIFE

AN EXCERPT FROM ANDREA LEE'S "RUSSIAN JOURNAL"

Sunday morning at about eleven o'clock I was standing on the balcony behind Anna and Volodya's apartment, looking out over a small, dilapidated park. Over the trees I could see the rusty domes of an eighteenth-century church, whose air of dark neglect made the fall sky around it seem a brighter blue. In the living room, Frank Sinatra was blaring from Volodya's expensive West German stereo and I could hear Volodya shouting to Tom over the music: "Fine sound, eh? You get what you pay for." A few yellow leaves drifted down, and an autumnal smell rose from the bare trodden earth of the park. An old woman with her head tightly wrapped in a challis scarf came out onto a first-floor balcony and muttered something to a white cat asleep among some flowerpots. All the balconies were made of the same crumbling concrete as the one where I stood, and had the same flimsy wood and plastic railings; many, like Anna and Volodya's, held pots and crockery containers of food, which the October air would keep refrigerated.

I was hungry at this particular moment, as I so often am these days. Food requires forethought in the Soviet Union: one must stand in a cafeteria line for it, or prepare it from the absolutely raw ingredients. Except for ice cream and candy, there are few quick snacks in Moscow. Thus Tom and I spend a lot of time meditating on our stomach pangs, and we are never hungrier than on the Sunday mornings when we arrive anticipating a splendid lunch with Anna and Volodya. We met these two friends through a complicated network of American and English friends. Since the government makes it unpleasant for ordinary Russians who openly associate with foreigners, the letters of introduction we carried to Volodya and other friends of friends had to be concealed at the border and sent out surreptitiously in the local mail. When we got an answer a few weeks later, we arranged to meet Volodya near his apartment, and so began the long Sundays we've spent with them every few weeks.

Volodya is a tall balding man in his forties, with the broad-shouldered, slightly flabby body of an athlete who has gone a bit to seed. His protuberant mulberry-colored eyes and pugnacious jawline suggest a forceful, opinionated temperament, but this side of him is restrained in a way that I did not understand until recently. He is an industrial engineer, an occupation that, as he has pointed out, means very little in the Soviet Union, since every other person who is not actually a manual worker seems to be designated "engineer." He acts vague and bored when asked about his daily work, which he says is dull, and which brings him a very small salary; he prefers to discuss his moonlighting job with which he supplements his income. This job is a typically complicated black-market affair, involving greasing palms and providing services officially unavailable: Volodya visits different elementary schools in Moscow, and by bribing the principals with bottles of Armenian cognac, gets permission to photograph the students in color. (Color photography is extremely rare here, since film is scarce, but Volodya has an underground source of supply from East Germany, as he does for the cognac.) He sells the photography privately to the parents. "It's a very nice arrangement," he told us with a complacent smile. "The principal gets his cognac, and the parents get pictures of their darlings that are better than that official black-and-white junk. And I, of course, make a profit."

Volodya's official and unofficial earnings, joined to Anna's salary, allow them to lead a pleasant middle-class existence. The three-room apartment they share with Volodya's grandmother is furnished in the kind of mesmerizing bad taste that, in Russian stores, costs very dear. The living room, which is also Anna and Volodya's bedroom, is dominated by a double bed covered with a bright green furry spread set off with a few hot-pink pillows. There is a great deal of the shiny laminated brown shelving which is the most expensive style sold at GUM, and there is an enormous lamp whose base is a shiny metal representation of a stag. On one wall is a lushly colored oil painting of a forest scene, and on the other a reproduction of Repin's lively painting "A Letter to the Sultan"—below this hangs a large medallion with an insignia that Volodya claims is his family crest. The real pride of the family is the West German stereo (purchased through another black-market connection) and Volodya's extensive collection of foreign records. During each of our visits, he sits us down on the green bedspread and blasts us with Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles.

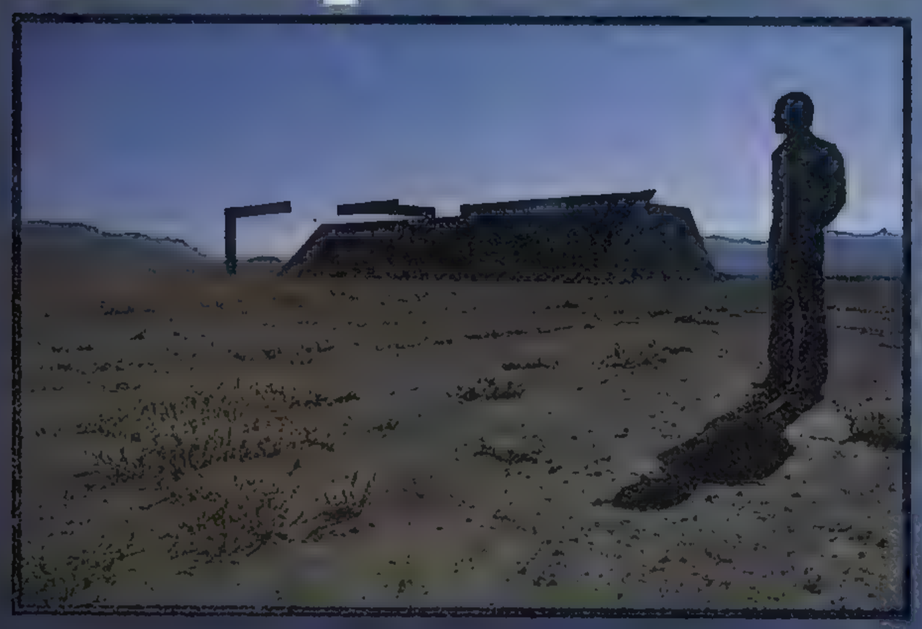
"The ideal the Russians yearned after was an American one. They yearned to speak English, to have an American article of clothing or friend. And yet they took pride in Soviet military strength and would tell us that America was decadent, that they were tougher than we were—and they are. My friends over there were so much sturdier than I. I learned how self-reliant you can be, coping with impossible daily lives" *—Andrea Lee*

While the music plays, Anna is usually working in the kitchen. Anna is a beauty in her late thirties, with a neatly modeled full body and the exquisite, fine-textured skin that gives some young Russian girls a look of angelic purity. (Unfortunately, most of the faces I see on the metro are prematurely aged, or sallow and blemished by poor diet and the hardness of life in general.) She has evidently been a knockout all her life, and emphasizes it by dyeing her carefully set hair a brilliant reddish blonde and by painting her lips and nails a flat crimson (Russian cosmetics lack subtlety). She projects the same innocent flamboyance as Dolly Parton.

Anna works as a supervisor in a paint factory, but it is clear that her main occupation is making Volodya's home his castle. She keeps the apartment spotless, knits sweaters, scarves, and hats (though the knitting's had to be interrupted—yarn is *defisitnii* [hard to get]), and scours stores and *(Continued on page 348)*

Excerpted from *Russian Journal* to be published by Random House in September, 1981. Copyright © 1981 by Andrea Lee

Sculpture as archaeology



Michael Heizer's gargantuan earth/concrete/steel works rival those at Stonehenge or Giza

Near a U.S. nuclear-testing site in the Nevada desert, Michael Heizer's 140-foot, 500-ton "Complex One/City," 1972-76, earth/concrete/steel; photograph by Gianfranco Gorgoni, courtesy Xavier Fourcade, Inc., NYC; inset above, Duane Michals. (Continued)

Sculpture as archaeology

By John Yau

Far out in the isolated Nevada desert, hundreds of miles from the neon wilderness of Las Vegas, a strange edifice has taken shape. "Complex One/City," the work of thirty-six-year-old sculptor Michael Heizer, has been compared to both Indian burial mounds and discarded missile ramps at Cape Canaveral. The resemblance to a missile ramp will seem anything but superficial when one realizes that the exact location of "Complex One" is just north of a U.S. nuclear-testing site. Not only is it the site of an earthwork, but Heizer and his wife Barbara live nearby. Home, for them, is a group of concrete-block buildings. (Otherwise, there is an apartment in New York City's Greenwich Village.) Even in this age of underground nuclear tests, there is still plenty of danger; for, if the force from the underground explosion is able to break its seal, fallout "ventings"—as these accidents are called—will be picked up by the winds and scattered over the surrounding region. The Heizers' land is almost certain to be included in that circumference.

Though the Heizers might not survive a serious venting accident, "Complex One/City" was built to withstand such a possibility. It seems to have been built with eternity in mind. Unlike paintings that hang in a museum, or sculpture placed in a park, "Complex One/City" exists in a landscape, and a very particular one at that. As the late Robert Smithson, one of the original earthworks artists, put it: "Instead of putting a work of art on some land, some land is put into the work of art." Or, as Heizer himself said more than ten years ago, "The work is not put in a place, it is that place." In its solitary vigil, "Complex One/City" seems to be waiting calmly for the day, perhaps a thousand years from now, when someone will discover it and puzzle over its purpose. In that hard-to-imagine future, scientists, archaeologists, and anthropologists will try to divine its origin, our present, by answering two fundamental questions. Who built it? And why?

Left: Michael Heizer in front of his untitled painting, done in 1975. Right: His earthwork near Massacre Dry Lake, Nevada; a 120-foot loop of 12-foot trench, "Isolated Mass/Circumflex," 1968. Photograph from Xavier Fourcade, Inc., New York City.

Hans Namuth

If this blend of remote antiquity and equally remote future seems to you like the stuff of science-fiction novels and movies rather than the content of art, then you are getting an insight into the kinds of responses "Complex One/City" has been able to provoke since it was completed. Art and science fiction are seldom equated; but, in the case of "Complex One/City," it is unavoidable. Certainly, the future was something Heizer thought about when he said to one writer, "It's built to withstand a 3.5 earthquake."

Heizer does not wish to be constrained by a gallery space, or even by a plaza. And if some of his sculptures are, in a sense, assaults on time, others have been deliberately short-lived. One does not usually think of sculpture as having a specific lifetime; but Heizer's work is often conceived of with time, art's nemesis, in mind. For example, in 1968, in another part of the Nevada desert, he dug a trench resembling a loop; eventually because of rain and wind, it was reclaimed by nature.

In 1976, after more than four years, Michael Heizer finished the construction of "Complex One/City" on a valley floor of his Nevada ranch. The work required more than five hundred tons of earth and rock, packed between two cast concrete walls about one hundred forty feet apart. Beneath the seemingly endless Nevada sky, ringed by the eleven-thousand-foot-high mountains, "Complex One/City" seems like a temple built by a vanished civilization—a gargantuan effort whose simple forms are curiously modest. Despite its contemporary materials of steel and concrete, "Complex One/City" can claim as ancestors the ritualistic complexes of Stonehenge, Angkor Wat, Mayan temples, and the Indian burial mounds scattered throughout America.

While the overall shape of "Complex One/City" seems familiar, the specific reference is to a type of ancient Egyptian tomb known as a mastaba. Chronologically, mastabas were the link between the artificial mounds covering prehistoric graves and the famous pyramids at Giza, such as the one Cheops built. When Cheops was planning his funereal city, he arranged for mastabas to be built around his pyramid along the lines of houses on city streets. "Complex One/City" is located in surroundings resembling those in Egypt. A sense of isolation and grandeur prevails, as well as an intense awareness of man's impermanence.

But why would an artist, an intensely modern one at that, make references as seemingly esoteric as this? Look into Heizer's past and some interesting clues come to light. Heizer's father, the late Robert Heizer, *(Continued on page 347)*

Michael Heizer: "The work is not put in a place, it is that place"

Unconstrained, timeless, an art for the future to find... grandiose but showing man's humility in the vastness of nature

Dressed for tennis (lessons twice a week), Sylvia Amelia, Baroness de Waldner, in the garden of her Paris apartment. Dressed in greenery: eighteenth-century French sphinx, a gift from Sylvia's mother-in-law. In the living room, right, two elements that are present throughout the rest of the De Waldner apartment: white flowers—Sylvia's favorites—and museum-quality Italian and French bronzes her husband has been collecting since he was eighteen. An Italian Renaissance bronze horse sits on modern travertine coffee table. Modern seating lives harmoniously with Louis XV "fauteuils," seventeenth-century tapestry rug

Baroness de Waldner's duplex apartment in Paris

a modern romantic

a happy marriage of the contemporary and traditional, an assimilation of richness (in art, sculpture, and lush fabrics) with the comfort and ease of the functional: that's one definition of the de Waldner style—modern romantic—seen here and on the next four pages. These are the very pretty rooms of the duplex Paris apartment—embellished by designer François Catroux—where Sylvia Amelia, the Brazilian, blond, and beautiful Baroness de Waldner, lives with her husband.

David Massey

Intimate place to dine, opposite page: corridor turned into festive pavilion for six to eight people through François Catroux's use of yards of pleated Souleido fabric "to hide the walls." He doubled the sense of space with a mirrored wall, softened the effect with a sweep of draperies. Around oblong table: Louis XV chairs in their original leather (a triumph of craftsmanship over time). Over table: nineteenth-century French tole lamps. As counterpoint to patterned fabric: pure white tablecloth, white freesias, and the English touch—popular in French houses now—Coleport china, Georgian silver candlesticks. This page: Sylvia Amelia in a favorite Saint Laurent gown. To her right: Boulle cabinet bears jewel-like Sèvres urn.

David Massey

a modern romantic

a modern romantic

The library, below, once a too-bright room, was made darker, cozier by adding a fireplace, wall coverings in rosy-brown cotton. Made especially for the room: the Persian-design rug, the Persian-inspired cotton on sofas, large table. Silk panels of Russian nineteenth-century screen display eighteenth-century wings. More of the Baron's bronzes; portraits of Voltaire on mantelpiece; early replicas of seventeenth-century Italian statues whose originals are at the Quirinale, in Rome. Right: Sylvia Amelia's bedroom, totally feminine, like her. The magnificent "lit a la polonaise," designed by Catroux, has coverings as meticulously made, stitch by stitch, as a gown by Yves Saint Laurent.

David Massey

Her home is Sylvia's favorite place to be—listening to classical music, reading, learning English, or entertaining. She loves giving cozy dinner parties for six or eight friends—and occasionally gives a really big celebration, like her birthday buffet dinner for 150 last year, with a sexy Brazilian orchestra for dancing, wonderful French food cooked at home under her supervision. She also enjoys working as a volunteer at the local clinic, translating Portuguese into French for Portuguese children who come there for medical treatment.

With the help of interior designer François Catroux, a close chum, Sylvia transformed the apartment's look from cool and modern to warmer, softer, more romantic—a background she feels more at home with now, and a background that works well with and is enriched by her husband's fine collection of Italian and French bronzes. Catroux's ingenuity turned a portion of a corridor into a small, gem-like dining room; the library, once overly bright, was transformed into a darker, more serious room ("It is, after all, a room for reading," Sylvia says) by covering walls, even windows with a rosy-brown fabric; the cool look of white satin in her bedroom was replaced with a very feminine, appealing cotton print—especially copied for Sylvia in blue and white from an eighteenth-century French one—and used with a lavish hand on the walls and for the bed draperies.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

the beauty AND the bea

Jacqueline Bisset's been called the most beautiful woman of her generation and Candice Bergen stops traffic. Are they empty-headed fluffs? You wish. What brings Jacqueline and Candice together here—a soon-to-be-released movie, "Rich and Famous," in which they play two women who laugh, cry, compete, fight, aid, envy, and love each other over twenty years of their lives. Call it friendship. . . . On the following two pages, more about Bisset and Bergen, women and friendship.

Avedon

BISSET AND BERGEN

uty

INTERVIEW: **BERGEN AND BISSET— THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAUTY**

At thirty-six, Jacqueline Bisset is joining the ranks of the power women who produce their own movies—like Barbra Streisand, Jane Fonda—by co-producing *Rich and Famous.* At thirty-five Candice Bergen is, similarly, at the top of her career—she was discovered to be a deft comedienne in *Starting Over,* and nominated for her first Oscar. They are both enormously sophisticated, serious—proof that, hype aside, there really is a New Hollywood.

One senses between these women a colleagueship—they're cooperating on the same project—but there are also many currents of personal appreciation; appreciation, especially, for their differences. And they are different. Light and dark. American and European. Bergen, the woman who's for being open and honest and, as simply as possible, herself. Bisset, the woman who "quite likes the ambiguity of mystery." Bergen, the Californian who describes herself as "bounding in in the morning in my jogging suit—I'm one of the guys." And Bisset, the English anti-jock, who considers herself "saintly" every time she forces herself to swim laps.

They are as different, these two, as the characters they play in *Rich and Famous.* A remake of *Old Acquaintance,* the Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis 1943 movie classic, *Rich and Famous* casts Bisset in the Bette Davis role of Liz, a serious East Coast writer, never married, and Bergen in Hopkins' role of Merry, a self-centered Southern girl who elopes before finishing college, has one daughter, and effortlessly writes a steamy best seller. The two women envy each other's choices, talents, lives, and, ultimately, have it out in *haute* bitchy style (Says Liz: "I am sick and tired of your trying to live your life in my skin." Says Merry: "Ha! If I had your skin I'd take better care of it.")

Bisset and Bergen were talking the other day, Candy says, about the fear of being bitchy. "I think women are afraid of their power to kill. There are only a few women I don't like, but when I see one of them, I immediately go into this rollover act. I do, 'Hi, how are you, gee you look great. . . .' I'm so nice because I don't want to kill them. I made this pact with myself to stop doing it, because I feel like such a fool when I do, but the reaction keeps coming up."

Another difference between the two: If Bergen considers her women friends her family, and notices that "women always gravitate to each other at parties now—I think it's almost a fact you can document that there are more interesting women now than men"—Bisset more naturally makes friends with men than with women. Bergen is astonished by Bisset's lack of competitiveness—"She was as insistent that things be perfect for me, that I look my best, as for herself." Bisset answers that she is not competitive at work, or at sports—"People ask me to play tennis and I just laugh all the way. I don't care if I win or lose. In my kitchen, though, there I could probably commit murder."

"It's a question of what area is charged for you," Bergen says. "Until the last few years, my whole life was like Jackie's tennis game. I couldn't care less. Now I want to have pride in what I do."

At this point in her life, Bergen is aware of having "a rarefied level of luck," which, she says, she never takes for granted. "I've been given so much, especially, in this last year with my marriage [to French movie director Louis Malle], I feel I have to behave in a way that's worthy of it all . . . Well," she laughs at her seriousness, "I'm Protestant."

The "luck" of both women, their level of success, their kind of good looks, cloaks them in what Candy calls "a certain kind of plumage which causes people to either retreat or put their guard up." Being "approachable" has become, for both, high praise. Bergen is not unaware of the "ice princess" aura people sometimes spot around her—"I hate it. I am almost incapacitated with fear in a roomful of people and have to work constantly not to cover up my fear by pulling into myself. Because of the way I look sometimes, people have always felt I was very remote. But my dream in life has been to be Italian."

"But you are, you are quite Italian," Bisset rushes in. "I find you quite approachable. I went to Candy's house," she says, "and she was there at the door looking like people's image of Candy Bergen. Very glowing and happy and the hair was very beautiful . . . and I thought, 'Wow, I have seen the other side of her,' which is the side that touches you more than the image—the complicated person behind the image.

"I don't know how you feel, but what attracts me to people is when they are what they really are—when they've got everything down, façades, barriers. . . . That to me is the most touching—their naïvete, their strength, their whatever—it's the best part of them. We all struggle to get to the essence of ourselves and yet try to cover it up. Such an odd thing." ▽

Avedon

TALKING ABOUT. . .

WOMEN, FRIENDSHIP, AND BITCHINESS

BY ANNE BEATTS

For the past year, I've been living with almost two dozen women. Some of them are pretty and clever and fun to be with, and some of them are vain, lazy, and superficial. One of them has an eight-year-old daughter. One is a lesbian. Some are kind-hearted and practical, one is beautiful but cold, selfish, and grasping, one is a total space case, and at least two of them are prize bitches.

We get along quite well, actually, considering what close quarters we've been forced to occupy: the inside of my head. I just finished writing the screenplay for an updated version of Clare Boothe Luce's 'thirties classic, *The Women.* There are no men in the movie, and no car chases—just women, talking to other women. Of course, they don't always use dulcet, well-modulated tones. Sometimes they shout, there's some hairpulling, and not all of the dialogue could be printed on these pages—though there's nothing you couldn't hear outside Saks Fifth Avenue at five o'clock any weekday afternoon.

When MGM asked me to do the remake, I was thrilled. I'd always loved the original, every actress Rex Reed ever interviewed was complaining that there were no good parts for women, and here was a movie with nothing but. So I didn't exactly keep my new big-time Hollywood screenwriting assignment a secret. But I was surprised by the reactions I got.

Some people maintained that there was no point in remaking anything, ever. I don't see so much of them, anymore. A gay friend insisted that the only way to do it was in drag—"My dear, it's nothing but dish." Perhaps, but why should gays have all the fun?

Though my feminist friends admitted that we were no longer obliged to proclaim our sisterhood by organizing storefront self-examination clinics and running around waving speculums at each other, they still considered *The Women* politically incorrect. "And the worst part is, it was written by a *woman,*" they hissed.

In fact, by three women: Clare Boothe Luce, who wrote the stage play; Anita Loos, who punched up Clare's jokes for the screen; and Jane Murfin, an unknown but first-rate writer from the Metro stable, who constructed the screenplay. Were they all three traitors to their sex? Was I about to be?

True, it was impossible to write a new version of *The Women* without being bitchy—a quality I'm told I sometimes carried over into real life, depending on which character was inhabiting my head that day. And in 1981, the women couldn't just be idle "ladies who lunch." I solved that by giving them jobs on a fashion magazine not unlike this one, so they could work and still squeeze in the occasional lunch as well. Then, too, the class distinctions of the 'thirties were outmoded: Crystal, the Joan Crawford character, could no longer be a scheming shopgirl who wanted to make it to Park Avenue.

When I asked myself what kind of woman I found most threatening as a rival, I realized that, even all these years after prom night, it was still the "dumb blond"—who isn't really so dumb. She may be bitchy and manipulative with other women, but let a man show up and she turns into a cuddly sex kitten. Next to a woman like that, I feel as feminine and appealing as a screwdriver.

So I made Crystal into a successful model with a few too many little laugh lines around the eyes, who's looking to get out of the biz and finds a free meal ticket in somebody else's husband. In return, she's willing to make him believe that he's the center of her universe. Mary, the long-suffering wife originally played by Norma Shearer, became someone with whom I could easily identify: a woman who wants a career and a man too, but feels so guilty about having both that she's ready to give up without a fight.

While the "other woman" is a bitch who pretends not to be in order to get what she wants, the heroine is afraid that by asking for what she wants, she'll automatically become one. And, as they say in *TV Guide,* trouble ensues.

> "'Bitch' is a word we've allowed to be held over our heads, to keep us from standing up"

The problem is one I've struggled with since way before that high school prom. When does self-assertion turn to bitchiness? How far is too far? If you've ever worried that the expression "hard as nails" might someday be applied to you, you'll know what I mean. If not, you might as well stop reading.

Once upon a time, men used to foster the notion that women were a species of dangerous jungle cat, eager to claw each other to ribbons on those rare occasions, such as bridge parties, when they were allowed out without their trainers. The strategy was simple: divide and conquer. Keep the gals busy trying to scratch each other's eyes out, and they'll never notice who put the bars on the cage.

I didn't want my version of *The Women* to perpetuate that particular myth. But I kept the catfight scene. After all, our male heroes are always *(Continued)*

Anne Beatts *co-edited "Titters: The First Collection of Humor by Women" (Macmillan, 1976), was a writer for five years on the original "Saturday Night Live"*

(Continued) slapping each other around on the screen. Is *Raging Bull* insulting to men? We don't all have to like each other all the time—or do we?

It seems that when we finally figured out that other women could be our allies instead of our enemies, we countered with a fiction of our own: niceness. We kept trying to be nice all the time. Remember those boho cocktail parties in the 'fifties, where all the guests seemed to have been drawn by Feiffer, and all Negroes were nice? Well, they aren't, and neither are all women, and it's insulting to both groups to blanket them with the same patronizing adjectives.

When I was a little girl, I got caught in the nice trap. I couldn't help thinking things you weren't supposed to, not if you were nice. Sometimes I even said them, which was definitely not nice. I grew up convinced that all the other girls were nice, and I was some kind of freak. Somebody must have skimped on the nice genes.

The little boys who grew up alongside me weren't nice. They didn't want to be. They were loud, and rowdy, and they got into fights because "boys will be boys." They were always testing their strengths, practicing their conversational fastballs on each other. So, later, if one of them slapped a verbal wet towel at his best buddy, it was just another aspect of masculine pair-bonding. But if one of us made the same kind of remark, she was being bitchy. And if whomever she was talking about happened to be out of the room at the time, she was being catty.

"Bitch" is a word we've allowed to be held over our heads, to keep us from standing up. Another one of those words—and this one we came up with ourselves—is "supportive." These days, being insufficiently supportive is a sin on a par with ordering your duck well-done. But unquestioning supportiveness, like an unremitting diet of *nouvelle cuisine,* can easily become boring. (Personally, I don't care if I never see another julienned leek in my life.)

I mean, how much support do you need? Are you a person or a collapsing building? If you and your friends spend all your time propping each other up, you're not going to have much fun. And isn't fun what friends are for? Or is that just a hoax perpetrated by TV commercials for imported beers?

I know, I know, a friend is someone you can call in the middle of the night, when your man is gone, or you wish he would go, or you suspect your cellulite is winning—or even just to prove to yourself that there is someone you can call in the middle of the night. A friend is not someone who, on encountering you at a fancy party, opens with: "Why, you look so glamorous, I hardly recognized you!" That, my friends, is a bitch.

But if a friend is someone who likes you, a friend is also someone you like. And could you really like someone who never said an unsupportive word to or about anybody? Can you imagine having a friend who was never, ever bitchy? She'd have to be a saint, or a moron—or badmouthing you behind your back.

Although discussing periodic puffiness and the new fall colors can sustain a relationship over an amazing length of time, I want more from friendship than that. I want a friend who can make me laugh, and I want to make her laugh. That means there's a good chance we'll end up saying rude things to each other and cracking up over them. At some point, we could just lose our heads and start slanging other people—maybe even men.

I don't mean to imply that for me and my friends, life is just a bowl of one-liners, a continual Carson show where we loll around on Johnny's couch, swapping jokes. I'm not *(Continued on page 352)*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

SOMETH NG DIFFEREN T...

That's Emmanuelle Beárt, *opposite,* a spirited young beauty—daughter of one of France's most popular musicians, poet-composer-singer Guy Beárt—who's now striking out on her own, living in Montreal. Here, Emmanuelle in OMO Norma Kamali's oversized cowl-neck sweatshirt dress . . . and on the next two pages in wonderful knitted looks from Perry Ellis, with their own free-spirited feeling. Dress in cotton/acrylic, about $46. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC; Rich's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. All hair, these pages, Stephane Lempire for John Sahag; makeup, Ariella.

Avedon

SOMETHING KNITTED...
SOMETHING FROM PERRY ELLIS

When you're looking at knits this year, the ones that have held their appeal—the only ones to single out—are those that offer something special . . . in the way of design, color, shape—knits to collect. And, not surprisingly, those from Perry Ellis continue to be key collectibles. Here, two of his most charming, knitted combinations, worn by Emanuelle Beart . . . *This page,* his ruffle-necked turtleneck sweater in magenta wool and new bi-colored knitted wool knickers (both, $350). Late August at Henri Bendel. . . . *Opposite,* a roomier sweater, his red/blue/mustard-colored wool turtleneck pullover ($255), wool tweed skirt-pleated shorts ($115). Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Details, see next to last pages this issue.

Avedon

Knitting in a class by itself, by Missoni

Antonella Interlenghi

. . . a second-generation Italian actress with wit, charm, and six films to her credit (the latest, "Brantôme 1981").
She took to acting naturally, as the daughter of Antonella Lualdi, "an interpreter per eccellenza of the Italian cinema," according to Antonella, and of Franco Interlenghi, a comedian in films by Fellini and de Sica. Antonella began her own cinema career five years ago, at age fifteen, after two appearances on the stage. On these four pages, Antonella and another kind of entertainment—pretty, unexpected colors, interesting textures—by Tai and Rosita Missoni, the name that's come to stand for the most inventive knitting anywhere in the world.
Part of that tradition—the way shapes, colors, textures may change in subtle ways from one season to the next, but the appeal is constant. This is dressing with definite personality.
Here, a new longer 3/4 coat in knit (wool/alpaca/mohair/nylon) that reverses to nylon ciré, about $1045. Over a vest (wool/mohair/nylon, about $515), woven wool tweed pants (about $225), and a thin-knit sweater (wool/mohair/nylon, about $315).
Hat, about $130. Coat, vest, pants, sweater at Neiman-Marcus.
Coat, pants, hat at Bloomingdale's; Panache, Millburn NJ.
Coat, pants at Frederick & Nelson. These pages: Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Tyen of Paris. Details, next to last pages.

Marco Glaviano

Continuing, here—Antonella Interlenghi and Missoni. . . . Above: Layering as Missoni did it—a tunic dress (this shape, this length was one of this season's themes) in a bouclé knit (mohair/nylon/wool, about $640). With a longer 3/4 coat in a matching pattern, but a thicker texture (about $1195). And a loopy-knit vest (wool/silk/rayon/nylon, about $415). Striped leggings, about $95. Bouclé yarn collar, about $130. Turnout at Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. . . . Opposite: A perfect cardigan jacket (wool/mohair/nylon knit, about $770), striped in the same colors as the turtleneck sweater (mohair/wool/nylon, about $200), and lined in plaid to match the woven wool tweed knickers (about $330). Striped muffler (about $110), leggings (about $100). Turnout at Nan Duskin. Fashion details, additional stores, next to last pages.

Missoni knitting —
in a class
by itself

Marco Glaviano

NOW: A NEW FREEDOM OF CHOICE IN COVERINGS—FROM COATS TO CAPES TO PONCHOS TO. . . ! WHAT THEY ALL SHARE: A NEW SCALE, A NEW "TOTAL" WAY TO WEAR THEM, AND TREMENDOUS IMPACT! ON THESE EIGHT PAGES, THE BEST FROM THE EUROPEAN READY-TO-WEAR

ON A NEW SCALE

COATS, PL

Coats: Nobody did them better than the Fendis—in fur, in cloth . . . or here, in brown leather. What sets it apart: The unmistakably bigger scale; the ornamental dash of gold and mouton fur—along the seams and as a luxurious lining. About $5000. Bergdorf Goodman; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. To order at Neiman-Marcus. With a coat like this: their sleek, narrow leather trousers.

Toscani

US!

Everywhere—everyway—a new all-out dash in coats

Coat dressing, Claude Montana's way: It starts with a coat so enveloping—so dramatic—part of it flings over the shoulder. Of navy wool broadcloth with navy leather inserts—one of this season's key new neutral colors. About $1180. With a matching blouson and pleated skirt for a total look . . . total impact. Blouson, about $620; skirt, about $470. September at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Lou Lattimore; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Details, stores, last pages.

These eight pages: Hair, Sergio Valente; makeup, Lydia Pujols.

Another key covering this season: the cape. The way Emanuel Ungaro did it—it ties charmingly at the neck, releases into a long, full circle of soft khaki wool. About $995 . . . And moves open to reveal a beguiling khaki, Bordeaux, and slate-grey floral silk-and-wool challis chemise, about $1295, striped gilet. Cape and chemise at Bloomingdale's; Saks-Jandel; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Creeds, Canada; all Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques.

A longer length, a bigger scale . . . delivering a whole new bravado to coverings

COATS, PLUS!

The coat with new scale, ... drama—in fisher, the fur of the season. And nobody did it better than the Fendis: long, cut to swagger (about $80,000) . . . and wrapped with a fisher "cascade"—the ultimate muffler (about $15,000). The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Underneath—their leather pants. Details, stores, last pages.

this year— in everything from fabric to the most luxurious fur

A perfect example of the loosening, the lengthening of a coat, from Gianfranco Ferrè, *left*: the white ciré raincoat, deeply pleated in back for more fullness, more swing and stamped with his "signature" double-wing collar. About $1320. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Worn with more of what dressing for movement is all about: his culottes in wool and camel hair.

Now: Coverings that really cover . . .

in balance

coats, ponchos with something smaller in scale underneath to keep a look

The options—the roominess—in coverings continues . . . with a poncho—done best by Giorgio Armani, with his perfect understanding of proportion. Here, the balance of the all-enveloping wool poncho, . . . over the narrow line of his satin-trimmed wool tweed jacket, cotton corduroy Bermudas, and silk blouse. Poncho, about $596; jacket and Bermudas, about $942; blouse, about $440. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; Boutique Lily Simon, Canada. Fashion details, last pages. Haircut, Sergio Valente.

. . . new "plays" of color,

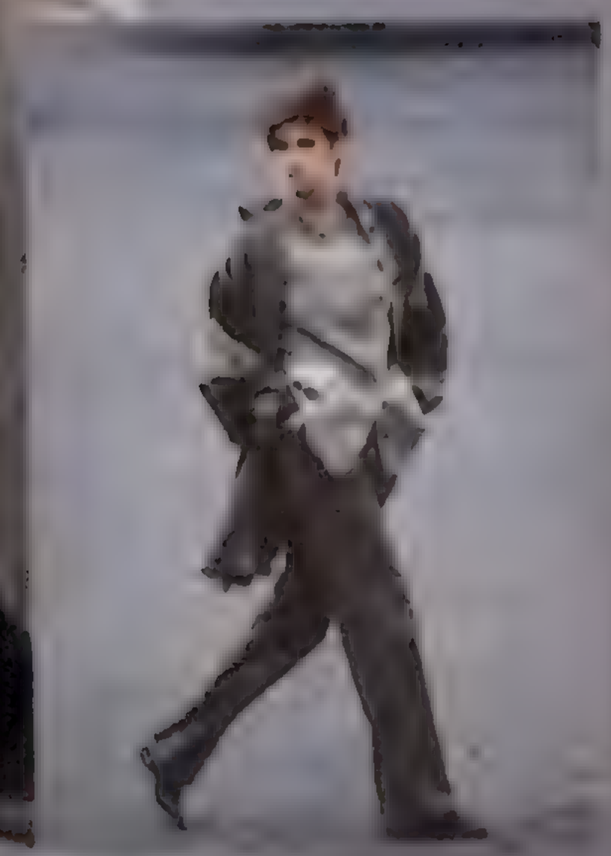
with a new vitality

oat dressing

In a flash: What this dressing is all about—movement! . . . seen in the freedom, the sweep of Gianni Versace's cotton poplin rain poncho, *above*, in one of this season's strongest colors—loden green, about $546. More loden: a cotton poplin blouson (about $591), suède pants (about $864)—"assembled" in different textures for a total look. Available late August. Turnout at Gianni Versace Boutique, Coconut Grove FL; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Poncho and pants at Marshall Field's; Pino's, Seattle . . . *Right*: One of the most charming—most versatile—coverings around: Basile's soft, thin, seasonless 7/8 coat . . . to wear as a top, to wear belted . . . or falling loose over his toned-in tweed jacket and narrow wool covert trousers. Jacket and trousers, about $1000. Coat of alpaca (Carpini), about $890. Available September. Turnout at Macy's, Herald Square; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Coat at Hattie, Birmingham MI. Jacket and pants at Marshall Field's; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Details, accessories, see next to last pages of this issue.

Toscani

texture, proportion



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Those—both male and female—who for varied reasons feel threatened by the growing role of women in American life often sound a cautionary cry, a suggestion that by assuming male responsibilities and powers women are also taking on male health risks, that women soon will be subject to more heart attacks and ulcers, to the shorter life-span that men have had until now. This "viewing with alarm" is not based on facts: the following report on the state of women's health in America today shows that more control over our lives is a stress reducer and that the female—in the opinion of medical experts—is the tougher sex.*

Best evidence of women's improving health is an increasing span of life. In 1900, women's life expectation was a bare 48.3 years; today, the average is past the mid-seventies and still rising—but for men, almost eight years less.

Why do women outlive men? It has been a common belief that men, by being breadwinners and providers, work themselves into early graves; but this very likely is not true. More and more women are in the full-time labor force today; and, with certain high-risk exceptions, they are continuing their gains in longevity.

Another view is that men are more likely to neglect medical care; more men may have harmful habits of smoking, eating, and drinking too much. To the extent that women share these bad habits, they also share the consequences in illness and early death; but there is no direct link between increased economic and political power and bad habits.

Preventable risks:
smoking, alcohol, drugs

In *Healthy People,* a recent, first-of-a-kind report to the American people on promotion of health and prevention of disease, former Surgeon General Julius Richmond declared that Americans today are healthier than ever before. The leading killer infections of 1900, including influenza, pneumonia, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and gastrointestinal infections, have been largely curbed. Today, the major causes of death are chronic diseases such as heart disease, cancer, and stroke. Cardiovascular disease (heart attack and stroke) accounts for about half of deaths, cancer about another 20 percent. But the big killers are receding; in the past decade, heart-disease deaths decreased by 22 percent, stroke deaths by 32 percent. The same condition, atherosclerosis, lies behind both. It's possible that life-style trends (such as improved diet and exercise) as well as improved emergency and clinical care have helped to reduce this death toll. But a very recent, significant trend toward cutting down smoking may in the longer run have the greatest impact. Smoking, for women as well as men, is the largest single preventable cause of sickness and premature death.

"Killer stresses rise from having little control over your life; stress is not hard work, not competition but frustration"

The good news: The percentage of adult women who smoke is the lowest in fifteen years—less than 29 percent. Combining smoking by men and women, the overall proportion of smokers also is dropping; it was 32.6 percent in 1980.

Not only in percentage of the population but in actual numbers, smoking is losing popularity with women. It's estimated there were four hundred thousand fewer women smokers in 1980 than there were in 1978 in the U.S.A.

What health benefits can we expect from decreased smoking? Substantial ones, though some may take time to appear in statistics. Smokers have double the heart-disease death rate of nonsmokers; women of ages 40 to 44 who both smoke and use oral contraceptives are said to have ten times the heart-attack rate of those who do neither. Lung cancer was extremely rare in women (two deaths per 100,000) in 1930, a time in which women seldom smoked; by the early 1960s, when smoking had been widespread for a decade, death rates from lung cancer shot upward to 6 per hundred thousand, on to 18 per hundred thousand in 1980. Smoking is collecting its dues. But today's drop in female smokers should be reflected in declining lung-cancer rates in the future.

Use of alcohol and mood-altering drugs figures significantly in any assessment of women's health in this country. About as many women as men become alcoholics; estimates range between one and a half and five million. Only about half of older women ever take a drink at all, but nearly all younger women do. This does not point to increasing alcoholism; it merely indicates that more women are being exposed to drinking, with the possibility of alcoholism's emerging.

The government's National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism sees some encouraging signs: As secrecy and social barriers are overcome, more wom-

GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOUR HE

Why women, working or not, are healthier than men

The natural ruggedness of women, according to Estelle R. Ramey, Ph.D., professor of endocrinology at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, DC, gives women resistance to stress factors that exceeds men's resistance to the same risks. Examples:

- *The X chromosome carries a gene for immune protection. Females have double X chromosomes, providing double protection. The male (XY) chromosome gives only half the immune responsiveness because the Y chromosome carries no gene for anything except maleness.*
- *In fourteen out of fifteen leading causes of death, women with these diseases outlive males with the same disease. The fifteenth is diabetes, where female death rates are higher.*
- *More women than men live beyond age sixty-five; in that age group, there are about 655 men for every thousand women. If the rate continues, by the year 2000 there will be twice as many older women as older men.*
- *Estrogen, the female hormone, acts on the liver to produce a higher level of HDL cholesterol (the protective kind) than LDL (the damaging cholesterol). Testosterone, the male hormone, works in the opposite way, and in men over forty-five, the male hormones tend to accelerate damage to the blood vessels.*
- *A woman with high levels of blood cholesterol is at less risk than a man with similiar cholesterol levels. And a woman with high blood pressure is at less risk than a man with equally high blood pressure. This is not to say these conditions are risk-free for women, but that male risks are greater.*
- *Successful working women, who might seem to carry higher risks from stress, appear to be better off than anybody. One study shows that women listed in "Who's Who"—the hardest running, most competitive of women achievers—outlive their peer group of women by 29 percent.*

en are entering treatment for alcoholism. And initial studies indicate that treatment is successful in many cases.

Worth noting, three areas of special risk related to drinking by women: Alcohol is so damaging to the unborn that it's strongly advised that women refrain absolutely from all alcohol throughout pregnancy. Because damage can occur in very early stages, before the woman knows she's pregnant, it's also advisable to stop drinking before trying to become pregnant.

Second, deaths of women from liver cirrhosis are increasing. This disease, associated with long-term excessive alcohol use, now kills twice as many men as women; but some experts fear that the incidence in women may equal that in men by the end of this century.

Third, women who use mood-control drugs such as sedatives, tranquilizers, and stimulants are also very likely to use alcohol. The combination can be lethal, particularly since use of any of these substances may blot out recollection and lead to an unintended overdose.

Ever since the book *Valley of the Dolls*, by Jacqueline Susann, appeared in 1966, use of mood-altering pills has been publicly recognized as an enormous problem in women. Muriel Nellis, whose book *The Female Fix* (Houghton, Mifflin) explores the world of addiction and habituation, reports that in 1977 there were 36 million women using tranquilizers, 16 million using sedatives, and 12 million taking stimulants, usually as diet pills. Doctors were writing about 12 million prescriptions for these drugs per year. The best-known tranquilizer, diazepam, was the most widely prescribed of all drugs. Last year for the first time, the leading brand, Valium, dropped from first to third place on the most-prescribed lists. Experts will not say this points to reduced use of the drug; they say it may indicate only a redistribution of brands within the same drug classification. Some experts note, however, that physicians are prescribing mood-altering drugs more conservatively, for clear-cut medical indications and are calling for fewer pills.

Job/family stress: can it kill us?

More than half of American women hold jobs, and half of these are married and living with husbands, one in five with children under age six. The remainder of working women are divorced, separated, widowed, single. Of these, many also support children.

Nancy Milio, Ph.D., professor of health administration at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, fights for improved occupational conditions for women. Her research shows that women's health gains are slowing down and warns that by the turn of this century the general health of women could actually decline. Major hazards to be overcome from her point of view include these:

- *Heart and lung disease.* Dr. Milio says death rates for women from these conditions may rise by the year 2000. If, however, current downward trends in women's smoking can continue, the forecast may brighten.
- *Problem drinking.* Dr. Milio points out that more than one in four women are problem or potential-problem drinkers.
- *Overweight.* The average woman eats, every day, about 400 more calories than she needs, says Dr. Milio, and weighs as much as 20 percent more than her ideal weight.
- *Inadequate physical activity.* Though women get about as much exercise as men do, they engage in fewer sports activities, says Dr. Milio. Not only for weight control but for general bodily health, many women need a lot more physical action than they're getting.
- *Job hazards.* Dr. Milio says one or two out of every ten working women now labor in health-threatening conditions, as do many men. These include exposure to toxic chemicals and polluted air, asbestos, coal, noise, heavy workloads and rotating workshifts. In addition, many women work under unhealthful conditions of heat or cold, or in smoke-filled atmospheres. *(Continued on page 346)*

ALTH Q. A.

Is liberation hazardous to your health?

No, it's good for you. American women are living longer than ever

BY MELVA WEBER

THE LOOK
UNDER THE LOOK...
A TEDDY!
The best, biggest news in lingerie: teddies! One piece does it . . . one single, unbroken line. So small, body-close, nothing gets in the way of your clothes. What adds to their appeal now. the variety of fabrics, the ornamentation, the color! . . . seductive black or—newest—red! They give you a lift, make you feel prettier . . . doesn't matter if anybody else sees them.

You don't expect red in lingerie. How it sharpens the line, the look! *Opposite:* A wisp of polyester "lace" from Olga's Christina. About $25. September at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Foley's; Bullocks Wilshire. . . . More decorative lace, *above,* cut very high on the thigh. Show-Stoppers by Formfit. In Antron III. About $20. Altman's; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Foley's. . . .

For the sleekest line, *inset left,* a next-to-nothing body stocking by Fernando Sanchez for Lily of France. About $28. Bloomingdale's. These four pages: Hair, Stephane Lempir for John Sahag; makeup, Angelica for Xavier, New York. Details, men's clothes, last pages this issue.

Mitchel Gray

THE LOOK UNDER THE LOOK... A TEDDY!

For some women, nothing takes
the place of black!
Pure luxury, *opposite,*
Fernando Sanchez' pure
silk and lace teddy. About $130.
Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin;
Balliet's; Frost Bros.; Bullocks
Wilshire; Creeds, Canada. . . .
If you're looking for a bit
of warmth—without bulk,
without weight—Hanro's wool
teddy, *opposite inset,* trimmed
with cotton lace. About $62.
Bonwit Teller; Goods, Boston;
Marshall Field's; Jacobson's;
Susan Barry, Seattle. . . .
This page, the seduction
of sheer black lace,
cut all the way up on the thigh,
a keyhole at the neck.
Vanity Fair. (Glisanda of Antron
III Nylon.) About $18. Macy's;
Jordan Marsh, Boston; Burdine's;
Sanger-Harris; Bullock's;
I. Magnin. Details,
men's clothes, last pages.

Mitchel Gray

A.M.

The clothes on these pages are the kinds of day clothes that everyone is always on the lookout for: easygoing and very relaxed but polished enough to take you anywhere—clothes you can feel instantly comfortable in. They strike a perfect balance: a sense of newness in softer shapes, a fuller scale, plus an unmistakable dash to the way they're worn—attractive without being "extreme," classic without being dull. . . Starting with, a suit . . . and, above, a good example of how suit-dressing has changed—Perry Ellis' short plaid, peplumed jacket belted over knee-length glen plaid chopped wool pants . . . a different suit with pieces that are still classic in the way they work. Wool jacket, about $320; pants, about $190. Late August. Saks Fifth Avenue, Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus . . . Opposite, the kind of fall suit that everyone always wants—good looks, good value, in a great color: golden-brown cotton corduroy, longer jacket and fly-front narrow skirt. Knockabouts by Country Sophisticates. Jacket, about $100; skirt, about $50. Miller's, Knoxville TN; The Tartan Corner, St. Louis MO; Shepler's, Wichita KS; The Buccaneer, Boulder CO; Wolfes, Salt Lake City; Campbell's, Santa Monica CA. Details, last pages. . . . Beauty Note: For fall, deeper colorings . . . here, Estée Lauder's Golden Nutmeg Desert Bronze eye colors, Brandy Brule lip color. Hair here, Harry King, all makeup, Angelica for Kenner, New York.

Casual!

Arthur Elgort

A. M. Casual!

great working fashion . . . Opposite, a very easy, casual turn on a suit—pieces that don't match, but that "hang together" perfectly: a zip-front blouson in black Ultrasuede fabric, and a herringbone wool tweed skirt. By Paul Schnell for Ernst Strauss. Jacket, about $340; skirt, about $115. Saks Fifth Avenue; John Baldwin; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Balliet's. . . . Inset, opposite, pulled together, but soft, easy . . . and a little bit more: a navy worsted wool flannel blouson jacket with a nicely scaled-down shape, matching knife-pleated skirt. Schrader Sport Separates by Emil De John. Jacket, about $126; skirt, about $82. Bergdorf Goodman; Macy's, Kansas City MO; Meier & Frank; Robinson's, California. . . . A wonderful dress, this page, comfortable, indispensable: Geoffrey Beene's heather Shetland wool knit cowl-neck "pullover" dress with a new, fuller shape, a softer, easier scale on top. Beene Bag, about $230. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Claire Pearone; Maison Blanche; Balliet's. Men's clothes, Giorgio Armani. Hair, these two pages, Harry King. Fashion details, next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

A. M. Casual!

Everyone's favorite kind of casual, here with a polish that stands up anywhere . . . Right, from Gordon of Philadelphia, a terrific buy: A beige wool gabardine jacket with a soft shoulder, matching pleat-front trousers. Jacket, about $130; pants, about $66; georgette blouse, about $50. Nowell's, Raleigh NC; H. Stockton, Atlanta; Goudaux's, Baton Rouge LA; W.J. Rendall's, Madison WI; Dickinsons', Des Moines IA. Hair, Harry King. . . . And, inset, one of the most pulled-together pants looks, a charcoal pinstriped wool "man's" jacket and man-tailored, cuffed pants. Liz Claiborne and Evelyn Sini for Liz Claiborne. Jacket, about $140; pants, about $75; polyester/cotton blouse, about $33. Macy's; Marshall Field's; Higbee's; Hudson's; The Broadway, Century City and Sherman Oaks. Hair, Stephane Tempire for John Sahag.

Day dressing that's flexible—that breaks out of the strictly classic mold: a glen plaid suit, in raisin-colored wool, right: with slightly wider, fuller culottes, a slightly longer jacket. From Christian Dior Sportswear. Jacket, about $260; culottes, about $130. Bloomingdale's; Claire Pearone; L.S. Ayres; Balliet's. . . .Or, inset, above, an easy-fitting culotte dress from St. Gillian, Ltd. in wine jersey with a drop shoulder for softness. In polyester/wool, about $120. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; John Baldwin. Hair, this page, Harry King. Fashion details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

VOGUE PATTERNS

The perfect blouse. the perfect accessory

VOGUE
PATTERN
8090

VOGUE PATTERN 2618

another blouse special enough to act as an accessory, left . . . to sew in striped silk crêpe de Chine. Part of its charm, its difference: shoulder pleats, an off-center closing. Vogue Pattern 8090. Cugnasca Silks at Weller Fabrics, NYC. More of a difference—the way it's worn, with a leather skirt to sew yourself; with a new wider belt; a new deep-colored earring. Skirt, Very Easy Vogue Pattern 2618. Libra International Leathers, New York City. . . .

Terrific! Right, the blouse in eggplant leather . . . to wear with everything for immediate impact . . . to wear with a matching skirt for the most! Part of the impact—the wide "reptile" belt and the multi-strand rope-and-metal choker. Blouse, Vogue Pattern 8090. Libra International Leather, NYC. Skirt, Very Easy Vogue Pattern 2618. Tips on sewing leather, page 356. Hair on these four pages by Harry King. Details, last pages.

Beauty Note: The difference in makeup, left—brighter colors: Gypsy Red cheeks, Forbidden Fruit lips. From Diane von Furstenberg.

VOGUE PATTERN 8090

Arthur Elgort

VOGUE PATTERN 2618

VOGUE PATTERNS

The perfect blouse, the perfect accessory

VOGUE PATTERN 2756

VOGUE PATTERN 7758

What everyone wants—to wear under everything, with everything: a beautiful blouse. Still—always—one of the fastest ways to change a look. Here and on the next pages: two terrific ones to sew . . . first in silk . . . or, for a totally different level of impact, for the most news, in leather. . . Left, the subtle ornamentation that white stripes bring to navy silk crêpe de Chine, in a blouse buttoned once at the neck, dropped at the shoulders—very simple, very soft. Vogue International Designers Gianni Versace Pattern 2756. Cugnasca Silks at Weller Fabrics, NYC. With it: knockout pearlized brown leather pants—to sew! Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7758. Libra International Leather, NYC. The "added" accessories—a soft, wide leather waist sash, wider cuffs at the wrist. . . . Right, more of what everyone wants: Leather! . . . the hottest look going. A wonderful way—the blouse, left, in silk, done here in chocolate-brown leather. A sensational look with the same pearlized leather pants . . . an ornamental beaded belt, bold metallic bangles. Top, Vogue International Designers Gianni Versace Pattern 2756; pants, Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7758. Both, Libra International Leather, NYC. For tips on sewing leather, pattern information, see page 356. Details, stores, last pages. . . . Beauty Note: The sensational makeup— Collage Precision eye pencil in Charcoal and Beige Shimmer lipstick—from Bonne Bell.

Arthur Elgort

VOGUE PATTERN 2756

VOGUE PATTERN 7758

VOGUE'S

Last Word

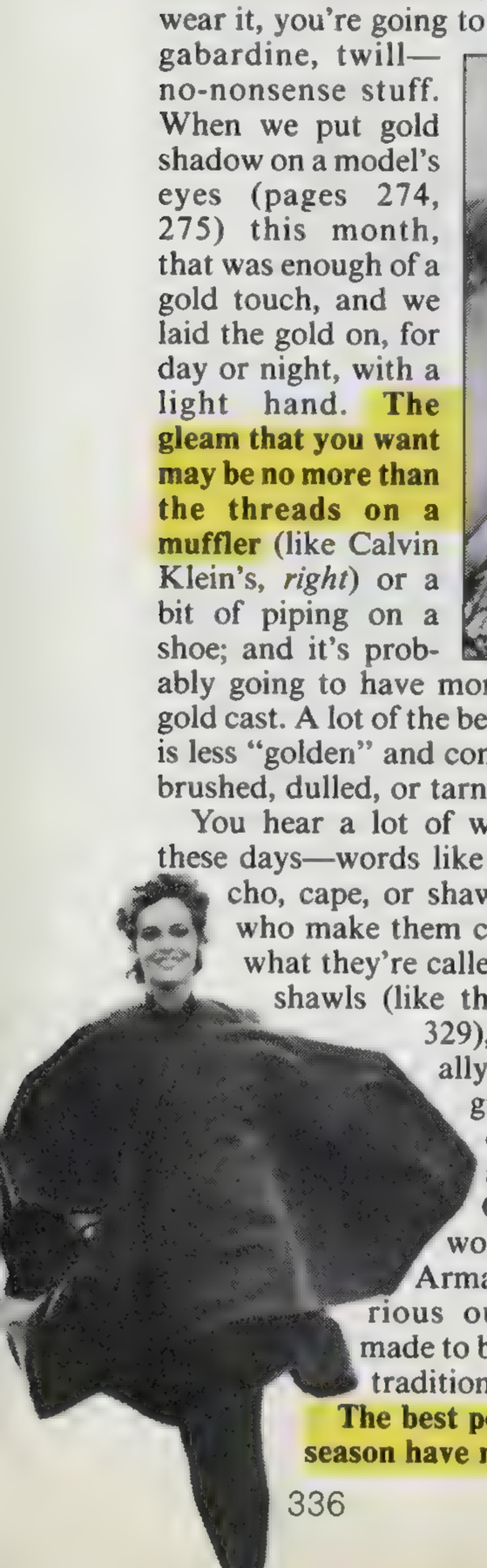
ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

This month's fashion, close up: What we learned about blouses you feel "dressed" in . . . and lamé pieces that aren't too-dressed . . . about blanket shawls, capes . . . and the newest takes on a suit

The key to dressing in this issue? In some cases—for instance, with all the gold that's around, now—it may be simply the difference between "enough" and too much. It's knowing that a gold scarf isn't a scarf in search of a gold belt, a gold bag, and some gold make-up to go with it. **This season, smart dressing is knowing you can't live on just a diet of rich desserts.**

The gold scarf, *below,* says it all: It's a terrific bit of ornamentation, it's gilding; but if you wear it, you're going to want it to gild tweed, gabardine, twill—no-nonsense stuff. When we put gold shadow on a model's eyes (pages 274, 275) this month, that was enough of a gold touch, and we laid the gold on, for day or night, with a light hand. **The gleam that you want may be no more than the threads on a muffler** (like Calvin Klein's, *right*) or a bit of piping on a shoe; and it's probably going to have more of a bronze than a gold cast. A lot of the best jewelry we're seeing is less "golden" and comes with some kind of brushed, dulled, or tarnished look.

You hear a lot of words for "coverings" these days—words like blanket, serape, poncho, cape, or shawl; even the designers who make them can't seem to agree on what they're called. Small blankets and shawls (like those on pages 267 or 329), this season, are usually just another kind of gilding: a layer you put on first for decoration and *then* for warmth. Capes, serapes, or a wool "poncho coat" like Armani's, *left,* are more serious outer layers; they're made to be alternatives to more traditional coats.



The best ponchos and capes this season have nothing to do with antique military gear or with a Salvation Army captain's cape; and they're not your souvenir from Guatemala, either. They're city-level dressing, as carefully worked out as a coat is; when you shop for them, you look first for a quality, lightweight fabric, not for an ethnic weave. You look for volume: not too much to handle, but enough fabric in a cape or a serape so you can fling it out of your way. When you put on a cape, you don't wear too much volume beneath it . . . and you make sure you've got some texture—ribbed tights, pants, or boots on your legs.

Some blouses are made to go under jackets—and stay there; this fall, there are great blouses (like Ungaro's, *above,* or the blouses on pages 332–335) that, with pants or a skirt, stand on their own. The difference? A degree of softness, first of all: these are real blouses, not smaller men's shirts. Mostly, we've found, the key is thinking in strong terms: To look finished in just two pieces—in a blouse and something else—you go for a blouse in leather, in a stripe, in a rich pattern like Ungaro's Paisley. **This year, you're probably going to opt for a blouse in a darker, deeper color;** and, unless it's leather, that darker color isn't going to be a solid but have some pattern. The blouse has something "more"—some detail—that's decorative but not frilly: a high banded neck, a small ruffle, a peplum at the waist.

At certain moments, that blouse, a skirt, and a pretty bag are all you want. Ungaro showed his Paisley blouse, *above,* with a floral challis skirt, a plaid blanket scarf, and a purple knit jacket with Lurex threads—a total, wonderful turnout; a little more.

And that small shoulderbag in the photograph *above*: it stands for something in this issue . . . and that's a change of attitude at night. Evening dressing, for most of us, most of the time, isn't charmeuse and lace; it's unloading a briefcase or tote bag, heading to a restaurant after switching gears to something that's a little more attractive and less cumbersome. You want a smaller, more feminine bag—not a beaded evening bag—to put down on a restaurant table. This season, those in-between bags—those missing bags—exist: in dark rich reds and deepest (nearly black) greens. They're bags with some neatness and a little more polish. They don't have a lot of hardware closings that you don't need. These bags—like the woven lizard one *left,* and the ones on page 266—are made for evening. The trick: they're made to be put with wools, tweeds—the clothes you wear most days.

Last year, from a dressing point of view, the newest pieces were sweaters. This year, the biggest news has to be pants: new lengths, new varieties, everything from the most perfect trousers to cropped pants to pants that are really divided skirts. When you think about changes this fall, you'll probably change to a new bottom piece first.

Look at the photographs *below:* They're what pants—and suit—options are about, now. Both are hard-working day suits; the *top* one's a classic gabardine trouser suit. Perry Ellis' *(bottom)* has a wrapped jacket, pants that stop just below the knee, jacket- and pants-fabrics that don't "match" the way traditional suit pieces do. What makes this more than two odd pieces? Soft menswear fabrics . . . cuffs on the pants . . . pants tailoring as neat as a classic trouser's is.

This season, suits may not look exactly like what you've come to expect. But you'll look for the same attention to tailoring in them; you'll find highly related pieces—similar textures, patterns, colors. Designers have worked their suit pieces to go together. What you'll find: You can move jackets, blouses, skirts, or pants around, somewhat. Chances are you'll like them best worn together—the way they've come. ▽

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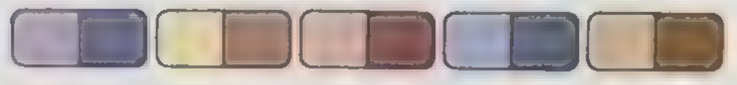

Luscious Lilac, Lavender Mist	French Vanilla, Golden Currant	Antique Rose, Twilight Wine	Clearwater Blue, Shadow & Smoke	Sparkling Champagne, Naughty Nutmeg

VOGUES

HEALTH *style*

THIS MONTH: HOW TO BUILD ENERGY...FIGHT PHOBIAS (FEAR OF FLYING CAN MEAN YOU DON'T ADVANCE IN YOUR JOB)... GET BRIGHTER TEETH... KEEP TO YOUR DIET IN RESTAURANTS

"Exercise that makes you sweat builds energy," says Jane Fonda

Any exercise expert worth her wall-bars—Barbara Pearlman, Lydia Bach, etc.—stresses that *extra* energy can come from exercise, that the more you do, the more energy you can build.

At forty-three, Jane Fonda has never looked better and couldn't agree more, attributing her own quota of amazing stamina to a life of exercise. Two years ago, she decided to open her first Workout studio, with classes going on from 7:30 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.—"because I knew many people had to fit classes in either before or after work." Her result-producing programs are all based on her personal experience with "what works." Her first book, *Jane Fonda's Workout Book* (Simon and Schuster), out in November, will document The Workout's success and give step-by-step instruction on how to follow the programs at home.

Again, because of her personal experience, "I couldn't exercise when I was pregnant; I didn't know what I could safely do," Jane was one of the first to introduce exercises specifically designed for pregnant women, the "PBR" (for "pregnancy, birth, and recovery") exercises, to help women stay fit during pregnancy, keep muscles in top condition for the birth, and swiftly bring about "shape recovery" afterwards. When The Workout arrives on the East Coast within the year, with a large pool on the premises, Jane intends to introduce water workouts for "PBR" clients, too.

Where can we expect to find the *next* Workout opening? "Where I can duplicate the quality of the staff," says Jane. "They're the best—and that's the way it has to be."

WORKING OUT
Here, Jane Fonda leads a class at The Workout in Beverly Hills, teaching a fast-paced combination of aerobics, calisthenics, dance. Next month, a new Workout opens in San Francisco (co-ed, like the others, offering Nautilus equipment for the first time) to be followed later this year by the first Workout on the East Coast in NYC.

AUGUST IS... vacation month—time to swim more, walk more (barefoot helps overall leg/foot strength), but not to sun more . . . time to make a "seasonal resolution" to make summer's easy fitness year-round . . . to schedule appointments with your dentist, dermatologist for fall.

STEVE SCHAPIRO SYGMA

HEALTH *style*

EATING OUT ON A DIET

Diets of every kind are more difficult to observe under somebody else's roof, including when you're eating out in a restaurant. Because of the great emphasis on the subject, a number of organizations are now looking at ways and means to guide consumers in their food choices and/or spotlight places that go out of their way to satisfy the appetite without destroying the diet. The American Heart Association, for instance, has just begun a campaign in California called "Dine to Your Heart's Content," supporting restaurants whose menus feature at least four low-calorie, low-cholesterol, and low-fat entrees that meet with its approval. So far fourteen restaurants fit the bill. . . . Then there's that wonder of the Western world, the McDonald's fast food giant, tackling the nutrition issue in specially selected test markets. The aim, according to McDonald's director of corporate communications, Doug Timberlake, is "to find out how much nutritional information—and in what form—our customers would like, as we feel McDonald's meals are a nutritionally appropriate part of a twenty-one-meal-per-week diet cycle." In test ads with headings like "Empty Calories? Not by a Long Shot" and "Health Food isn't the only Healthy Food," McDonald's consumers have been given detailed nutritional breakdowns on some of the most popular foods on the menu. The "quarter pounder sandwich with cheese and vanilla shake," according to McDonald's, delivers as much protein as a 4-ounce can of tuna, and 60 percent of the RDA of riboflavin.

Knowing what to order and where to go for good nutritious food—that's the way to eat out and stick to a diet

Another frequent order, the Big Mac and regular french fries with 8 ounces milk, gets a 25 percent RDA iron rating: more than in a 4-ounce serving of spinach. A more sobering thought is that this meal also provides 900 calories, and considerable sodium.

Is there an easy way to avoid temptation in a restaurant? "Yes," says Ana Blau, who with Celestina Wallis runs the Anushka beauty and fitness salon in New York City and whose first book, *Anushka's Complete Body Makeover Book* (G.P. Putnam's Sons), is due out this month. "Pre-plan what you want to order . . . then close your eyes after you find it on the menu. Almost every restaurant from haute cuisine to a coffee shop will have items that won't destroy your eating plan. So it is never necessary to ask for a special 'diet' menu. The secret to ordering out is to know how and when your restaurant meal will fit in with the rest of the food you've planned for that day. If you've already eaten ample fruit, for example, you'll skip melon as an appetizer.

"In general, choose your appetizers from the following: shrimp or crabmeat cocktail, fresh asparagus in season, littleneck or cherrystone clams, oysters on the halfshell. As an entree, select fish, veal, or lamb. Order it broiled plain, with a simple sauce on the side. Add one good steamed vegetable, if you haven't selected one to start with. Have a small salad with a vinaigrette dressing or a lemon wedge. If you must have dessert, order fresh berries. If you wish, accompany your meal with one glass of dry white wine, followed by water, and have coffee or demitasse with dessert.

"In an Italian restaurant, go easy on the pasta. In a Chinese restaurant, decline soy sauce, sweet and sour sauce, MSG. Four good coffee shop selections: an individual can of tuna with lemon, turkey breast with mayonnaise on the side, spinach salad, or a simple omelet."

Anushka's Complete Body Makeover Book. Copyright 1981 © by Diana Lewis Jewell, Celestina Wallis and Ana Blau; published by G P. Putnam's Sons

Yes, they can be part of an eat-lighter diet if they are the "cellophane" noodles, *above*. Made from mung beans, they boil up translucent with 90 calories per four ounces (cooked) compared to 168 calories for the same amount of wheat pasta. (James Beard's recipe is on page 200.)

NOODLES ?

Brighter Teeth

Easier than ever, as department-store dental facilities pop up across the country

Dental care is a natural part of a beauty regimen," says Daniel Rudolph, D.D.S., clinical instructor at Beth Israel Medical Center in New York. His Polish Plus, a cosmetic dental office on the "beauty" floor of Henri Bendel, represents a trend towards "one-stop" health and beauty care. (The American Dental Association suggests that retail-store dental facilities be judged by the same criteria that apply to all dental care.)

Cleaning, bonding—smile enhancers—are Dr. Rudolph's specialties. Cleaning takes forty-five minutes and is thorough. Dr. Rudolph alerts his patients to possible dental problems, recommends qualified dentists, and teaches good oral hygiene.

Dr. Rudolph handles major dental problems at his main office, but is enthusiastic about Polish Plus because "the availability plus the soothing atmosphere get people into the chair on the spur of the moment, so we can catch problems early. But the cosmetic aspect—keeping teeth clean, bright—is important, too."

Dr. Rudolph's cleaning technique removes hardened plaque and most stains, but for permanent tooth stains, patients need more than a routine cleaning. Dr. Rudolph suggests tooth bonding—a method that can also improve gapped or chipped teeth. He molds a plastic tooth cover—available in several shades to match the tooth—and attaches it to the tooth's surface by an acid etching method. This is a safe, painless process that can be used on one or several teeth (and can be undone if you're unhappy with the results). If you like the results, plan on repeating the process in three to five years. The composite resin is strong and resists stains but can discolor over time. Poor oral hygiene, smoking, and drinking coffee, tea, or red wine darken this plastic just as they do natural enamel.

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How to put fears out of your MIND

Are you afraid of snakes, heights, elevators, flying, open spaces? It's not uncommon. But when anxieties begin to impair work and leisure, it's time to seek help . . .

Deep down, almost everyone harbors a secret dread of something; but according to John C. Nemiah, M.D., psychiatrist-in-chief, Beth Israel Hospital, Boston, and professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, fear becomes phobia when you experience "irrational, overwhelming, and, at times, crippling anxiety in the face of objects or situations that present, realistically speaking, little or no actual danger."

When phobia consistently inhibits desirable or necessary activity, it's time to seek help. Your physician can refer you to a psychiatric clinic, often connected to a medical center.

Just talking about phobic feelings can reduce anxiety. So can professionally guided desensitization programs. After therapy is well underway, you may venture out singly or in small groups with your therapist to confront a particular situation.

Charlotte Zitrin, M.D., director of the Phobia Clinic at Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, New Hyde Park NY, identifies agoraphobia—literally "fear of the open marketplace" or of open spaces—as the phobia most disabling and difficult to treat, and the one to which women are especially prone. Three out of four agoraphobics, in fact, are female—often young women who have just married, had a baby, moved into a new home, or lost a parent or loved one. Agoraphobia differs from specific phobias in that "one or more panic attacks, occurring 'out of the blue,' initiates the problem. The sufferer, fearing that venturing into the setting in which the panic occurs will trigger another panic, becomes increasingly apprehensive," says Dr. Zitrin. Trying to prevent an attack (typically a terrifying experience where the patient often has the feeling of impending doom), the agoraphobic starts to avoid situations in which the panic has occurred. She tends to stay closer and closer to home, fears traveling away from home alone, and declines to be drawn into new or unusual situations. The panic attacks and the increasing fear of recurrence closes off the agoraphobic from society and has made her the most difficult phobic to help. In studies begun in 1972 at the Hillside Phobia Clinic, however, Dr. Zitrin and associates report that 80 percent of about two hundred agoraphobics have experienced "significant improvement."

Community-based help is also available for sufferers of phobias. The Terrap Self-Help Program, founded by Arthur B. Hardy, M.D., a psychiatrist from Menlo Park CA, has thirty-three centers across the country; it joins recovered phobics with trained staff members in a team that provides phobics with either individual or group therapy and makes house calls for those who are trapped and immobilized by their fears.

Individual psychotherapy and physical and relaxation exercises can also help to relieve phobias. Last May, at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, Herbert Spiegel, M.D., of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, related how, for some phobia sufferers, instruction in self-hypnosis can help to overcome deep-rooted fears and resistance to change in only one treatment session.

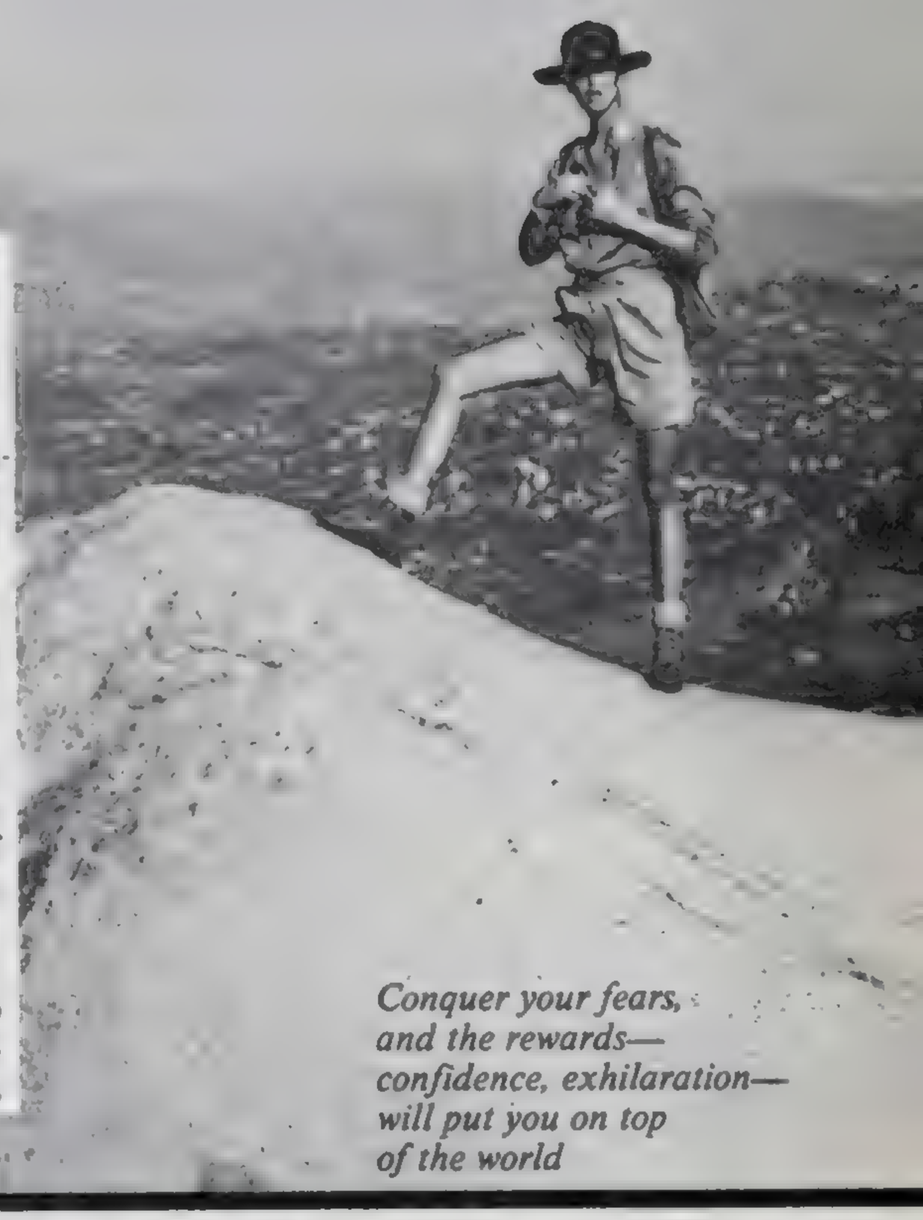
"98 percent of all people prone to air travel anxiety can be enabled to fly regularly"

Perhaps the most financially costly of all specific "white-knuckle" phobias is fear of flying. Millions of people avoid or delay taking plane trips because of the inner turmoil that flying triggers, and this fear of flying can stall an otherwise fast-moving career.

Albert G. Forgione, Ph.D., a clinical psychologist, and coauthor of *Fearless Flying* (with Frederic M. Bauer; Houghton Mifflin), who runs a ten-week program for flight phobics at Boston's Logan Airport, asserts that by working through the entire flying experience from check-in to deplaning, 98 percent of those prone to chronic air-travel anxiety gain enough relief to be able to fly regularly.

Dealing with your fears directly cannot only free you to live a more fulfilling life, but also can produce the elation born of enhanced self-esteem.

—DAVID BREAKSTONE



Conquer your fears, and the rewards—confidence, exhilaration—will put you on top of the world

Where to go . . . how to find help . . .

- *To locate a phobia clinic, call the nearest teaching hospital or medical center, a state or county medical or psychological association for referral to clinic/private therapist.*
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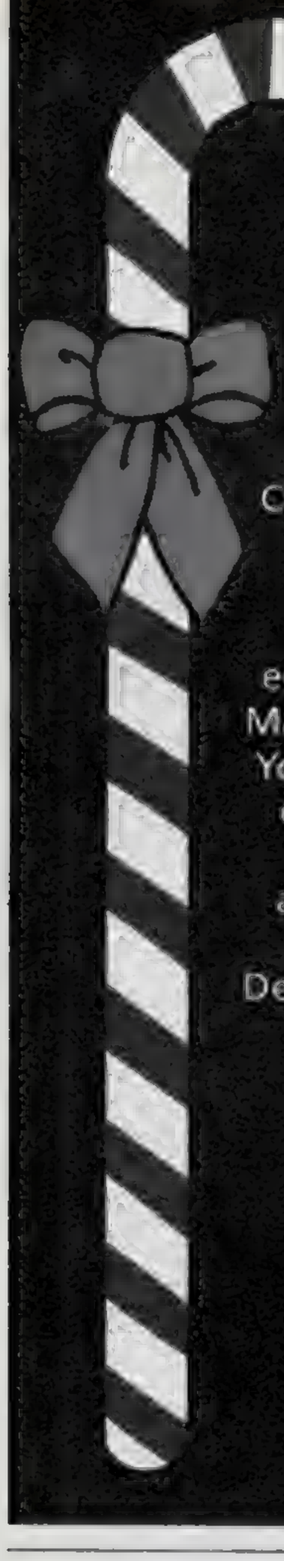

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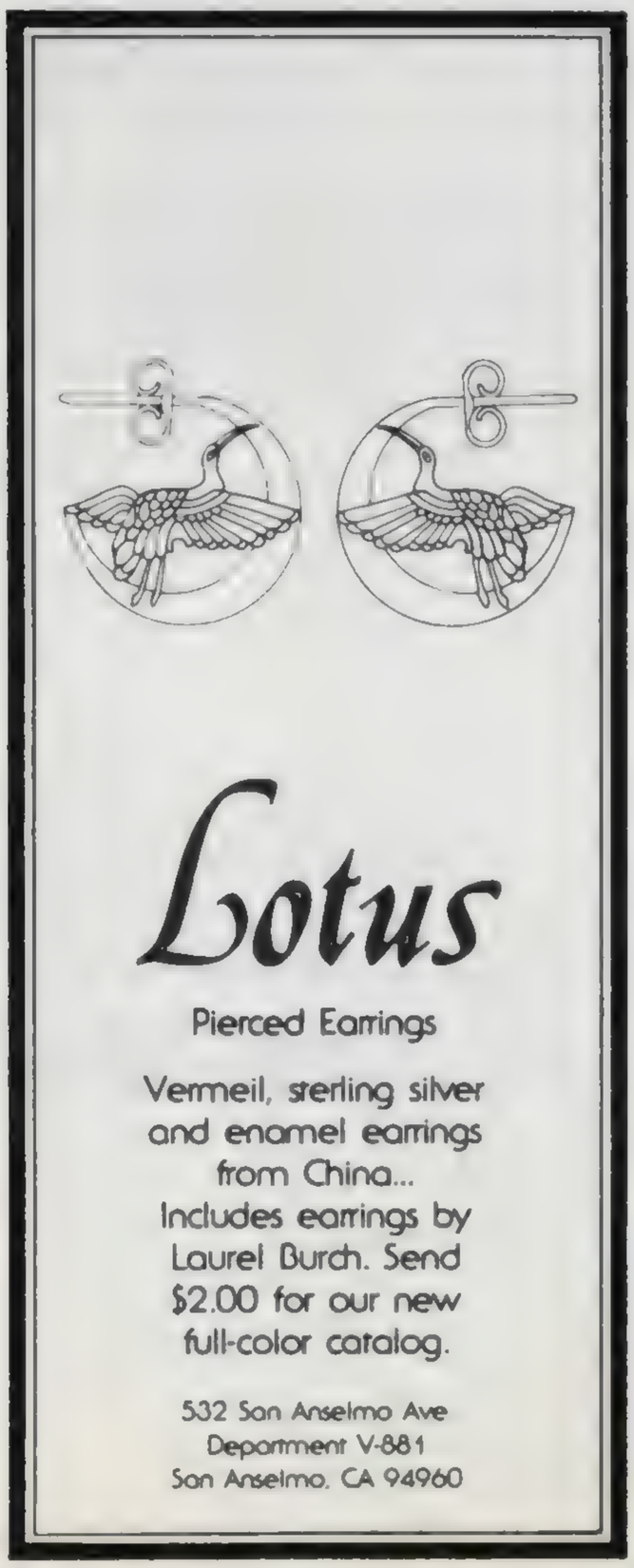

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HEALTH *style*

Q&A

exercise/blood pooling ...alternative to rabbit testing of cosmetics... new contact lenses for astigmatics

I have been told that cooling down after exercising is a very important step and that it prevents blood pooling. What exactly does that term mean?

"When you exercise your body, blood travels to the body part you're working the hardest—and away from the heart," according to Norbert Sander, Jr., M.D., director of the Preventive & Sports Medicine Center in NYC and clinical instructor of medicine at the New York College of Medicine. "When you stop suddenly, the blood remains concentrated—or pools—in the muscles you've been working the most. The cool-down is an essential part of the post-exercise process of rechanneling the blood into its usual pathways." Going through a cooling-down period applies to everyone—even those in good shape—as a safeguard against fainting and, more seriously, the possibility of developing blood clots. Don't stand or sit: walk or jog around for a few minutes after exercising.

"Cool-downs are especially important for people who are traveling," adds Dr. Sander. Sitting for any length of time, most of all in the pressurized cabins of airplanes, is not good for anyone, and doctors always advise moving around or taking a short walk in the aisles periodically. This rule applies even more to exercisers. "If you jump on a plane after a strenuous game of tennis or a hard ten-mile run, for example, without a cool-down," Dr. Sander continues, "you put yourself at risk of developing a blood clot in the leg."

There has been a lot written in newspapers recently about Draize testing of cosmetics products, and I understand that many people are protesting this procedure. What is the issue?

The Draize test is a pre-market test carried out on rabbits to test the safety of cosmetics and household products for people. It has been used since 1944, with many procedural revisions being made along the way. In this test, a drop of the substance being tested is placed into the animal's eye. The other eye is left alone as a control. Both eyes are examined for a week to see if the treated eye has been damaged in any way. If so, extent of damage is rated, permitting a reliable measure of possible risk to the human eye.

Many people feel this testing constitutes cruelty to animals and that an alternative should be devised. In an effort to encourage these attempts, Revlon, Inc., is donating over $750,000, during the next three years, to The Rockefeller University to fund an exploratory investigation of the possibility of developing a non-animal alternative to this current safety procedure.

I am farsighted and, in addition, have severe astigmatism. I would like to wear soft contact lenses but am unable to find any for people with my problem. Do you know of any new developments in lenses to correct this condition?

You are in luck because Bausch & Lomb, the biggest manufacturer of soft contact lenses, has come out with an improved lens that can correct moderate to severe astigmatism in the farsighted, as well as the nearsighted. The problem in developing a soft lens for astigmatics, whose corneas are misshapen, thereby distorting the focus of the eyes, has been to design a lens that will not rotate on the eye. This problem has now been solved: the new Bausch & Lomb lens is thinner and weighted at the base to provide more stability (when you put them in, they conform to the corneas' uneven shape, and stay in place). They also have three little lines or "guide marks" on the front surface to enable your eye-care professional to get a better and faster fit. ▽

Have you seen the Light?

Ten-O-Six Light for dry skin.

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Combination to Dry Skin

TEN-O-SIX FOR A LIFETIME OF BEAUTIFUL SKIN

(Continued from page 321)

These job-related hazards most often afflict women working in factories. Researchers Suzanne G. Haynes, Ph.D., and Manning Feinleib, M.D., Dr. P.H., analyzed findings from the Framingham Heart Study to see if working outside the home increases women's risk of heart attacks. What they turned up was startling and clear-cut: *Having a job isn't the problem. The job situation, particularly the job/family situation, is.*

In general, this study found the risk of getting coronary heart disease not much different between working women and women not working outside their homes (here classed as "housewives"). But when divided into white-collar, blue-collar, and clerical/sales categories, the last were almost twice as likely to develop coronary disease as women in the other two groups.

Further details showed that clerical and sales jobs are more likely to be dead-end and frustrating, with oppressive supervision and little chance for advancement. In this category, more of the women questioned mentioned suppressed hostility, a nonsupportive boss, and their own tendency to bottle up rather than express anger.

A working woman's marital and family situation was found another critical factor in her risk of heart disease. Single working women had the lowest incidence of heart disease, about half that of childless married, widowed, separated, or divorced women. But a married working woman with three or more children has the highest risk—almost three times that of a nonworking mother of three or more. Worst risk of all is faced by the sales/clerical woman with children and with a blue-collar husband, indicating a possibility of greater financial and household pressures. Women in sales/clerical work with white-collar husbands had no excess risk of heart disease.

Says Estelle Ramey, Ph.D., professor of endocrinology at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, DC: "I think what we are saying about those who are subject to heart disease is that the killer stresses rise from a perception of having very little control over your life. Stress is not the hard work, not the competition. Stress is frustration, anxiety, and inability to do much about it."

Partnering: shared home and job efforts

A major source of health-threatening stress for working women is one the working man seldom has—the double or triple load of the job with the household and child-raising duties. The symptoms of fatigue, anxiety, irritability—and the possible recourse to smoking, drinking, and taking drugs—are all too familiar to thousands of women. Traditionally, not only did husbands expect their wives to do the cooking, cleaning, and the entire schedule of household chores, women expected it of themselves—even if they worked full time.

Things are changing. More and more working couples share the household work. Husbands cook, clean, go to the market. A previous generation of working mothers have done their work well in teaching their sons, as well as their daughters, to do housework. The social trend toward shared work and home responsibility represents far more than a matter of simple fairness—it's a matter of life and health.

Role-model stress: the too-perfect image

Devra Marcus, M.D., practices medicine in the nation's center of power, Washington, DC. She agrees that Dr. Milio's predictions of greater incidences of stress-related illness may come true, and she believes some attitude adjustment may be in order for the achiever woman. Not only trying to do it all—family, career, social life—but trying to do it perfectly can generate undue pressure. "There are costs and risks in doing what you want to do," she says, "and it's important to come to terms with them."

Professional women generally, says Dr. Marcus, receive major stress from "this illusion they create for themselves—with quite a bit of help from society: one must never admit that one ever has a failure, a defeat, a frustration, or that it's a hard row to hoe. Things are not always smooth, there are things you won't have control over. All you really can do is your best." Self-expectation can be set so unrealistically high as to be a burden, not a beacon.

Dr. Marcus sees the public images of women achievers, as viewed in television and in print, as a stress source. "Everything is super: everything is fine at home, fine with the children, fine with the career; and everybody gets along with absolutely everybody. There are no

"People live longest who place a high value on themselves and their lives"

shadows in the picture; and that's not all true in life. I think this image is in a way harmful, especially to younger women. It can make them feel inadequate and place a great deal of pressure on them.

"And on men too. I think a great liberating force for men in this society would be if all achievers were seen as vulnerable and human—which they are. It would humanize our society in a way it really powerfully needs. It would lead to diminishing of social stress and surely to better health."

Depression: occasional price of stress

"We physicians see a great deal of depression, usually the so-called neurotic type," said Dr. Marcus. "A patient rarely says she's depressed. Instead she may say 'I can't sleep,' or 'I'm fatigued,' or 'I have a stomachache.'

"One of the difficult things a doctor must do is sort out these symptoms, and rule out or rule in any organic causes for them. Then we can either give or recommend appropriate treatment. People who don't know they're depressed may resist the idea that it may be their emotions causing them to feel so bad."

There is, moreover, nothing rare or unusual about depression. It's estimated that 25 percent of us, during some period in our lives, become depressed enough to need medical help. "I do not understand why anybody should feel guilty about being depressed," says Dr. Marcus. "Given the vicissitudes of life, it seems to me that one is entitled to it." Even so, when depression arises, from either stress or other causes, it's important to go for help.

Ahead: prevention of stress damage?

"We're just beginning to find out some of the biological effects of stress on health," says Dr. Marcus. "We know, of course, the classical effects of bodily stress discovered by Dr. Hans Selye. It's evident that stressful events can cause endocrine and hormonal changes. But we don't understand this as well as we once thought. For example, the book *Stress and Coping,* edited by Alan Monat and Richard S. Lazarus (Columbia University Press), describes a study of a group of women who were about to have breast biopsies. They were, of course, expected to have an increase in their adrenal cortical steroids and plasma epinephrine—body signals of psychological stress. What was found: these women were all normal. So we have a way to go before we know how stress changes are translated into biological changes. In the next five or ten years I believe we will know a lot more; eventually we may even be able to immunize people—we will know what to do to alter the basic stress response and perhaps prevent some stress-related disease.

"Today, what we can do is to point out the relation of stress and illness, and reassure people that it's not unexpected. We can work for a perspective, for understanding of our stress-filled lives that in itself can help us maintain our good health."

Health and your self-image

Setting up unrealistic goals for achievement or role-playing can be frustrating, self-defeating, and hazardous to health and well-being. Healthier and more rewarding is appreciating and valuing one's own self. Dr. Estelle Ramey said: "Caring about personal appearance is one very real measure of your state of health, and it contributes substantially to well-being. Over and over again it has been demonstrated that women who are concerned about their appearance reflect a perception of their own value. People live longest, it seems to me, who place a very high value on themselves and on their lives."

Does this mean that self-effacement, a low opinion of oneself, could carry a health risk? "Indeed it does," says Dr. Ramey. "Incidentally, Vogue has always emphasized that it's the healthy skin that is enhanced by cosmetics, the slim body that best displays the clothes. Today, in addition to the wealthy and the prominent, there's a whole new category of women in this trend—working women, those who themselves generate the money to look good and to feel good. Probably they're the healthiest women in our society."

The human female: relatively unendangered

We may err in goal-setting, or life may hand a woman a "hard row to hoe," as described by Dr. Marcus, but we are basically a highly stress-resistant sex. The female appears to be the tougher of the species, says Dr. Ramey, and the Milio report on health risks serves to point out how strong women really are in adverse conditions. "What she is saying needs to be said," Dr. Ramey added. "Women have great gifts, can stretch like a rubber band; but eventually some are going to snap."

"I Am My Sister's Keeper," reads a needlepoint sampler on Dr. Ramey's wall. She is an outspoken activist in the interests of women as well as a teacher and research scientist; but one might add that she is also her *brother*'s keeper. As an endocrinologist, she is involved in research on why men die earlier. ▽

MICHAEL HEIZER

(Continued from page 293)

was a distinguished archaeologist and anthropologist at the University of California at Berkeley. In his childhood, the younger Heizer accompanied his father on many archaeological digs. Another clue to his intent is provided by the artist's own comment on "Complex One/City": "What if an artist is so confused by society that he reflects other cultures in his work? Perhaps the indication is that the present society has finally opened to the need for an undifferentiated expression or, even more amazing, that time warps and does not extend indefinitely." Within today's art world—where artists are like pop stars—this statement not only seems remarkably honest and questioning but provides some clues as to the artistic milieu in which Heizer first came to prominence.

In the late 'sixties, the art world was becoming an arena in which various styles and isms were vying for top billing. One fad replaced another in the name of progress. Abstract Expressionism was not exactly dead, but it was no longer king. Pop Art and Minimalism were starting to lose impetus, but were still able to command attention and money. The number of artists clamoring for both was growing by leaps and bounds. Andy Warhol's name was fast becoming a household word in a way that Jackson Pollock's had not. It was the beginning of a crass and commercial situation that would continue snowballing into the present. The audience had shifted its attention from the art to the artist.

It was in this merry-go-round atmosphere of museums and galleries, with the dutifully attendant critics pumping up their favorite new stars, that a number of artists sought to break down this bond based more on money than on anything as ineffable as quality. Many of these artists were part of the now defunct Dwan Gallery in New York; and, among this group, which included Walter de Maria and Sol LeWitt, was Robert Smithson. It was Smithson who originated the term "earthworks," to mean monumental works in a specific landscape. He got the word from a science-fiction paperback by Brian W. Aldiss. Suddenly, the science fiction connection does not seem so farfetched.

A strikingly original artist, as well as a brilliant writer and theoretician, Smithson is probably best known for his earthwork "Spiral Jetty" (1970), which extends from the shoreline of Utah's Great Salt Lake in the form of an archaic spiral. Only three years after completing "Spiral Jetty," Smithson, tragically, was killed, along with a pilot and a photographer, in an airplane crash, while photographing the site of what would be his last work, "Amarillo Ramp." As a writer, Smithson produced many articles about various artists who were building earthworks, among them Michael Heizer.

In one published transcript of a conversation among Heizer, Smithson, and Dennis Oppenheim, another earthworks artist, Heizer said, "The artist is responsible for everything, for the work and for how it is used." In this desire to assume responsibility for their art, these artists, to some extent, sought to remove their work from a commodity status. In a sense, when Smithson compared museums to tombs for art, he was explaining one of the impetuses behind making art that was largely inaccessible and would, in some cases, cease to exist after a fairly short period of time.

Earthworks were not exactly overnight phenomena that took the art world by storm. Artists such as Smithson had become increasingly cynical over the situation they found themselves in, but no easy solution was in sight. However, by 1968, Virginia Dwan, owner and director of the Dwan Gallery, was trying to buy land so her artists could build earthworks. A year later, Cornell University invited a number of artists to build earthworks on and near the campus. Suddenly it was not an idea anymore but a distinct possibility.

Amidst all this, Michael Heizer, then in his middle twenties, appeared in New York City, specifically at the Dwan Gallery, with a portfolio documenting his projects. It seems Michael Heizer had been making earthworks long before it was fashionable. He had convinced the well-known art collector and taxi-fleet owner Robert Scull to invest money in his projects. Since few people would travel out to see these pieces, had they known they existed, Heizer brought the photographic documentation back to New York. For his investment, Scull received a leather-bound volume of photographs. Later, Heizer would borrow the volume from Scull and never return it.

If Heizer destroyed the documentation, which seems very likely, it is in keeping with another statement he made: "I also want my work to complete its life-span during my lifetime." But if Heizer's earlier earthworks were soon eroded by rain and wind, then his orientation towards permanence and transience might have changed in recent years. Heizer seems to be a man who has changed his mind before, not because he is fickle and impetuous, but because he has always questioned his orientation toward the art world and in the art he has made. This questioning has made him change his mind, but never lessened the intensity of his ambitious enterprise.

"The artist is responsible for everything, for the work and for how it is used"

On one hand, "Complex One/City" seems huge; but, in comparison to its surroundings, it seems small, even fragile and vulnerable. The comparison between the greater, or nature, and the lesser, or man, is an important one to make. For, in a sense, "Complex One/City" is meant as a measure of what man can do and an indication of how whatever he does must seem small in comparison to the universe. There is an underlying sense of humility in Heizer's grandiose undertaking. ▽

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(Continued from page 289)

peasant markets for the ingredients in her fabulous meals. On our Sunday visits she gives us a sumptuous lunch and an equally hearty and festive dinner. "Eat, please eat, don't talk so much," she tells us. We sit in the tiny kitchen, its stove and shelves as crowded with well-worn utensils as any good working kitchen should be, and eat, variously: *borscht* and *shchee* (cabbage soup); sorrel soup with kidneys; tomatoes and cucumbers covered with magnificent sour cream; black bread, white bread, black bread studded with caraway seeds, Ukranian bread; pork, beef, duck in ethereal gravy; *sirniki* (rich fried cakes made from sweetened farmer cheese) with homemade blueberry, raspberry, or plum jam; cream-filled bakery *tortes* (breads and cakes are the best mass-produced Soviet products, genuinely as good as homemade); and potatoes, of course, covered with about a pound of butter a serving. With this we drink Armenian cognac, Georgian wine, or *zubrovka,* a brownish vodka flavored with buffalo grass. (I should say here that this is the first really good Russian food we've had—and excellent food it is. Food here is scarce, and cafeteria food is vile, but the great advantage to Russian raw materials, when one can get hold of them, is that they are always fresh and untampered with. Dairy products are astonishingly rich, and fruits and vegetables, though small and blemished, are full of flavor. It occurred to me recently that Americans have done with vegetables exactly what Russians have done in architecture: gone after size without taste.)

Throughout the meal Volodya keeps our glasses filled, urging us to eat and drink in the bullying manner of Russian hosts. When he can think of nothing else to do, he cuts another slab of butter and throws it on top of our meat and potatoes. It is clear that he adores his role as host, adores Anna and his home life. He brags about Anna's good looks, about her skill as a cook and shopper, about his stereo and other features of his house. "Everything is better at home," he says often. "Moscow stores are crowded, the metro and buses are jungles, restaurants and movies are impossible to get into. At home you can do exactly what you want to, you can relax." His words echo those of other Russians I know, all of whom seem to feel that there is something sacred about home life. It makes sense. In this city where public life is at once so barbarously rude and so dreadfully regimented—where one is constantly elbowed, shoved aside, and shouted at in crowds, and where the slightest deviation from "normal" behavior is instantly pointed out either by officials or by bossy citizens—home is the only place where there's a semblance of privacy and independence. In what I've seen of Russian culture, there is an almost Oriental separation between public and private life. The perfect symbol of this is the pair of slippers that Russian hosts often give you to slip on in the hallway when you come to visit; these *tapochki* (Volodya and Anna have three or four extra pairs for guests) are of course practical for preserving floors throughout the slushy winters, but there is a deeper significance to exchanging one's street shoes for slippers. One is exchanging a public for a private personality, officially entering the relaxed world of the hosts' personal domain. "Relaxation" is a very important word for Volodya, for whom it seems to mean the peace of mind one finds at home. "Everyone needs to relax," he remarks constantly, settling back on his chair legs after one of Anna's meals, and glancing complacently around his kingdom.

After lunch on Sunday, Tom, Anna, Volodya, and I sat talking around the table, while the autumn sun blazed through the kitchen window and Anna and Volodya's little dog Chada sat wriggling with excitement at our feet. No description of Anna and Volodya would be complete without a mention of Chada, a very small, clean, glossy yellow dog who is almost literally the child of this childless couple. (Even the name "Chada" is the diminutive of an old Russian word meaning "child.") "We chose not to have children," Volodya told us on one of our first visits. "We knew that we couldn't have a child and at the same time continue to live as well as we do now. It's money and apartment space. And so we chose."

Because of this childlessness, Anna and Volodya must pay a special ten-percent income tax yearly, a measure the Soviet Government adopted to help boost a declining birthrate. Even the tax seems worth paying, to Anna and Volodya. Instead of a child, they have Chada, whom they bathe daily, feed on small portions of their meals, and give inordinate amounts of affection. "She slept all day," said Anna at lunch, bending her curly head tenderly down to Chada, who gazed intelligently back. "She's my darling baby, my sleepy little girl!"

After lunch on these Sunday visits, we usually go out to a movie, if there's one that's not too crowded, or to one of the parks outside Moscow. This Sunday, Anna stayed home, and Volodya, Tom, and I took a short ride on an electric train to Kuskovo, one of the former estates of the Sheremetiev family. Nowadays the house, grounds, and ornamental lake are preserved as a national monument, and hundreds come there to stroll on Sundays. At three o'clock, when we arrived, the sunlight had already paled and cooled; the woods, glowing with yellow leaves, were alive with a powerful, capricious cold wind. Holding our hands in our pockets against the chill, the three of us strolled down the beautiful hedge-lined alleys, past the low, unpretentious main house, the chapel, the stables, and an enormous ruined greenhouse on which red vines fluttered in the wind. Volodya, who was wearing an absurd knitted kepi [cap] that made him look a bit like De Gaulle, first gave us a tedious lecture on how we must build up our health for the Russian winter. ("You must eat bacon and butter and sour cream—yes, a great deal. You're both too thin. And eat garlic and don't go outside without your hats. And go to the *banya* [public bath] often—it's good for the sinuses.") Then, with an air of relief, as if he'd allowed something exerting tremendous pressure inside of him to burst forth, he began talking about politics.

Volodya's political beliefs explain a lot about the life he leads now. Deeply afraid of listening devices, he will talk about his past involvements and current beliefs only on these long strolls. So we've heard his story in installments as we walked over miles of woodland paths in Moscow's parks and prerevolutionary estates. Volodya was born in the thirties to a peasant family in one of the wooden houses with carved trim that still cluster in villages outside Moscow. (Both Volodya and most of the other Russians we know seem deeply ashamed of these houses, which tourists invariably find beautiful. For Russians, this architecture is too full of associations of a primitive rural life only recently left behind.) As a teenager, Volodya was an idealistic Komsomol member who worked on a construction brigade. "I helped to build the Moscow State tower where you live," he told us, squaring his heavily muscled shoulders. "To me, it was like building a shrine—every stone laid with sweat and strong beliefs." After that, he attended a forestry institute, and was finally assigned to patrol a game preserve several hundred miles north of Moscow. This solitary job was a turning point in Volodya's life. "Until then," he said, "I was a child—loyal to the State, unquestioning. But up there, I spent my days walking or skiing alone through the woods. I slept alone in a hut. My job was just silliness—it didn't exist. It was simply a slot that had been created for me to fill. I wasn't building Communism as I had been taught to believe. What I was doing wasn't any use, and nobody cared whether I lived or died in that forest. So I began to read, which turned me into a rebel."

"Americans have done with vegetables what Russians have done with architecture: gone after size without taste"

For Volodya, rebellion meant abandoning his job, moving illegally back to Moscow (without the required *propiska* [residence permit]), and buying a motorcycle. All this was in 1957, a year after Khrushchev's "de-Stalinization" speech to the Twentieth Party Congress, a period in which many Russians, confronted with the toppling of Stalinism, experienced feelings of confusion and alienation. Volodya, with his cycle and his leather jacket and his anti-establishment stance, seems to have been a bit like a Soviet James Dean. He went to dances and created a scandal by dancing the *boogie-voogie;* he listened to foreign jazz and attended the famous Benny Goodman concert sponsored by the International Youth Festival. Without a *propiska,* he lived like an outlaw in friends' apartments, spending entire days immersed in Russian literature. This changed him, he says, from a simple discontented worker to an *intelligent,* or proletarian intellectual, a thinker schooled in Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, and the bitter political satire of Saltykov-Shchedrin. His anger became more specific, directed at the government, which he saw as corrupt, as having failed to set a moral and spiritual example for its citizens. Eventually he went back to work, this time in a forest outside of Moscow, but his awakening had been permanent. A few years later he formed a *kruzhok,* a circle of young men like himself,

who pledged themselves to revolution. "We planned to take on the State with arms," Volodya told us, with a rueful smile. "I was slowly providing us with rifles stolen from my forestry job."

The group met for a year, until they were all suddenly arrested. "One of us, damn him, was a planted informer," said Volodya. "They locked us up in Lubyanka for a week, beat us up and interrogated us. They wanted me to denounce my comrades and recant my own beliefs." One day he was brought before a high KGB official, who unexpectedly granted him his freedom. "They struck a bargain with me. I was to give up my former friends and my politics and they would let me alone. 'Lead a simple life,' they told me, 'and if you ever touch politics again, we'll throw you so far into the camps you'll never see the light of day.' And I agreed. They had beaten me on the head in prison, and that did something to me. I didn't even care any more. They let me out, and just as I had promised, I got rid of my old friends and my big ideas. I met Anna and settled down. When you get older, you want different things; you realize you have to survive. I hardly even read any more. Books are dangerous—they disturb you."

In spite of this, Volodya informed us this past Sunday that he is writing a book. As we were walking back through the Kuskovo woods to the train station, he told us that it would be a great work, a devastating satire of the system after the manner of Saltykov-Shchedrin. It was about four-thirty in the afternoon, and only a few rays of sunlight penetrated the chilly gloom of the woods around us. Volodya occasionally interrupted his discourse to point out different types of trees to us: bronze birch, paper birch, yellow birch. Under his silly cap, his face looked pinched with intensity in a way that made him seem oddly younger; I could suddenly see in him the angry, solitary young forester of two decades back. His voice grew louder. "The book will have to be published abroad, of course," he said. "When it makes its way back to Russia by the underground route, it will truly turn things around here. It will be devastating."

"What exactly will the book be about?" I asked, and Volodya's face flushed a dull red. "It will be about the failure of the State to fulfill its responsibility to the citizens," he said. A pair of lovers was coming toward us through the darkening woods, and Volodya lowered his voice. "About the dishonest, useless lives most of us are forced to lead while the big shots blow trumpets about progress."

"What will you focus on?" I persisted. Tom gave me a nudge, and I knew I should have been quiet. The path we were following had emerged from the wood into a damp field waist-high with catkins under a suddenly lowering sky. Volodya tugged irritably on his cap. "What have I just been saying?" he said in an exasperated voice. Volodya doesn't have a very high opinion of feminine intelligence; he glanced at Tom and rolled his eyes meaningfully. After a short silence he said, "You mustn't think I'm condemning my country as a whole. Though I have some dissenting views, I am first and foremost Russian and a Soviet citizen. I believe in Marx and Lenin. I have no desire to live in the West, like the Jews or the disloyal, materialistic Russians who marry foreigners. You Americans are more decadent and spiritually bankrupt than we are, and that's going to destroy you in the end, mark my words. Your President Carter seems to be your country's only hope: he understands the value of morality."

When we arrived back at Volodya's apartment building, it had gotten dark and very cold; the leaves drifted down into a resonant stillness that was almost that of a winter night, and passers-by walked quickly. When we opened the apartment door and stepped into the dim little hallway, the dog Chada came leaping out to greet us, her small glossy body quivering all over with silent joy. A wonderful smell of gravy and cabbage came from the kitchen, where Anna, her handsome face flushed with the heat of the stove, was hurriedly slipping out of the ragged housedress she uses as an apron. "Hello, Chadushka, little girl," said Volodya, stroking the little dog. "She's been an angel all afternoon," said Anna, coming up to kiss Volodya's cheek. "Oy, it must be cold outside! Volodya," she continued, studying his face, "you look strange. Have you been shouting?" She turned to us. "Has he been shouting at you?"

"What a stupid question, Anna. No, I haven't been shouting," said Volodya impatiently, taking off his shoes and picking up a pair of slippers. "Go on, put on your slippers," he said to Tom and me. "Relax! Soon we'll eat supper, and we'll have some five-star Armenian cognac with it—the kind I give to the school principals. That will chase the chill from your bones."

Already his face was changing from the drawn, intense expression he had had in the woods to a rounded, rosy look of complacent well-being. It occurred to me, although I wasn't sure, that the book he had mentioned would probably never be written, that it was, in fact, one of those fantasies that middle-aged men use to conciliate the dreams of their youth. To the angry young man of the fifties, Volodya's present "quiet life"—founded on bourgeois values and petty black-market dealings, and defined, ultimately, by a KGB threat—would be a symbol of what he found rotten in Soviet society. And so for the short space of his Sunday walks in the woods—the surroundings that helped inspire his youthful anger—the forty-year-old Volodya revives a dream of idealism and protest.

Volodya's grandmother emerged from her room to greet us. She is an ancient *babushka* [old woman], very deaf, with a merry wrinkled little face like a dried apricot, and a tiny bun of a few thin hairs. Volodya treats her coldly because he is annoyed that she is using an entire room of their apartment; he believes that she should go to live in the country with another branch of the family. If that happened, he and Anna would have the ultimate in Soviet luxury: a three-room apartment for two people. "Did you have a nice stroll?" she asked in her aged, piping voice.

"Yes, a nice stroll," he said indifferently, going past her into the living room. "But it's good to be home," he continued, switching on the big lamp. "Everything's better at home." In a few minutes he had us seated on the green bedspread and was blasting us again with "That's Life," his favorite Sinatra song. Leaning back in his chair with a grin on his broad face as lordly and expansive as that of an old Russian *barin* surveying his fief, Volodya, who knows no English, sang along phonetically with the song: " 'I've been a poet, a pauper, . . . a pawn and a king . . .' " I stared at my reflection in the window glass near the bed, thinking how dismally close winter was, and wondering what was for dinner. ▽

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Pleasures of Proust

Celebrating a classic—at its best

BY ANGUS WILSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are very few books, in French or any other language, to compare with Marcel Proust's "A la Recherche du temps perdu" (known here as "Remembrance of Things Past")—a work of such magnitude, such sheer force of style, that most efforts to translate it have seemed like valorous, if imperfect, labors of love. Happily, Terence Kilmartin's skillful recasting of C.K. Scott Moncrieff's classic translation (Random House, $75) now offers us an unprecedented opportunity to savor this evolutionary work. Here, English author and critic Angus Wilson shares his personal response, over several decades, to Proust's masterpiece and to this long-awaited literary event.*

I first read Proust's masterpiece when I was an adolescent. In my youthful shallowness I was mainly delighted by his satirical portraiture of the cultural pretensions and vanities of French society. But even then, I was aware of a much greater totality.

Then, in an Oxford vacation, I set myself, as a monstrous diversion from my legitimate studies, to read the whole long work in French. I was overwhelmed not only by the variety and evocativeness of the language, but, above all, by the subtlety of the novel's total shape, the intricate weaving of narrative and reflection, the daring rearrangement of time. In short, I saw Marcel Proust as the high priest of the religion of art—had he not, after all, been a devoted student of Ruskin and of Pater?

But it was during the war, when I was in the depths of the most complete despair that I have ever known, that I first fully saw his greatness for what it is. The war was for many, with its immobility and restriction, the great opportunity for reading long novels. More pragmatic, more optimistic readers found Trollope. But for the anxious and the introspective, who yet had a taste for life, Proust was the marvelous answer. And it was then, at a time when a gospel of good works and good fun seemed inadequate, that Proust's discovery of a meaning in life really struck home.

Here was a man who, with no transcendental creed, no religous revelation, had gone down through the empty clamor of daily life, through a loss of faith in all human ties, to find grace and salvation in the rediscovery of an inner spiritual reality. This spiritual reality was not something that came from outside. It has been shaped *inside* Proust's narrator by the process of time—out of the compounded and reordered experiences of his life.

Marcel's life, which had come to seem senseless or deceptive, often horrible and cruel, often unfeeling, always false-feeling, ever-changing, transient, takes shape and meaning retrospectively in the last pages of Proust's long chronicle.

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Time alone gives Marcel this revelation. And it comes through the senses: the madeleine sponge cake brings back to an adult and despairing Marcel his childhood, exactly as it was; bending to put on his shoes, he recalls his once adored grandmother—the former center of his life whom he had banished from his mind in an unconscious attempt to protect himself from the pain of her decline and death.

At the last, in the final revelatory pages of the novel, the truth of his life's experience comes home to the aging, disillusioned Marcel in a moment of intense recall, as he feels the uneven paving stones under his feet in the courtyard of the Paris house of the Prince de Guermantes. It had been this house which in his youth had represented the height of social sophistication, not just the summit of a snob's ambitions (though both Proust and his narrator, Marcel, were certainly snobs), but the longed-for experience of life at its most elegant, civilised and finely wrought.

> "The revelation comes through the senses: the meaning of time"

Of course, the sad man of these last pages has long shed such youthful illusions. He has come wearily to the Guermantes' reception as to a dance of ridiculous skeletons. And so it proves—this last gathering in old age of most of the wonderful characters Proust has invented. But for Marcel, with his new vision, none of that matters; it is simply the last act in his new, reseen, suddenly meaningful life. Now he must shape and arrange and refeel in order to write the book which will enshrine it. A book that he knows he will probably never finish. A book that Proust completed but never finally shaped. As he says, through Marcel: How many great cathedrals remain unfinished!

It is one of the many excitements of the new edition of *A la Recherche* that it provides us with a fascinating selection of many passages which do not appear in the previous English version. Now we can get a clearer view of how the 'cathedral' might have been finished.

I hope that this more complete and more satisfactorily translated version will be read by a new generation. It comes out in a time of domestic depression and military threat. It is, after all, a time similar to the 'thirties which had nurtured my deep depression and to which Proust's novel had given me a wonderful answer forty years ago.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC

Marcel Proust and friends cutting up on a tennis court around the turn of the century

Terence Kilmartin, literary editor of *The Observer,* has used the old Scott Moncrieff translation with which all English Proust-lovers are familiar but he has tightened in many places what was more a rendering of Proust's style than of Proust's meaning. He has also, as I have frequently found, produced much more acceptable English. This is particularly so, I think, in colloquial dialogue—always difficult when a book was written decades ago and much of the scene set even earlier.

Here is an absurd example (but absurdity is the essence of Proust's treatment of everyday reality). The young sister of Marcel's clever Jewish friend, Bloch, asks about the famous writer, Bergotte, in the up-to-date slang she thinks smart: "Is he really an amazing good egg, this Bergotte?"

Well, Proust was a great mimic and great mimics always exaggerate, leaving reality behind. But not too far behind. And this "amazing good egg" has always choked me, as with many other of Scott Moncrieff's renderings of slang in Proust.

Now Mr. Kilmartin gives us: "Is he a really amazing cove, this Bergotte? Is he in the category of the great johnnies?" And I know he is right. Here and many times. So those who first come to know Proust in this new edition will find it as near to the real Proust as we can hope for in so very subtle and elusive a writer.

But a great novel isn't just what it finally tells us, it is also the book as we read it from page to page. In this case, three huge volumes of it, three thousand and some hundred pages of it. What sort of things will the reader find?

First, an extraordinary tenacious power of telling the story. With constant shifts backwards and forwards in time, and with a cast of hundreds, the narration moves on to its final great climax. Proust's most usual method is to give us a passage of brilliant narrative dialogue (the social surface of life), or, less often, but even more satisfying, a descriptive narration that unites the human world to the natural one (seaside, Paris, Marcel's country home at Combray), followed by passages of reflective analysis.

Almost never, I think, is the connection between the living narrative and Marcel's reflections an aimless one. Sometimes the people are tedious, or the natural scene undistinguished, or the reflections so intricate as to tease the reader's concentration; but hardly ever are any of these seeming defects irrelevant, for the tedium, the flatness, the vexatious complication of life are as essential to Proust's purpose as is its mystery and its constant ambiguity. There is no question of "a good read" in real life and there is none here.

But there is a pattern—exciting, intricate, sometimes dramatic, sometimes profound; and Proust's enduring hold over the world he portrays and its deepest meaning move continuously on from the spoilt child of "Swann's Way" to the emptied, aging man who is saved by his vision of reality in "Time Regained."

If there is no God behind it to allow the religious to claim him, no surety of the worth of humanity to offer to the humanist, it gives even less satisfaction to the scientifically minded. Marcel tells us directly that no verification in the material world around us will reveal the meaning of time: it is in ourselves.

There are two really great fictional stories in the novels of our century—Bloom's journey through Dublin and Marcel's through life; for me Proust's novel finally wins over Joyce's because of his dogged determination to provide life in full without recourse to verbal fireworks such as literary parodies (though there is a splendid Goncourt parody) with which Joyce seeks to jazz up Bloom's voyage.

The first ingredient of this immense work to strike the reader, I think, is the social comedy, reaching at times to tragedy through black humor. Here, Proust takes in all classes. But as a middle-class snob (though only on the surface) he is at his best with the upper classes—the reserved Princesse de Guermantes, the smart society Duchesse de Guermantes, the slightly *déclassée* Marquise de Villeparisis, and all their men. He is good, though initially somewhat prone to caricature, with the culture-seeking new-rich Verdurins (much less good than Dickens' equivalent Veneerings); often splendid with the working classes, with servants and tradesmen; least good, save for Marcel's own family, with the middle classes.

But then we should expect this: he asserts his own freedom from snobbery by stating that he sees the best only in the aristocracy and the peasantry—"Noblemen are almost the only people from whom one learns as much as one does from peasants"—the old excuse of the middle-class snob for his worship of the aristocracy.

And yet, at the last, he sees all these minute class differences—which have kept his characters, from the highest to the lowest, in ignorance of anything outside their narrow worlds—coming to nothing. At the great Guermantes reception all the essential barriers have entirely disappeared. Oriane, Duchesse de Guermantes, that great lady, is tarnished with Bohemianism; the new-rich culture-vulture Madame Verdurin has reached society's pinnacle when she becomes the Princesse de Guermantes; Morel, the male tart, is now a great gentleman, and so on.

But these illusory class walls of mutual ignorance, while they last, produce some of Proust's best comedy. We can see the great Oriane, slumming a little at Madame de Saint-Euverte's party, seeking to follow her cousin's appreciation of a new composer unknown to her and yet distancing herself from it by "beating time for a few bars with her fan but, so as not to forfeit her independence, against the rhythm." And the squinting page at the hotel at Balbec, illustrating what a grand lady his sister has become, now she is kept by a rich man: "She's full of fun. She never leaves a hotel without relieving herself first in a wardrobe or drawer just to leave a little keepsake with the chambermaid who'll have to clean it up."

It is not surprising that amid so much illusion and mutual ignorance, friendship and love do not flourish. It is especially so with Marcel (and, alas, in his life, with Proust), for as he says, "It is fruitful altruism to communicate happiness to others by our writing, sterile altruism to interrupt our writing to receive a friend in distress."

All the friendships and the passions that Marcel feels fade as soon as they seem secure, as soon as jealousy is no longer roused. It is a cruel and frightening world. Friendship, as he says, has no place in the life of a man who lives inside himself.

And so it is with love. His grandmother and his mother truly dote on Marcel, and not possessively. But he must and does leave them behind—his grandmother as disease takes her over; his mother when he defies her will and brings the beautiful girl Albertine to live in the house, indeed in the bedroom next to his own.

It is this improbable incident, so unlikely in a respectable early twentieth-century middle-class society, which makes one suspect that Marcel's hopeless love affair with Albertine, the sweet cheat, is based in part on Proust's homosexual life, a possibility that has caused so much heartburn to both heterosexual and homosexual lovers of Proust's work.

It seems to me an absurd quarrel for physical beauty, sexual charm, the delights and miseries of both are not absolutely divided in such a way. Certainly, whatever their sources, Proust's young girls from Gilberte to Albertine and Andréa are the essence of youth and feminine beauty. I know nothing to compare with them in fiction. And his admired older women, for all their sillinesses—Oriane de Guermantes, Odette Swann—overcome us with their palpable charm.

But like all Proust's humanity, the girls and the women are fickle, foolish, only desirable when they seem unobtainable. And Marcel, in his distress and his utter egotism, treats them finally in a way that enlarges our pity for them into love. The same is true of our feelings for his men friends—Swann and Saint-Loup.

And I believe that this love we have for the worldly, the evasive, the lost, is part of Proust's intention. He must show us the illusion of human ties but he registers his love and affection for his friends all the same, by presenting them against the surfeit of his own jealous egotism.

Only Marcel himself—the hypochrondriac, spoilt, self-centered, always jealous, often cruel narrator—seems beyond our love. Proust does not spare himself; he gives his narrator none of those qualities of generosity and wit and verve that made Proust so beloved by his friends even when he'd become the monster enclosed in the cork-lined room of his last years.

Yet finally Marcel, too, wins, and wins over all the others—for how can we withhold our admiration and gratitude from a man (Proust) who fights on through a world of shadows and traps and falsity to share his wonderful, hard-won vision with us in this great novel? ▽

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WOMEN, FRIENDSHIP...

(Continued from page 304)

Chevy Chase, and neither are you. But when I began work on *The Women,* I started rummaging through the yard sale of my mind, reviewing every conversation I'd ever had with another woman, and pouncing on "bitchy" remarks as though they were rare Deco. Here are a few of my "finds."

A friend of mine once said of a mutual acquaintance renowned for stealing other people's ideas and men: "She was born with a silver spoon in her purse." Defending her, I insisted, "She's really all right, underneath." My friend came right back with, "Does she have an underneath?"

Then there was the woman who was dating one of those languid British aristocrats with a long lineage and a short bank balance. Andrew's idea of strenuous exercise was lifting more than one eyebrow at a time.

When he broke his leg, someone asked his girl friend how it happened.

"He was leaning on me and I moved," she said.

And I remember being in a group of women speculating about what men would be like if they got their periods every month. "Can you imagine? They'd never get anything done," someone said. "My God, Gloria, I'm bleeding! Hold my calls."

What nerve, talking about men like that when they weren't even around to defend themselves! How dare we? What a bunch of bitches!

Even as I write that last line, heavy with what I hope is irony, I'm struck by a spasm of fear. Maybe I'm being even more ironic than I think. Maybe it's true. Maybe we are bitches. Maybe we are the snarling polecats men once made us out to be. . . . It's hard to turn against thirty years of conditioning and say, with Scarlett O'Hara, "Why, fiddle-dee-dee!"

I'm lucky enough to have a friend who agrees with me that *Gone With the Wind* is the greatest movie ever made, and the other day I was telling her that the first time I saw it, I fell hopelessly in love with Ashley Wilkes. I thought it was a tragedy that he and Scarlett hadn't run off together. The next time I saw it, all I could see was Rhett Butler. I thought it was a tragedy that he and Scarlett hadn't gotten back together. But then, when I saw it again—"You liked Melanie!" my friend said excitedly. "I know you so well!" And of course, she was right. She even guessed when I started liking her—the same moment Scarlett does, right after she shoots the Yankee soldier and Melanie invents a story to explain away the sound of the shot.

"Lord, what a cool liar you are, Melly," Scarlett says, admiringly. She can't help liking Melanie, despite herself, despite Ashley, despite everything. Why? Because she recognizes that Miss Melly is not such a wimp, after all. Even Melanie is not always nice. That was enough to make me stop thinking of *Gone With the Wind* as a tragedy.

Scarlett and Melanie may be unlikely friends, but friends they are. Together, they endure childbirth, war, fire, famine, poverty. The bond between them ends only when the movie does, with Melanie's death. Their friendship may be one reason why the story has always had so much power for so many women I know.

It's discouraging to think that we have to reach back to the 'thirties to find archetypes for our friendships. On the other hand, some moviemakers during the past decade seem to have tumbled to the fact that women do have friends. Jill Clayburgh had some in *An Unmarried Woman,* although they seemed to have been bussed in from an upscale "bedroom suburb" to be friends with her. Why were they all so much older and less attractive than she was? And why did they evaporate as soon as Alan Bates showed up? The implication was that friends are simply there to get you through the rough patches between men.

Martin Scorsese came closer in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore,* where Alice and Flo start out hating each other but wind up laughing and giggling together, stealing a smoke in the back of the restaurant and soaking up female companionship along with the sunshine. And Judy Benjamin and her buddies, sitting around the campfire in *Private Benjamin,* swapping stories about their "first times," not only talked to each other, they talked dirty—something that men are reluctant to believe that women do, outside of bed.

Now MGM is remaking *Old Acquaintance* with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen, under the title *Rich and Famous.* By happy coincidence, the director is George Cukor, who directed the original version of *The Women.* He was also the first director assigned to *Gone With the Wind,* but was taken off the picture and replaced by Victor Fleming, some say because Clark Gable thought Cukor was a "woman's director" who would favor his female co-stars. If so, the joke was on Clark, because, throughout the making of the film, Vivien Leigh and Olivia de Havilland continued to meet with Cukor secretly so he could coach them in their roles.

This latest project seems full of promise. The women in this movie scream and cry and laugh and hug each other. They get drunk together, and separately. They hurl bitchy remarks back and forth, often wounding each other deeply. They even compete with each other for love, success, happiness. But in the end, it is their friendship that survives.

"It's about time someone pointed out that nice isn't everything—it isn't even all that nice"

I, for one, wish Ms. Bisset and Ms. Bergen the best of luck with *Rich and Famous.* I hope to hell they pull it off, for all our sakes.

It's about time someone pointed out that nice isn't everything—it isn't even all that nice. Sometimes, the nicest thing you can do, for yourself or anyone else, is to be bitchy, because it means being real. Being nice all the time is about as natural and comfortable as a beauty pageant contestant's trick for keeping that perennial smile: Vaseline on the teeth.

Bitchiness doesn't preclude wit, or intelligence, or warmth—all of which are present in the original script of *The Women,* in no short supply. Not every character is snapping at the throat of every other character all the time. A strong thread of genuine friendship runs throughout the picture. It just needed a little reinforcing in places.

In order to write my version, I thought of all the women I'd ever met: clever, silly, naïve, affectionate, ambitious, vain, lazy, foolish, charming. And sure, bitchy, because some of my best friends are bitches, sometimes—we all have a little bitch in our pedigree. So that's what I tried to write. After the movie opens, I may not have any friends left.

One good thing, though—I got to use that "You looked so glamorous, I hardly recognized you" dig. It went right into the script. Thanks, honey.

I have to stop now and call up my best friend and read this to her over the telephone. It's the middle of the night, but I'm sure she won't mind. And I really want to know what she thinks.

• • •

She said she liked it, but she wanted to know, when was she ever bitchy? ▽

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EAT LIGHT!

(Continued from page 276)

aerobics expert, presented his new ideal-weight formulas, the result of research conducted at the Institute for Aerobics Research Center in Dallas. He suggests, *for women:* height in inches multiplied by 3.5, minus 108 equals weight. (Add 10 percent if wrist measures more than 6.5 inches.) *For men:* height in inches multiplied by 4, minus 128. (Add 10 percent if wrist measures more than seven inches.) If you're 10 percent above your desirable weight, doctors now consider that moderately obese.

The body-fat ratio (percentage of fat mass to lean tissue) must also be considered when determining ideal weight. For women, this should be no more than 22 percent (for men, who have less fatty tissue, 18 percent).

Exercising helps. "It's a simple energy equation," says Dr. Christakis. "You must measure energy output versus nutritional intake. Sedentary types must be very selective. If you walk, swim, or play tennis every day, you're burning an extra 300-400 calories." A good guideline for determining caloric needs, say the experts: ideal weight multiplied by 14 (if you're slightly active), 15 (moderately active), or 16 (very active).

If you need to lose weight, do it prudently. Says Dr. Christakis, "Women eating fewer than 1200 calories per day need to ask themselves: 'What are the sources of these calories?'—because at that caloric level it is difficult to meet the recommended dietary allowances for all nutrients." It has been estimated that 70 percent of people who eat 1200 calories a day notice weight loss after a week and a half; although, after losing the initial weight, 25 to 30 percent reach a plateau and become discouraged. Dr. Christakis advises never spending more than one or two weeks on a diet of fewer than 800 calories. At that restricted level, you need vitamin/mineral supplementation and a doctor's supervision. (For more on weight control, see July Vogue.)

Of the seven guidelines, the one concerning **fat and cholesterol** is the most controversial. It recommends reducing fat intake to about 30 percent—on a 1-1-1 ratio of saturated (hard animal fat), monosaturated (olive oil and chicken fat), and polyunsaturated fats (seed oils—safflower, sesame, corn). The question is: Is the recommendation applicable to everyone? "It's fair to say that someone who does not have a family history of heart disease, has not had a blood-fat or cholesterol problem in the past, does not have high blood pressure, diabetes, obesity, or other risk factors for heart disease, might not need to watch cholesterol intake quite so carefully; on the other hand, so many people are not in that category that I feel it is probably a prudent thing to do," says Dr. Rivlin.

There are other factors to consider; chief among them—besides weight control—is the possible relationship of fat to incidence of some cancers. "Because saturated fat is related to heart disease, we recommend exchanging saturated for unsaturated fats," says Dr. Rivlin. "But we're finding now that colon and probably breast cancer might be related to consumption of unsaturated—as well as saturated—fat. So while it's a good idea to substitute unsaturated fats for saturated ones, it's important to reduce total fat consumption."

The dietary goals suggest eating more **complex carbohydrates** and naturally occurring sugars—beans, peas, nuts, seeds, whole-grain breads, cereals, fruits, vegetables. No more than 10 percent of the diet should include simple carbohydrates—sugars, which provide calories but little else of nutritive value.

The pro side of increasing complex carbohydrates is that it helps add bulk—or fiber—to the diet and aids the digestive process. It is also thought that high-fiber diets may decrease the risk of developing cancer of the colon. On the con side, Dr. Rivlin warns that "too much fiber may decrease the bioavailability of certain nutrients in the diet because it can make iron and zinc, and possibly other metals more difficult to absorb."

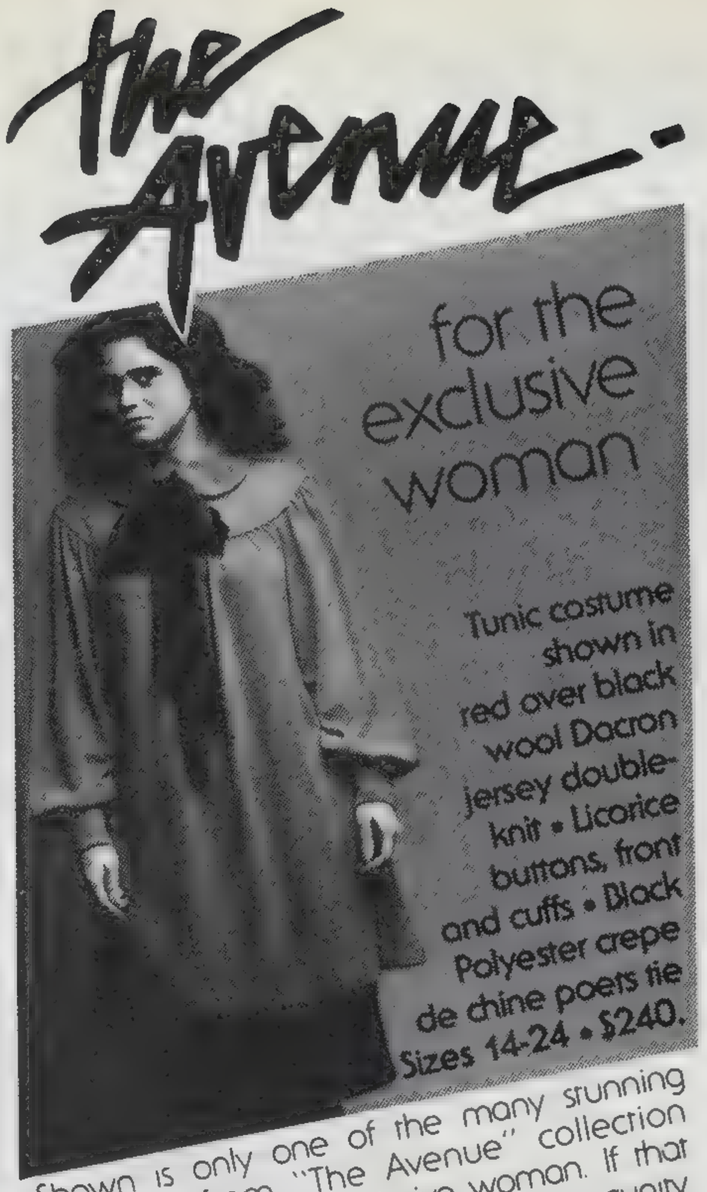
"You should limit your alcohol intake to no more than ten 1.5-ounce drinks a week"

Sugar affects health by promoting overweight with calories that supply no other nutritive value, and by contributing to tooth decay. More importantly, says Dr. Rivlin, "If blood-sugar levels are raised in some susceptible people by consuming too much sugar, they may respond with an increase in blood fat."

Approximately 17 percent of American adults have high blood pressure. **Sodium** intake is thought to be one factor; overweight another. Many of us can do with less salt. "A 1979 *Consumer Reports'* study showed that fast-food hamburgers are loaded with calories and salt," says Dr. Rivlin. "You *think* you're getting a light, quick bite; but eating a hamburger, fried potatoes, and shake adds up to almost two-thirds of your total daily caloric allotment. Salt intake for this meal is between one and one-half to two grams—the maximum amount of salt you should eat a day." He adds that many fast-food fish sandwiches have as much salt and as many calories as a burger because of methods of preparation—but far *less* nutritive value in minerals and vitamins.

Heavy **alcohol** drinkers are at risk of serious health problems; moderate alcohol drinkers may need to drink less if they wish to maintain ideal weight—alcohol is a significant source of calories. Says Dr. Cooper, "We recommend consuming no more than 15 ounces of alcohol a week. Expressed another way: you should limit your alcohol intake to no more than ten 1.5-ounce drinks a week."

The implications of the dietary guidelines are far reaching. Besides influencing our patterns and choices of eating, the guidelines will eventually affect our food supply. Case in point: the U.S. government is currently considering legislation requiring the food industry to list the amount of salt in packaged foods—the first step in reducing our consumption of salt and one toward providing us with more nutritious, healthful eating. ▽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FICTION

Dog Story

A secret past in suburban Connecticut

BY MARK STRAND

Glover Barlett and his wife Tracy lay in their king-size bed under a light blue cambric comforter stuffed with down. They stared into the velvety, perfumed dark. Then Glover turned on his side to look at his wife. Her golden hair surrounded her face, making it seem smaller. Her lips were slightly parted. He wanted to tell her something. But what he had to say was so charged that he hesitated. He had mulled it over in private, but had not understood it. Now he felt he must bring it into the open, regardless of the risks. "Darling," he said, "there's something I've been meaning to tell you."

Tracy's eyes widened with apprehension. "Glover, please, if it's going to upset me, I'd rather not hear. . . ."

"It's just that I used to be different."

"What do you mean 'different'?" Tracy asked, looking at him.

"I mean, darling, that I used to be a dog."

"You're putting me on," said Tracy.

"No, I'm not," said Glover.

Tracy stared at her husband with mute astonishment. A silence weighted with solitude filled the room. It was ominous. The darkness seemed to deepen. The time was ripe for intimacy; Tracy's gaze softened into a look of concern.

"A dog?"

"Yes, a collie," said Glover reassuringly. "The people who owned me lived in Connecticut in a big house with lots of lawn, and there were woods out back. All the neighbors had dogs, too. It was a happy time."

Tracy's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean 'a happy time'? How could it have been 'a happy time'?"

"It was. Especially in autumn. We bounded about in the yellow twilight, excited by the clicking of branches, and the parade of odors making each circuit of air an occasion for reverie. Burning leaves, chestnuts roasting, pies baking, the last exhalations of earth before freezing, drove us practically mad. But the autumn nights were even better: the blue luster of stones under the moon, the spectral bushes, the gleaming grass. Our eyes shone with a new depth. We barked, bayed, and babbled, trying, again and again, to find the right note, a note that would reach back thousands of years into our origins. It was a note that if properly sustained would be the distilled wail of our species and would carry within it the triumph of our collective destiny. With our tails poised in the stunned atmosphere, we sang for our lost ancestors, our wild selves. Darling, there was something about those nights that I miss."

"Are you telling me that something is wrong with our marriage?"

"Not at all. I'm only saying that there was a tragic dimension to my life in those days. You have to imagine me with a friend or two on the top of a wind-swept knoll, crying for the buried fragments of our cunning, for the pride we lost during the period of our captivity, our exile in civilization, our fateful domestication. There were times when I could detect within the coarsest bark a futility I have not known since. I think of my friend Spot; her head high, her neck extended. Her voice was operatic and filled with a sadness that was thrilling as she released, howl by howl, the darkness of her being into the night."

"Did you love her?" Tracy asked.

"No, not really. I admired her more than anything."

"But there were dogs you did love?"

"It's hard to say that dogs actually love," said Glover.

"You know what I mean," said Tracy.

"Darling, I've been meaning to tell you—I used to be a collie"

Glover turned on his back and stared at the ceiling. "Well, there was Flora who had a lovely puff of hair on her head, inherited from her Dandie Dinmont mother. She was teeny, of course, and I felt foolish, but still. . . . And there was Muriel, a melancholic Irish Setter. And Cheryl whose mother was a long-coated Chihuahua and whose father was a cross between a fox terrier and a shelty. She was intelligent but her owners made her wear a little tartan jacket which humiliated her. She ran off with a clever mutt—part puli, part dachshund. After that I saw her with a black and white Papillon. Then she moved, and I never saw her again."

"Were there others?" said Tracy.

"There was Peggy Sue, a German shorthaired pointer whose owners would play Buddy Holly on their stereo. The excitement we experienced when we heard her name is indescribable. We would immediately go to the door and whimper to be let out. How proudly we trotted under the gaudy scattering of stars! How immodest we were under the moon's opalescence! We pranced and pranced in the exuberant light."

"You make it sound so hunky-dory. There must've been bad times."

"The worst times were when my owners laughed. Suddenly they became strangers. The soft cadences of their conversation, the sharp-

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ness of their commands, gave way to howls, gurgles, and yelps. It was as if something were released in them, something absolute and demonic. Once they started it was hard for them to stop. You can't imagine how frightening and confusing it was to see my protectors out of control. The sounds they made seemed neither expressive or communicative, nor did they indicate pleasure or pain, but rather a weird mixture of both. It was a limbo of utterance from which I felt completely excluded. But why go on, those days are past."

"How do you know?"

"I just do. I feel it."

"But if you were a dog once, why not a dog twice?"

"Because there are no signs of that happening again. When I was a dog, there were indications that I would end up as I am now. I never liked exposing myself and was pained by having to perform private acts in public. I was embarrassed by the pomp of bitches in heat—their preening and wagging, by the panting lust of my brothers. I became withdrawn; I brooded; I actually suffered a kind of canine *terribilità*. It all pointed to one thing."

When Glover had finished, he waited for Tracy to speak. He was sorry he had told her so much. He felt ashamed. He hoped she would understand his having been a dog was not his choice, that such aberrations are born of necessity and are not lamentable. At times, the fury of a man's humanity will find its finest manifestation in amazing alterations of expectedness. For people are only marginally themselves. Glover, who earlier in the night had begun to slide into an agony of contrition, now felt righteous pride. He saw that Tracy's eyes were closed. She had fallen asleep. The truth had been endurable, had been overshadowed by a need that led her safely into the doom of another night. They would wake in the early morning and look at each other as always. What he had told her would be something they would never mention again, not out of politeness, or sensitivity for the other, but because such achievements of frailty, such lyrical lapses, are unavoidable in every life. ▽

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mark Strand's most recent book of poetry is "Selected Poems" (published by Atheneum in 1980). "Dog Story" will appear in his forthcoming volume of short fiction, "Collected Stories" (Alfred A. Knopf) to be published early in 1982.*

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 70: *Cover details:* Valentino top, pants, and cashmere muffler. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Panache, Millburn NJ; Barton Sligh's; Creeds, Canada. **Page 105:** Earrings, Terrafirma. Bergdorf Goodman; The Right Stuff, Washington, DC. Gloves, LaCrasia. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Boots by Vittorio Ricci, see information pages 110-111. **Pages 106-107:** Earrings, Ken Begun. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Right Stuff, Washington, DC; I. Magnin. **Page 108:** Knickers by Valentino Boutique. Earrings, Ken Begun. Henri Bendel; The Right Stuff, Washington, DC; I. Magnin. Cuff, Patricia von Musulin. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Marion Wagner, Los Angeles. **Page 109:** Earrings, Alex & Lee. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Gloves, LaCrasia. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Boots, Maud Frizon. Maud Frizon, NYC. **Pages 110-111:** *Above left:* Pants, Lynn Bowling. Earrings, Karen Harris. Boots, Vittorio Ricci. Saks Fifth Avenue; Margapita, Coconut Grove FL; Joseph Shoes, Chicago and Beverly Hills . . . *Below left:* Zoran pants. Victor Carranza earrings. Vittorio Ricci boots, see above. . . . *Right:* Silk chiffon/lamé blouse and harem pants by Oscar de la Renta, about $2200. October at Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Sakowitz. Earrings, Ugo Correani for Valentino. Boutique Valentino, NYC. **Page 112:** Clothes by Ralph Lauren. Napier earrings. Ralph Lauren Hosiery. Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes by Anne Klein. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. **Page 114:** Zoran cashmere sweatshirt (about $320) and silk velvet pants (about $200). Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Earrings, M&J Savitt. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. One-of-a-kind necklace, Alex & Lee. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Boots, Geoffrey Beene. **Page 184:** *Above left:* Mario Valentino top. Earrings, Karen Sebiri. Bracelet, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. **Page 208:** *Above left:* Earrings, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Necklace, Judyth van Amringe. . . . *Above right:* Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. **Page 254:** Dress (about $430) and shawl (about $280). Both available early September at Lord & Taylor; Julius Lewis, Memphis TN; Higbee's; Hudson's. Dress only at Robinson's, California. Earrings and bracelet, Robert Lee Morris available at Artwear, NYC. **Page 257:** Earrings at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Cuff available at Artwear, NYC. **Pages 258-259:** Perry Ellis pants, about $210. Macy's, Herald Square; Hudson's; Dayton's. Earrings, Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Belt at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Gloves, Jean-Charles Brosseau for Perry Ellis. **Page 260:** Shoes available in different shades of pearlized leather. **Page 261:** Earrings, Victor Carranza. Saks Fifth Avenue; Ultimo, Chicago; Little Lanes, Ontario, Canada. **Pages 262-263:** *Large photo:* Albert Nipon wool jacket. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche gloves, available at all Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques. . . . Earrings, Mary McFadden Jewels. Bonwit Teller, NYC and Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Private Eyes sunglasses. Macy's, Herald Square. . . . *Insets top to bottom:* Ruza for Elegant belt. Henri Bendel; Burnett's Designers, Richmond VA; Ultimo, Chicago. . . . Morris Moskowtiz bag. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Yves Saint Laurent necklace. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique-Femme New York; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Washington, DC. . . . Saint Laurent Rive Gauche gloves available at all Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques. . . . Jerry Kott muffler. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago . . . . Jerry Kott muffler. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. . . . Echo Scarfs. Macy's; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. . . . Emanuel Ungaro for Baar & Beards scarf available at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin. . . . M & J Savitt lariat. Saks Fifth Avenue; HWR Jewelry, Aspen CO. . . . Patricia von Musulin necklace. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Ultimo, Chicago. . . . Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards bag available at Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, NYC. . . . Enny handbag available at all fine stores. . . . Barry Kieselstein-Cord belt. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles. . . . Calvin Klein Belts available at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Page 264:** Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. Shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. **Page 265:** Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; Fame, San Rafael CA. Boots at Henri Bendel. **Pages 266-267:** Silk blouse $750. Wool/silk skirt $625. Sept. at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, Houston; Barton Sligh's; I. Magnin; Creeds, Canada. Shawl, Emanuel Ungaro Scarves for Baar & Beards. Earrings, DeBare Saunders for Laguna, $25. Swanson's on the Plaza. . . . Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Bergdorf Goodman: Woodward & Lothrop; Chas. A. Stevens. Piaget watch, $12,900, at Tourneau, NYC. John Anthony's jacket, skirt (not shown), and polyester/acetate blouse $790. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin. Pants available for special order. . . . Mark Spirito cuff. Saks Fifth Avenue. Anne Klein top, $700. Pants, $500. Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Shillito's; Neiman-Marcus. Belt, Anne Klein for Calderon . . . . Rafael Sanchez. Bergdorf Goodman; Jere Scott Ltd. at Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus . . . Krasne Two. Macondo, NYC; Surrey, Pittsburgh; Jona, Studio City CA . . . . Alex & Lee one-of-a-kind belt. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . Barbara Bolan. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Jere Scott Ltd. at Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. . . . Lou Taylor II. Bloomingdale's. . . . Emanuel Ungaro bag. Emanuel Ungaro Boutique New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, Houston. . . . Necklace, DeBare Saunders for Laguna. Swanson's on the Plaza. . . . Arthur Koby one-of-a-kind necklace. Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jere Scott Ltd. at Stanley Korshak. . . . Alex & Lee one-of-a-kind necklace. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Chas. A. Stevens; Robinson's, California. . . . Monet. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Bullock's, North. . . . DeBare Saunders for Dalow. Bergdorf Goodman. All prices approximate. **Pages 268-269:** Wool Donegal field jacket about $378. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's; L.S. Ayres. Ralph Lauren Scarf. Watch available at Sils Mara, NYC. **Page 270:** Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; The Right Stuff, Washington, DC; I. Magnin. Scarf, Emanuel Ungaro for Baar & Beards. **Page 272:** Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; The Right Stuff, Washington, DC. **Page 273:** *Inset:* Earrings, Karen Reed for Bergere. **Page 274:** *Inset:* Earrings at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Ultimo, Chicago. **Page 275:** Cotton/rayon moiré beaded jacket and silk taffeta plaid balloon pants, about $2820. Oct. at Martha; Lillie Rubin-South & West. Earrings at Little Lane's, Ontario, Canada. **Page 278-279:** Ellen Designs for Robert Originals earrings. Bergdorf Goodman; Chas. A. Stevens. Lisandro Sarasola belt. Saks Fifth Avenue; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ. Barbara Bolan bag. Lou Lattimore. Danskin panty stockings available at fine stores nationwide. Chloé shoes available at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. **Page 280:** Charles Jourdan boots available at Charles Jourdan, Manhasset; Atlanta; Coconut Grove, FL. Aris gloves available at fine stores nationwide. Bag, Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, NYC. **Page 281**: Calvin Klein gloves. Bag, Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, NYC. Guido Pasquali boots. Bloomingdale's; Via Lusso, Chicago; I. Magnin. **Page 282:** Aris gloves at fine department stores. Danskin tights. Julianelli boots. Saks Fifth Avenue; Bonwit Teller, Boston; John Wanamaker. **Page 283:** Bracelets, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's. Lisandro Sarasola bag. Saks Fifth Avenue; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ; I. Magnin. Evan-Picone Hosiery. Andrew Geller pumps. **Page 284:** Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Ralph Lauren cowboy boots. Portfolio, Hunting World, NYC. **Page 285:** Ken Begun earrings available at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Barbara Bolan bag at I. Magnin. Burlington panty stockings available at better department and specialty stores. Chloé shoes, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. **Page 306:** Tights, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Manolo Blahnik boots. **Pages 308-309:** Maud Frizon boots. **Page 310:** Vest, coat and legwarmers at Bloomingdale's. Dress and vest at Carol & Mary, Honolulu. **Page 311:** Jacket, knickers, muffler, and legwarmers at Panache, Millburn NJ. Jacket and sweater at Bullock's. Jacket at Frederick & Nelson. Missoni belt. Maud Frizon boots. **Page 312:** Leather pants by Fendi, about $590. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Fendi boots. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 313:** Claude Montana wool broadcloth (Loro Piana) blouson and skirt. Shawl, Claude Montana. Earrings, Boutique Fabrice. Macy's, San Francisco. Boots, Claude Montana for Stephane Kélian. Vittorio Ricci, NYC. **Page 314:** Wool/angora cape. Silk/wool challis dress (Cardingtex). Hat, Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. Hat available at all Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques. Shoes, Emanuel Ungaro. **Page 315:** Pants, see information page 312. Boots, Fendi. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 316:** Raincoat, cotton/polyurethane. Earrings, Boutique Fabrice. Boots, Guido Pasquali for Gianfranco Ferre. **Page 317:** Earrings and bracelets, Boutique Fabrice. Watch by Poiray, Paris. Gloves and shoes, Giorgio Armani. **Page 318:** Gloves and boots, Gianni Versace. **Page 319:** Alpaca/wool/nylon jacket (Verzoletto). Wool pant (Lessona). Shoes, Diego Della Valle. **Page 322.** Ellen Designs for Robert Originals earrings. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop. Man's tuxedo from DeNoyer, NYC. **Page 323:** *Large photo:* Constance Maslow earrings. Shoes by Julianelli. Man's suit from DeNoyer, NYC . . . . *Inset:* Body briefer of sheer polyester knit fabric. Capezio Ballet Makers dance slippers and man's leotard, *(Continued on page 356)*

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FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 355)

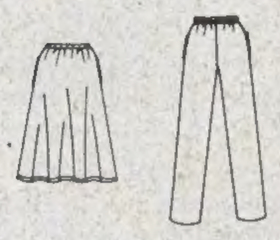
available at Capezio Dance Shops nationwide. **Page 324:** *Large photo:* Hanes Hosiery. Available at fine department stores and specialty shops. Shoes, Julianelli. Man's clothes, David's Outfitters, NYC; Man's shoes, Paul Stuart, NYC . . . . *Inset:* Wool (Merino) teddy available late September. Earrings, Ken Begun. See information page 329. Hanes Hosiery. Available at fine department stores and specialty shops. Shoes and man's clothes, Capezio Ballet Makers. Available at Capezio Dance shops nationwide. **Page 325:** Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Marshall Field's. Hanes Hosiery, see information page 324. Shoes, Vittorio Ricci. Vittorio Ricci, NYC; Christopher's, Indianapolis; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Man's clothes, DeNoyer, NYC. Shoes, Paul Stuart, NYC. **Page 326:** Barry Kieselstein-Cord belt. **Page 327:** Andrea Pfister scarf. Lord & Taylor. Bangles, Ken Begun. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Aris gloves at fine department stores. **Page 328:** *Large photo:* Jacket of Skinner Ultrasuede fabric. Victor Carranza earrings. Bonwit Teller. Scarf by Calvin Klein Scarves. At Bloomingdale's. Charles Jourdan bag. Mr Jay, Millburn NJ. Socks, Electric Sok! De Sailly's, NYC. Stéphane Kélian shoes available at Vittorio Ricci, NYC; I. Magnin. . . . *Inset:* Jacket and skirt fabric from Burlington. Bobby Breslau muffler. Morris Moskowitz bag. All gloves this page by Belle McIntyre for LaCrasia. At Bloomingdale's. **Page 329:** Ken Begun earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Geoffrey Beene shawl. Bracelet and belt, Robert Lee Morris available at Artwear, NYC. Panty stockings by Christian Dior Legwear available at major department and specialty stores. Beene Bag by Andrew Geller shoes. Bullock's. Gloves by Belle McIntyre for LaCrasia. At Bloomingdale's. Man's shoes, Paul Stuart, NYC. **Page 330:** *Large photo:* Polyester georgette blouse. Earrings, Victor Carranza. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Muffler, Stephen Dweck. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Robinson's, California. Belt by Calvin Klein. Socks, Hue. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Pancaldi. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo, Dayton OH. . . . *Inset:* Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Altman's; J. P. Allen, Atlanta. Scarf, Albert Nipon for XIIX Karat. Available at fine department stores nationwide. Bag, Fendi. Aris gloves. Available at fine department stores. Belt by Calvin Klein. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelets, Boutique Fabrice. Macy's, San Francisco. **Page 331:** *Inset:* Earrings, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. Calvin Klein Scarf, see information page 254. Belt by Calvin Klein. Cuff, Susan Tamulevich. The Kruger Gallery, NYC; Saks-Jandel. Panty stockings, Evan-Picone. Available at all fine department stores. Shoes, Christian Dior. Charles Jourdan, NYC; Montaldo's. . . . *Large photo:* Christian Dior Sportswear-A division of Jones Apparel Group. Blouse, see page 333. Wool by Worchester Woolen Mills. Earrings, Victor Carranza. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Robinson's, California. Belt (used as a necklace) by Calvin Klein. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Belt by Calvin Klein. Saks Fifth Avenue; Robinson's, California. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Available at fine stores nationwide. Shoes, Geoffrey Beene for Andrew Geller, see page 260. **Page 332:** Leather for skirt only available in eggplant. To order from Libra International Leather, see address page 334. Coral silk crêpe de Chine lining for skirt by Shamash. Poli Fabrics, NYC. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Altman's; Foley's, Houston. Calvin Klein Belts. Saks Fifth Avenue; Robinson's, California. **Page 333:** Leather for skirt and blouse only available in eggplant. To order from Libra International Leather, see address page 334. Skirt lining, see page 332. One-of-a-kind necklace by Arthur Koby. Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Belt, Lisandro Sarasola. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **Page 334:** Leather for pants available only in pearlized brown. To order Libra International Leather (Att: Mitch Alfus), 259 West 30th St., NYC 10001. Russet silk charmeuse lining for pants by Super Textile. B&J Fabrics, NYC. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Lord & Taylor. Bracelets, Donald Stannard. Lord & Taylor; David, Palm Beach. Belt by Ruza for Elegant. Henri Bendel; Burnett's Designers, Richmond VA; Ultimo, Chicago. **Page 335:** Leather for blouse available only in chocolate brown. To order from Libra International Leather, see address page 334. Earrings, Alex & Lee. Belt, Rafael Sanchez. Bergdorf Goodman; Jere Scott Ltd. at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets, Ken Begun. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pp. 332–335

One-button blouse. Vogue International Designer Gianni Versace Pattern 2756. Sizes 6-14. Size 10: 2⅜ yards 54" fabric. $7.50. Canada, $9.10.
Pants. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7758. Sizes 6-20. Size 10: 34¼ sq. ft. of leather (hide). $4.50. Canada, $5.50.
Side-button blouse. Vogue Pattern 8090. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2½ yards fabric. $5.00. Canada, $6.10.
Skirt. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 2618. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 34 sq. ft. of leather. $6.00. Canada, $7.30.

2756



8090

SEWING TIPS

One-button blouse. Make one size larger than you normally wear for fullness. Cut collar and cuff pattern pieces to half original width. Eliminate back flap indicated in pattern by sewing along the center back line on back pattern pieces to create a center back seam. Gather rather than pleat sleeve into cuff. Lower front opening 1 inch. In leather: make same adjustments.
Pants. Because you are working with leather skins, additional seams will be needed. Seam at mid thigh. Line with silk. Clean finish hem.
Side-button blouse. Make one size larger than you normally wear for fullness. Pad shoulder lightly with mid-weight interfacing. Attach one button at collar, and snaps under blouse flap at collar, beneath bust and at waist. Make sash 3 inches wide and 40 inches long to tie at neck. In leather: make same adjustments but omit neck sash.
Skirt. Because you are working with leather skins, additional seams will be needed. Seam the center front and center back of dirndl. Seam at mid thigh. Line with silk. Clean finish hem.
How to sew leather. Leather must be sewn with the sharpest needle available. Special leather needles for hand and machine stitching may be purchased at many fabric stores or notions departments. Arrange pattern pieces on skins making sure each piece runs with the grain. Pattern pieces should be taped in place rather than pinned—pins leave permanent holes in leather. After cutting, tape pattern together to check fit before sewing. Using tissue paper between the pressure-foot and leather to prevent stretching, stitch pattern pieces together with poly/cotton thread. Tissue can be torn away from leather pieces as each is sewn. You may also need to loosen tension slightly to allow for a bit of "give" that leather naturally has—test stitch first. To press completed garment, set iron on wool (no steam) and place wool cloth between iron and leather.

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